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THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LIFE



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MISS ANNA HELD, in "The Little Duchess."

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ANNOUNCEMENT!

WITH this issue *The Theatre* enters upon its third year. The rapidity with which this magazine has taken its place among the best publications in America is without precedent in the publishing business, and the success it has achieved is a striking refutation of the generally accepted idea that in this country an artistic and high-class periodical has little hope of attaining a paying basis. *The Theatre* reached this happy state many months ago. We began modestly with a small circulation of 6,000 copies. To-day *The Theatre* is sold all over the United States, on all railroads, and from Maine to the Pacific Coast. It is on sale on the Paris boulevards, and in London, Berlin and Rome. The best proof of this big increase in circulation is seen in our advertising columns, which are patronized by such large advertisers as Charles Scribner's Sons, Dunlap & Co., Eastman Kodak Co., Evan's Ale, Hardman Piano Co., Huyler's Confections, Jaeger Sanitary Underwear, John Wanamaker, Lackawanna R. R. Co., Mennen's Toilet Powder, New York Central R. R. Co., Oneita Underwear, Packer's Tar Soap, Pear's Soap, Pinaud's Perfumery, The Equitable Life, The Gorham Co., The Macmillan Co., Youman's Hats, Moët & Chandon Champagne, Waterman's Pens, McKesson & Robbins, Knabe Piano, Sohmer Piano, Southern Pacific R.R. Co., Sozodont, etc., etc. *Such advertisers do not use a medium which does not reach the public.*

The Theatre has succeeded **BECAUSE:**

1. **It is beautiful without and within.** Its splendid covers in colors, its fine half-tone pictures, luxurious paper and good printing make it the most attractive and artistic magazine in America.
2. **Its editorial opinions are honest.** Its criticisms, like Caesar's wife, are above suspicion. It is absolutely independent, has no petty animosities. It treats the drama and music in a serious manner, and it upholds the dignity of the artiste.
3. **It is well and entertainingly written.** It treats not only of the stage, but also of the literature, the poetry and the history of the drama. It commends itself for this reason to all readers as well as to members of the theatrical and musical professions.
4. **It forms a complete record of the stage** of our day. Pictures of every production of the slightest importance and portraits of every actor, musician or author who attracts attention will be found in its columns. Newspaper criticisms on plays and players are necessarily ephemeral, but critical articles given in a monthly magazine are likely to be preserved, and *The Theatre* for this reason will form a permanent record of the theatrical events of the present time.

It is impossible to print all the encouraging things said about this magazine both in the newspapers and in letters addressed to the editor. All we can say is to acknowledge them here and to express the hope that we can live up to them. The following paragraph in a recent issue of the *New York Times* may be quoted as the substance of them all:

"*The Theatre*, which, as its title suggests, is an illustrated magazine of theatrical and musical life, is just entering its second year. The difficulties which it has had to encounter in attempting to interest the professional world of the stage, as well as theatre-goers and the general reading public, have doubtlessly been immense. It may now, however, be said to be an achieved success, and if it is continued on the same lines which have characterized its recent issues, there can be no doubt that it will fill an important rôle among American periodical literature. In *The Theatre* particular and general interest is so well appealed to that the actor is made acquainted with the tendencies of his profession, possibly before he has recognized them elsewhere, while the general reader receives from month to month, in pictures and text, impressions which hardly fail to stimulate his interest in the persons of the stage."

During the coming year every effort will be made to improve the magazine by adding new features, and securing interesting articles. Among others who have already written for the *The Theatre*, or will shortly do so, are:

Justin Huntly McCarthy, J. I. C. Clarke, Gustav Kobbé, A. E. Lancaster, W. J. Henderson, Lawrence Gilman, Clara Morris, Edgar Saltus, F. Marion Crawford, Mrs. Fiske, Harry B. Smith, Kate Masterson, William Wallace Whitelock, Alfred Ayres, A. M. Palmer, E. S. Willard, John Drew, Edward H. Sothorn, Julia Marlowe, Henrietta Crosman, Viola Allen, Franklin Fyles, Wilton Lackaye, Horace B. Fry, Henry Tyrrell, Heinrich Conried, Edward E. Kidder, Emily Grant von Tetzels, Edward Fales Coward, J. T. Grein, H. P. Mawson, Emil Paur, Cleveland Moffett, David Belasco, etc.

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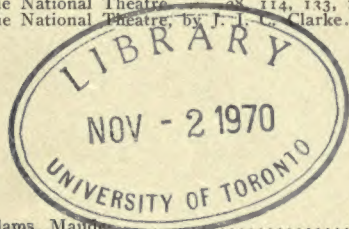
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THE THEATRE

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ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Byron, N. Y.

CHARLOTTE
(Miss Julia Marlowe)

CAPT OLIVER
(Frank Worthing)

"THE CAVALIER" AT THE CRITERION

ACT I.—OLIVER: "Hush—they will hear you!"



SCENE IN THE NEW MUSICAL WAR COMEDY, "WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME"

PLAYS and PLAYERS

FROM Monte Carlo, Justin Huntly McCarthy, the well-known English littérateur and author of "If I Were King," sends the greetings of the season to THE THEATRE, accompanied by the following rondeau to the New Year:

On New Year's Day men preach or pray,
Or swear to walk a nobler way;
According as their wits conceive
They hold the right to gird or grieve,
To promise—with no power to pay—

Or curse some neighbor's fault, or say,
"Lord, wash my scarlet sins away!
Grant a clean slate for make-believe
On New Year's Day."

I dare not preach, pray, promise: nay,
Only most humbly hope I may
For one dear shadow's sake retrieve
Some ugly flaw, some flower achieve
Ere next the herald-angels play
On New Year's Day.

JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY.

Monte Carlo, December 1, 1902.

The production of "The Darling of the Gods," the new Japanese spectacular play by David Belasco and John Luther Long, has been attended by almost sensational success, but it is also true that this triumph belongs to the stage manager, the electrician and the scene painter rather than to the playwright. Certainly never before have theatre audiences seen such beautiful stage pictures, such novel and splendid light effects. For these alone "The Darling of the Gods" is well worth seeing. But whether this latest Belasco product, this odd combination of "Butterfly" and "Tosca," entertains as drama is another question. Theatregoers want something besides mere stage pictures. They want their emotions aroused. There were striking tableaux in "Du Barry," but there was drama as well—carpenter-made drama, but still drama. In "The Darling of the Gods" one's emotions are rarely disturbed. One feels it is not the story which is paramount, and that the plot serves merely to exhibit

scenery. The story, stripped of its rich and novel dress, is commonplace. The leading figures fail to take strong hold on our sympathies.

Yo-San (Miss Blanche Bates), the daughter of a Japanese prince, gives sanctuary to Kara (Robert T. Haines), leader of a band of outlaws. Kara is hunted down by the Minister of War (the Scarpia of "Tosca"), who finally tracks his quarry to the maiden's bower. Yo-San and Kara, meantime, are busy teaching one another the mysteries of love, and one day they are discovered. Kara is led off to prison and Yo-San loses her reputation. The scene changes to the War Minister's torture chamber. The old reprobate offers to release Kara if Yo-San will become his mistress. She spurns the proposition, but the Minister (again taking a hint from Sardou) tortures Kara to make her reveal the hiding place of the other outlaws. In the following act the samurai are surprised in their mountain retreat, and Kara and Yo-San die together. In the last act the lovers are reunited above the clouds, so that while "The Darling of the Gods" is a tragedy it has a happy ending.

This is the merest outline of the plot and does not take into account the truly remarkable series of tableaux. The scene of the Feast of a Thousand Welcomes, the Outlaws' Retreat, the Brink of the River of Souls, with its moving, shadowy forms (a startling and most novel stage effect), and finally the Meeting in Heaven, are all of surpassing beauty; it would, indeed, be impossible to conceive of higher achievement in this direction. The atmosphere of Japan, too, is wonderfully well reproduced, the costumes of barbaric splendor, the oriental perfumes, the exotic flowers and the incense of joss all being blended together in a perfect symphony of smell and color, while the Japanese retainers beat their heads on the floor to the accompaniment of strange Japanese music. Of course it is all Belasco,—Belasco the Magician! It is very beautiful and interesting, but it is not drama. Miss Bates is picturesque as Yo-San. The rôle, however—half hysteria, half childishness—does not give her fine art the fullest opportu-



Burr McIntosh

JOSEPH HAWORTH AS CASSIUS

In Mr. Mansfield's revival of "Julius Cæsar"

nity. Robert T. Haines' Kara is too American, but George Arliss gives a most artistic performance as the Minister of War, and Mrs. Charles Wolcott contributes a clever bit as a Japanese dame of high degree.

Few benefit performances have appealed to the public sympathy and support more strongly than that to be given shortly at the Broadway Theatre in aid of Georgia Cayvan. This unfortunate actress, stricken by nervous prostration at the noontide of a particularly bright career, has been hovering between life and death for a long time in a sanitarium at Flushing, and although comparatively well to do when her misfortune overtook her, has now come to the end of her resources. The testimonial to be tendered her by the managers and stars, and of which Daniel Frohman has charge, is in every way commendable. While leading woman at the old Lyceum Theatre, Miss Cayvan gave pleasure to thousands of theatregoers, and for this reason alone has claims on the public generosity in her hour of distress. That we pay the actors who entertain us is true, but the price given for our seat does not always settle the debt of gratitude. Many players of prominence have volunteered to appear at the performance, which promises to be a notable one.

These days, when the perverted taste of theatregoers and the vogue of drawing-room comedy discourages managers from making costly ventures with the Shakespeare plays, the only hope the student and more thoughtful public have of seeing the poet's great dramas performed is when actors

of distinction, spurred either by ambition or artistic impulse, make them occasionally the feature of their season. For this reason, if for none other, must we be grateful to Richard Mansfield for having made his actual superb revival of "Julius Cæsar," with its three splendid rôles, in no one of which any star can hope to shine alone. Which part, indeed, in this tremendous tragedy affords the actor most opportunity—the pensive Brutus, the spirited Cassius or the crafty Antony? Edwin Booth acted all three, and excelled in each. Mr. Mansfield selected Brutus, not, probably, because he took him to be the central figure, but because the gloomy conspirator appealed to him as another of those magnificently morbid character studies which, like Baron Chevrial and Dr. Jekyll, have won for this actor his reputation. Mr. Mansfield's Brutus, it may be said at once, is a disappointment. His conception of this famous historic character departs radically from tradition. It is a degenerate, Ibsenish Brutus. The pensive, intellectual patrician, jealous of Cæsar's growing power, himself ambitious, his mind brooding on the contemplated crime, and betraying in his face and mien his troubled mental pre-occupations—all this was indicated well enough, but the spiritual beauty and the stateliness inherent in the character were entirely missing. The truth is, Mr. Mansfield's peculiar mannerisms of speech and bearing—acceptable in melodrama, deplorable in classic tragedy—entirely spoiled his characterization. There is absolutely no authority or excuse for the ghastly, sinister, almost grotesque figure Mr. Mansfield presented during the first three acts. The actor who plays Brutus must win the sympathy of his audience by



Byron, N. Y

ZAKKURI
(George Arliss)YO-SAN
(Miss Blanche Bates)*The Minister of War shows Yo-San her lover being tortured***"THE DARLING OF THE GODS" AT THE BELASCO THEATRE**

his sweet gentleness and nobility of bearing, not repel it by assuming the demeanor of a decrepit monomaniac. In the quarrel scene, in the heat of the dispute with Cassius, Mr. Mansfield succeeded partly in throwing off this horrid mask, and presented a fine, virile figure, such as most of us picture "the noblest Roman of them all." Here, indeed, the actor, for the first time, touched his audience. Mr. Mansfield was at fault, too, in imparting a modern note to his acting and diction. In all probability the Romans, when among themselves, spoke as naturally as we do, but to retain all the beauty of the poet's verse, it is necessary that the declamatory form of delivery be preserved. Mr. Mansfield has naturally a fine, resonant voice, but his bad elocution and his habit of eating half his words render him at times almost unintelligible. This said, let us respect the actor who is artistic enough in spirit to allow others to reap laurels where he himself has failed.

The success of Arthur Forrest in the easier, tricky part of Antony was well merited. The inflammatory speech to the Roman mob was delivered with telling effect, and none of the familiar lines were missed. Mr. Forrest is a good elocutionist, although his diction, too, has the anachronistic modern note and also an effeminacy that jars a little. Joseph Haworth's Cassius was a notable performance. The

attributes of this fine character—nobility of purpose, dauntless courage, iron will, tremendous vitality—Mr. Haworth was an embodiment of them all. The impassioned fervor of his speech and action, his splendid diction, added to a fine, classic physique, made up an impersonation that will dwell in the memory. The part of Cæsar was reverently and intelligently done by Arthur Greenaway, and W. H. Denny made an excellent Casca. Miss Dorothy Hammond proved a sympathetic and pleasing Portia. Miss Maud Hoffman, who played Calpurnia, was little more than statuesque.

The tragedy is superbly mounted, the scenery, designed by Sir Alma Tadema, forming a worthy setting to Shakespeare's genius—Brutus' orchard, the interior of the Capitol, the Forum, Brutus' tent and the plain of Philippi are all stage pictures of rare beauty. The mob scene in the Forum is done on a truly magnificent scale, the crowds being handled with a skill worthy of the Meiningen players. In the tent scene Mr. Mansfield does not have the ghost actually appear, but tries to obtain a better effect by a green light from the wings. This is more artistic, but owing to poor handling of the lights, the scene failed on the opening night.

On November 24 Mrs. Fiske opened her New York season at the Manhattan Theatre with Paul Heyse's ambitious

drama, "Mary of Magdala." In many respects the production of this work was a notable event; not only is the acting, as a whole, above the average, but in the matter of scenery, costumes and stage management a standard has been established which it will be difficult to surpass. Indeed, too much can hardly be said in praise of these features of the production, for which, in the last analysis, the credit, of course, is due to Mrs. Fiske. As written by the German poet, "Mary of Magdala" is worthy of place among the notable dramas of modern times, and even in the weakened form in which it has been thought wise to present it to American audiences its strength and beauty are beyond cavil. The changes introduced by the anonymous translator all have one aim, the elimination of the carnal element from the Magdalene's love, which, according to the author, took its inception in the curiosity inspired in her dissatisfied heart by the unknown prophet over whom woman possessed no power. The necessity for such change in this country is easily understood, although in the endeavor to avoid offence, undue and, it seems to us, unnecessary liberty was taken with the text at one point, at least—at the end, namely, of the fourth act, when the opportunity to save the victim of the Sanhedrim's hatred is given by Pilate's nephew to the Magdalene, on the condition that she yield to his love. In the original this is a powerfully dramatic scene, in which we are made to feel the struggle in Mary's breast between the impulse to accede, and thereby gain the loved one's freedom, and the higher promptings which have been awakened in her heart by the new teachings. In the endeavor to elevate the scene to a becoming plane of moral grandeur, the adapter forces Mary to give utterance to a monologue which, doubt-



Byron, N. Y. JACK FREERE (William Faversham)

WILHELMINA (Miss Fay Davis)

JACK: "We can both finish off any little affair we may have on hand"
BILLY: "Oh, Jack, we haven't got any!"

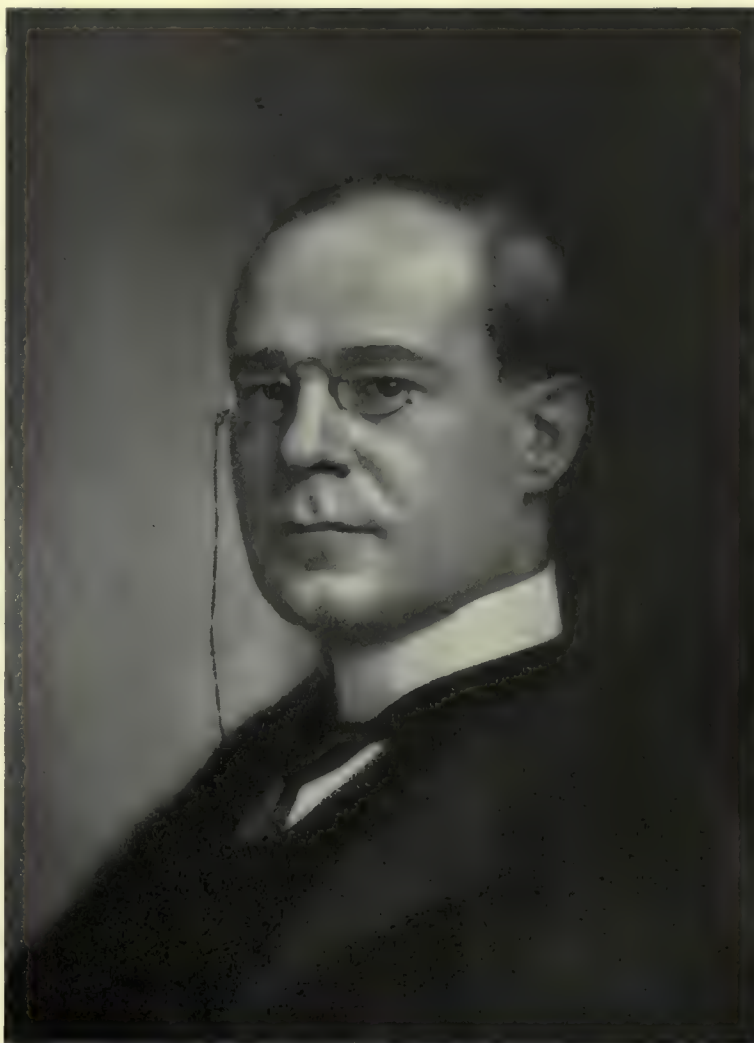
"IMPRUDENCE" AT THE EMPIRE

less, is very proper and saint-like, but which unfortunately is also unnatural and undramatic. At no moment do we feel the slightest fear of her yielding. Furthermore, for what reason it was thought necessary to employ blank verse as a medium of translation it is difficult to see. Of purpose, seemingly, the author held to the plan of everyday conversation, and the efforts of the translator have resulted merely in poetry such as is produced by a strict attention to the number of syllables.

The play, of which a synopsis appeared in these pages several months ago, opens in Jerusalem in the apartments of Mary of Magdala, and by a succession of strong, picturesque acts leads to Golgotha and the unseen tragedy. Mary of Magdala, her lover, Judas Iscariot, Aulus Flavius, the historical, non-existent nephew of Pontius Pilate, and Caiaphas are the principal characters, while by the introduction of several other less important persons, and of the haunters of the streets, the author has succeeded in conveying an impression of the many-sided, motley life of the Jewish city. Especially admirable is the manner in which, early in the opening act, the leading personages of the drama are introduced, and the various motives of their action exposed. With striking boldness, there is brought into conflict in the soul of Judas love for Mary and for the new prophet, and deep, fanatic aspiration for the political emancipation of his race. Altogether, Judas is presented as a far more interesting and noble character than in the Scriptures. The subject of the play, it is true, is sacred, but its tone is purely historical, so that exception can not be taken to its production solely on the ground of the inadmissibility of such themes for dramatic purposes.

As the Magdalene, Mrs. Fiske was impressive, as she always succeeds in being, but she was not entirely satisfactory. The part is foreign to her temperament, which is primarily suited to the portrayal of the northern heroines of Ibsen's dramas. In her conception is lacking the winning tenderness which we associate with the Magdalene and without which her career is inexplicable. In short, in her acting of the part Mrs. Fiske was guided by her intelligence alone, not by her heart. Moreover, there was a certain mechanical jerkiness in her delivery of the lines which

still further destroyed the illusion of orientalism. At but one moment did she rise to the possibility of the rôle — when informed of the Saviour's imprisonment and condemnation. Immediately thereafter, however, she again sank into the somewhat indifferent tone which marked her voice throughout. As Judas, Tyrone Power achieved a veritable triumph. It is



Stein

RICHARD MANSFIELD

Now playing Brutus in his own sumptuous revival of "Julius Cæsar"

difficult to imagine an improvement on his intense yet dignified rendering of the part, which is marked by sincerity and an absolute lack, apparently, of striving for theatrical effect. Although Henry Woodruff's performance as Flavius is the best piece of work he has thus far done, he can hardly be said fully to have realized all the possibilities of the part, for which his voice and manner have not yet the necessary distinction.

Until the second act was reached "The Cavalier,"—a dramatization of George W. Cable's novel of the same misleading title in which Miss Julia Marlowe is now appearing—promised to prove a play of unusual vitality and power. The day the play begins Charlotte Durand, a spirited Southern girl (Miss Marlowe), has married Capt. Oliver, who is really a spy in the pay of the government at Washington, although he wears the grey uniform of the Confederacy. Oliver has come into possession of information which, if known to the enemy, would mean an important check to the Confederates, and he succeeds in forwarding this information to the Federal headquarters. The old Southern mansion is the headquarters of the Confederate staff. It is Charlotte's wedding night, and the young couple are alone. The finding of a paper and catching Oliver in a lie leads the young bride to guess the truth. She turns from her husband with loathing. Henceforth their lives lay apart. He



Marceau

FRAULEIN ROCCO

Prominent German actress now at Conried's Theatre



HENRY V. DONNELLY AS FALSTAFF

tells her he became a spy, not for gain, but as a condition of freedom from a Northern prison—another lie. Bugle calls outside sound the alarm "To arms!" Charlotte understands this is her husband's treachery, and amid the uproar and confusion in the halls outside a violent scene ensues between man and wife. Charlotte, horror-stricken, dashes to the locked door to warn the Confederate General. Oliver tries to prevent her. She beats on the door and calls for help. Discovery, exposure, is certain. Oliver, blanched now with fear, tells her what it means to him—death! Before this word the unhappy, distracted woman hesitates. Death! Her husband—traitor, spy, coward, but still her husband. Where does her duty lay? To her country or her marriage vow? The denunciation dies away on her lips. Oliver slinks away into the night. Charlotte sinks half fainting into a chair, and the curtain falls on this dramatic and interesting situation.

Mr. Cable's novel contains very little, if any, of the stirring incidents just related, and in this fact, perhaps, one finds additional proof, if any were needed, that novels do not make good plays, for the acts that follow and which adhere more closely to the book are weak in comparison, the piece degenerating rapidly into a crazy-quilt of hackneyed situations. The play suffers from having a too good first act, for it is in the nature of an anti-climax. The interest, instead of increasing to the end, decreases from the start.

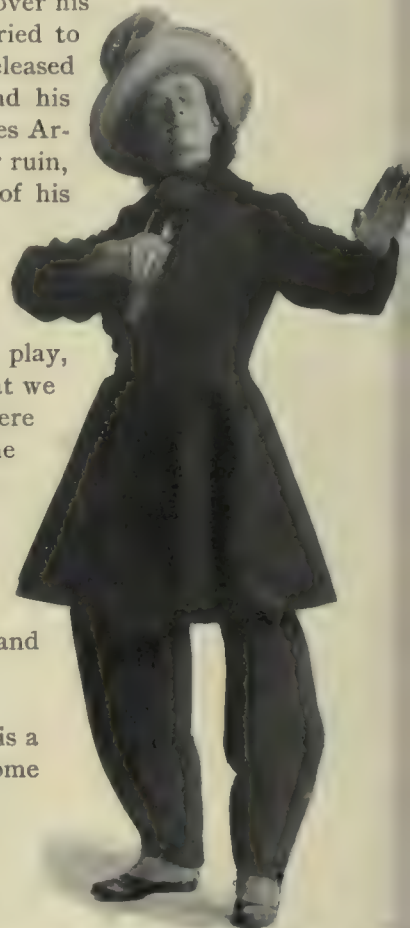
Miss Marlowe has never done better work or had a better opportunity for the display of her varied and delightful art.

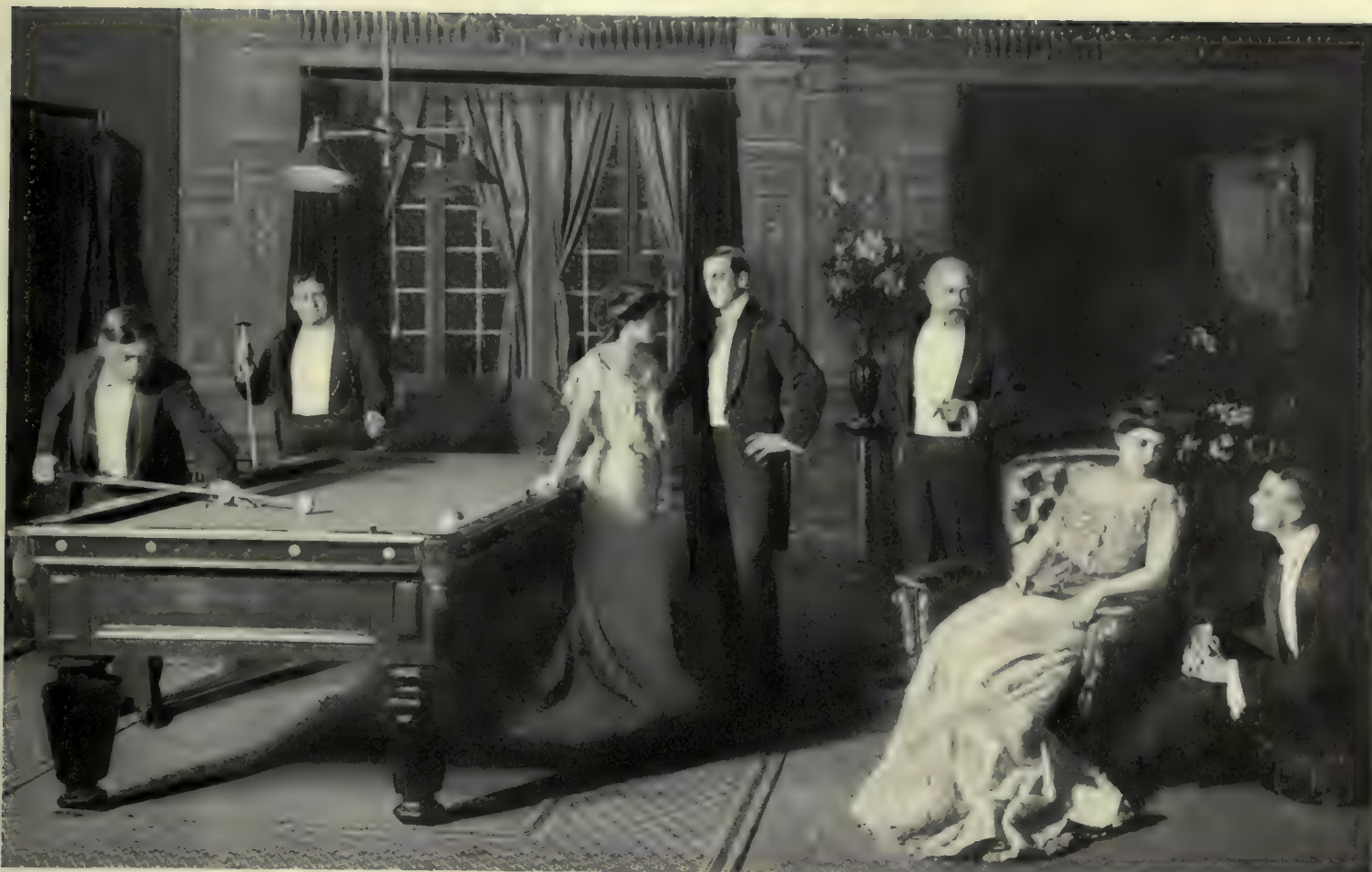
She enhances the part of this resourceful Southern heroine with the potent charm of her own personal beauty, and she imparts dramatic forcefulness to a rôle that touches the entire gamut of human emotion—comedy and laughter, tears and tragedy. Her singing of "The Star Spangled Banner" to the dying soldier is done with rare pathos and feeling. Frank Worthing, an excellent actor, gives a vivid performance as the spy. The piece is worth seeing, if only for its first act and Miss Marlowe's delightful acting. There is little or no love-making in the play, and this to the matinee girl may seem a fatal defect.

One reason why Nat Goodwin is almost always successful is that he knows a play when he sees it. This is a faculty unusual among actors and among managers. Many regard the production of plays as a business and a lottery, permitting extrinsic things to influence their judgment, and thus from affluence they reach poverty, and from stardom they reach the ranks. From a mere business point of view, the unintelligent actor would not have taken up a play which had been done with only moderate success by another actor, yet this is the history of "The Altar of Friendship," by Madeleine Lucette Ryley, in which Mr. Goodwin and Miss Maxine Elliott were seen recently at the Knickerbocker. Many are the quibs and quirks, bits of business and turns of expression that have plainly been added to it by the ingenious comedian.

Richard Arbuthnot is a novelist. He has an amanuensis, Mary Pinner, to whom he has been a self-appointed guardian while her father is in prison. The novelist has also a pretty sister, Florence, and a chum named Arnold Winnifrith, who, unknown to Arbuthnot, has wronged the amanuensis. Winnifrith has gotten over his caprice, and is about to be married to Florence. Joseph Pinner is released from prison and comes to find his daughter's betrayer. He believes Arbuthnot to be the cause of her ruin, and the novelist, for the sake of his sister, assumes responsibility for the other's guilt. Finally, however, the father discovers the real culprit. It is a Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott play, and it has the same quality that we enjoyed in "When We Were Twenty-One" and in "The American Citizen." We have sentiment and palpitating hearts, and humor and pathos, all on account of the type-writer girl. Miss Maxine Elliott, as usual, is fair to look upon and pleases her audiences.

Mary Johnston's "Audrey" is a pseudo-historical novel of some literary pretension, bearing about the same relation to real life that a rose-jar does to a flower-garden in June. Having a legitimate though languid

George Backus as Jonathan Phoenix
in "When Johnny Comes
Marching Home"

Taylor
ChicagoRICHARD ARBUTHNOT
(Nat Goodwin)MR. SPENDER
(F. Owen Baxter)FLORENCE
(Miss Julia Dean)WINNIFRITH
(Fred Tiden)COL. SARTORIS
(Neil O'Brien)SALLY
(Miss Maxine Elliott)LORD ALGERON
(J. Carrington Yates)

FLORENCE: "Why don't you ask Dick out into the garden?"

ACT III.—"THE ALTAR OF FRIENDSHIP"

interest as a book, it becomes false, fatuous and insufferable when transferred to the dramatic stage. The futile task of dramatizing "Audrey" was intrusted to Harriet Ford and E. F. Boddington, two respectable but uninspired playwrights, and the result of their joint labors was shown at the Madison Square Theatre, in a series of rather pretty but undramatic tableaux. Miss Robson's magnetic personality and artistic intelligence were striking as ever, but the fates seem to have been against her in this rôle.

To write plays which induce in the public a liking for the author as a man is an achievement. This is something which H. V. Esmond has done. His observation of character, his delicate sentiment, his nicety of expression and general refinement commend him to his audiences. He is essentially modern, neither given to odd devices nor to outgrown social complications. His new play, "Imprudence," at the Empire, deals with high society in England, a newly married man, who has come under the conjugal yoke for the sake of money, being confronted by a former mistress. Mr. Esmond has written a comedy in which there is abundant character and many passages which are distinctly artistic and agreeable.

Mr. Faversham makes amends in this piece for his "Don Cæsar." He is sincere and always graceful. The scenes in which he appears to the best advantage are in the action involving him and Miss Fay Davis, a young American actress who had to cross the seas to win a certain renown. She was the original Iris in London. Miss Davis has characteristics

that are all her own. She belongs to the class of performers to whom THE THEATRE delights to do homage. She reveals no greatness, but she is perfect within her limitations. Her acting carries; her meaning reaches across the footlights always; perfectly natural, she fills every moment with some touch that belongs to the character; never posing, yet always showing some facts of grace. But it is spirituality in her rather than physical allurements which charms. She is something new and thoroughly artistic.

At the third performance this season at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, on December 11, was given the first performance in this country of Gerhart Hauptmann's drama, "Lonely Lives." Although one of the earlier works of the German poet, "Einsame Menschen" is marked by remarkable power and maturity. Psychologically, it is faultless.

As a whole, the performance of Mr. Sargent's students was highly creditable, although the difficulty of rendering so realistic a play is readily understood. As Mr. and Mrs. Vockerat, Sr., Frank Dekum and Miss Helen Travers were excellent, absolutely free from the marks of the amateur. Praise somewhat less unreserved is due Miss Stella Archer as Kitty Vockerat, and Miss Ethelle Earle as Anna Mahr, but the acting of both suggested latent emotional powers which time will develop. Henry Conklin's rendering of the thankless part of Braum would be improved by a slight admixture of vivacity. To A. H. Van Buren fell the difficult part of John Vockerat, the most important of the play. It can hardly be said that his presentation was satisfactory, although it was

by no means lacking in merit. Appreciative recognition must be given to Miss Jessie Crommette, Miss Winifred Joy and Charles W. Sprague, Jr.

On November 13th, in the People's Theatre, this city, Jacob Adler was seen in a highly emotional drama called "Guilty," adapted and amplified for Yiddish presentation by Charles Henry Meltzer and Frank Donaldson, from the original German of Richard Voss. Such enthusiasm as greeted the popular Hebrew actor, in the single performance of the play, has seldom been witnessed, even in this home of unrestrained and tireless applause. In its passage from German into Yiddish, by way of English, the drama of Herr Voss has suffered certain unimportant modifications and a most unfortunate accretion, namely, the prologue. At least it must be considered unfortunate from the critical standpoint, although from that of the gallery it was a welcome addition.

The story is almost identical with that of Wilbrandt's play, "Fabricius," in which Sonnenthal was seen last season at the Irving Place Theatre. Through a death-bed confession, discovery is made of the fact that, for twenty years, a certain life prisoner, Thomas Lehr, has unjustly suffered

imprisonment for murder. Deeply stirred by this revelation of the law's miscarriage, the district attorney has the unfortunate man brought into his presence and attempts to awaken in his benumbed and atrophied mind a realization of the significance of the discovery. Gradually the prisoner is led to rehearse the history of the murder, and the real criminal, formerly his intimate friend, who has temporarily rallied, and who now denies his previous unofficial confession, is finally confronted by him and shocked into acknowledgment of the truth and into death. Through the adapter's prologue, we are made witnesses of the crime itself.

Opportunity for effective acting is by no means lacking. In the first act, that in which Mr. Adler appears as the crushed, inert convict, he gave a picture of abject, passive misery which is not likely soon to fade from the minds of those who saw it. In the later acts the acting of Mr. Adler suffered, seemingly, under the defects of the play. Of these the chief is the decline in dramatic effect from the height reached in the first act, resulting, to some extent, in an anti-climax.

No play at the Irving Place Theatre has surpassed in popularity Wilhelm Meyer-Foerster's drama, "Alt Heidelberg," which is now to be seen at the Princess Theatre in an English dress by Aubrey Boucicault. To any one at all familiar with German student life, "Heidelberg" is delightful, and the secret of its success is the charming sentiment which permeates it. The youthful heir-apparent to the throne of Sachsen-Karlsburg is sent to Heidelberg to pursue a course of studies, but at the moment of his arrival he falls into the hands of the corps-students, becomes one of them, and irretrievably loses his heart to a young bourgeois girl, a relative of the proprietor of his hotel. Recalled from these delightful scenes by the death of his uncle, the reigning prince, he succeeds to the rulership, and becomes extremely formal and reserved, but in vain seeks to banish from his heart regret for the halcyon student days. The last act shows his return visit to Heidelberg, where he finds the students hopelessly proper and respectful, all the old friends departed, everything changed, save Kaethie, whom he encounters at the last moment, and from whom he finally parts with protestations of undying affection—he to enter a loveless marriage of convenience and she to marry her old lover.

The conjunction of a rising star actress, who is a youthful Henrietta Crosman in miniature, and a new play which has in it the making of another "Mistress Nell," gave Broadway brilliancy to Mrs. Spooner's production of "My Lady Peggy Goes to Town," at the Amphion Theatre, Brooklyn, on Dec. 1. This play is a dramatization of Mrs. Frances Aymar Matthews' novel of the same redundant title. The Lady Peggy is Miss Cecil Spooner, the younger of Mrs. Spooner's two talented daughters, both of whom enjoy great popularity in the eastern district of this metropolis. Miss Matthews has utilized the well-worn but still theatrically effective theme of the country girl who goes to town and cuts a dash in the disguise of a boy.

Cecil Spooner herself is dainty, vivacious, sparkling, full of intelligence, spirit and juvenile gayety, a nimble dancer, and a graceful handler of the foils. Her figure and voice are slight, but maturity will strengthen both. It is rather unfortunate that Mr. Hale, who has to cross swords with her in deadly earnest, should by the contrast look like a bullying giant. Mrs. Spooner has mounted the piece with a sumptuousness that entitles her to take rank among our best producing managers.



Marceau

MISS GRACE GEORGE

As she appears in "Pretty Peggy," a new play based on incidents in the life of Peg Woffington

"The Crisis," in which James K. Hackett, as Captain Stephen Brice, exploits himself with becoming modesty, is a compact little play, prepared by Winston Churchill from his heavily-documented novel of the same title. It is an excellent bit of stagecraft, in its way. Directness and simplicity are secured by a process of heroic elimination, a fixity of purpose and unity of idea, too rarely observed in the current dramatizations of popular books. The Crisis is the division of the Northern and the Southern States on the question of slavery. Its scene is the city of St. Louis, in 1857, when premonitions of the coming war are already in the air. In the law office of Judge Silas Whipple, Puritan and Cavalier meet, in the persons of the Judge himself, who is a staunch abolitionist, and his friend, Colonel Carvel, a fine old Southern gentleman. Young Brice has come from Boston to study law in Whipple's office. On the morning of his arrival a slave-auction is in progress, and Brice impulsively bids his last dollar to rescue a quadroon girl from bondage. This act wins him the friendship of the Judge, the enmity of Clarence Colfax, and the involuntary admiration of Virginia Carvel, a very sweet and loyal Southern damsel. During a ball given by Colonel Carvel, the news of Lincoln's election comes like a thunderbolt. The war has practically begun. Brice and Colfax have a deadly quarrel, of which Virginia is the innocent cause. Time flits on to May, 1861. Brice is a captain in the Union Army, and Colfax a Confederate lieutenant, and the latter finally redeems himself by acts of reckless bravery. There is a general rendezvous in Whipple's law office once more. Brice and Colfax shake hands, and the former utters the words which might stand as the text for the whole story: "It is a pity that you gentlemen of the South and we of the North did not understand each other a few years ago as well as we do now." It also transpires that Virginia's feeling for Colfax is only a cousinly one; so Brice, being thus free to go on with his oft-interrupted declaration of love, embraces the opportunity—and Miss Carvel.

Altogether, "The Crisis" conveys an object-lesson in our national history, as successfully as it presents a pleasing love-story. The contrasting types are distinctly characterized in speech and dress, and their differences of political sentiment, their various foreshadowings of the rise of Lincoln, and the clash of State rights are vividly suggested. Mr. Hackett appears to advantage in a "straight" part, in which his qualities of quiet manliness and chivalrous warmth are revealed in artistic perspective, instead of being projected out of all proportion as a "star." Joseph Brennan, as the gruff but golden-hearted Judge Whipple, and Thomas A. Hall as the genial Cavalier, Colonel Carvel, share high honors in their respective character-studies. Miss Charlotte Walker plays the arch



Byron

STEPHEN BRICE
(James K. Hackett)VIRGINIA CARVEL
(Miss Charlotte Walker)

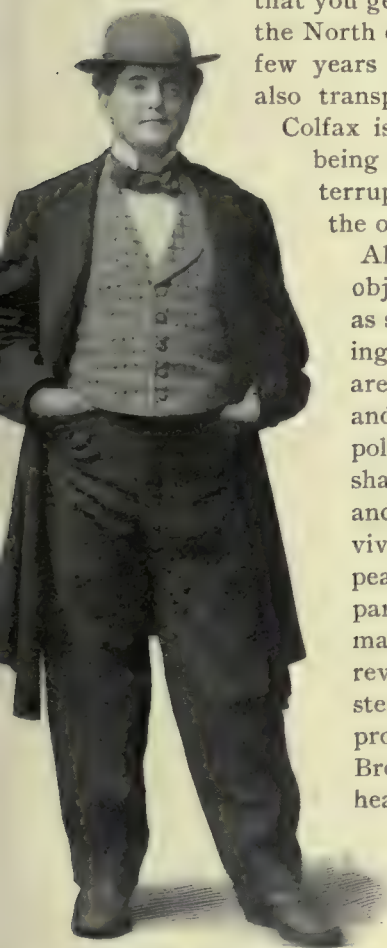
BRICE: "I dare not tell you what I think of you, Miss Carvel"

"THE CRISIS" AT WALLACK'S

and vivacious Virginia with convincing charm. George Le Soir contributes a clever character bit as Eliphalet Hopper, an alleged Massachusetts Yankee, who is a fearsome combination of villain and clown.

Uncommonly beautiful, as a stage picture, is the second act setting, showing the Carvel country mansion, with a reel danced on the lawn in the Southern moonlight. An apparent anachronism here might be avoided by substituting other music for the "Blue Danube," the year 1860 being too early for the Strauss waltz.

If anything could be worse as literature than Hall Caine's novels, it is undoubtedly this author's plays. "The Eternal City" in its book form is chiefly remarkable for the stiltedness of its style, the verbosity and commonplaceness of its descriptions, the artificiality of its characters and dialogue, and its utter lack of genuine local color. It is the

GEORGE LE SOIR
As Eliphalet Hopper in "The Crisis"

Italy of Soho Square, not the Italy of the Roman Corso, that Mr. Caine shows us. The story itself, lurid as a dime novel and entirely undisguised by art, is one that might well make Archibald C. Gunther grind his teeth with envy. The love of Roma, the Prime Minister's mistress, for the socialistic deputy, Rossi, the thrilling incidents that end with Baron Bonelli's death and Roma's own expiation, after sensational interferences by the Pope—all this is highly melodramatic, and might be expected to make a stirring play of the rudimentary type.

It may be admitted that Mr. Caine has succeeded in doing this. The dramatic version in which Miss Viola Allen is appearing this season is a fairly good melodrama of the conventional kind, and while as deficient in artistic quality as the novel itself, abounds in "situations" of blood and bluster, dear to the heart of a large class of theatregoers, and which are the stock-in-trade of every play carpenter who knows his business. The faults so apparent in the novel are, indeed, no less noticeable in the play. The tiresome descriptions and dialogue are gone, but the characters remain as unreal. We see Italian ministers, nobles, society women, soldiers, anarchists, priests, the Pope himself, but of real Italian atmosphere there is not a trace. The departure from the novel, insisted upon by Miss Allen, that, instead of appearing as Bonelli's mistress, she should become his fiancée and kept pure throughout, weakened the whole *motif* of the piece. When Baron Bonelli, in the book, tells David Rossi that the woman he loves is his mistress, the blow falls on the young deputy with the force of a thunderbolt. The woman he has revered is impure. That is dramatic, whereas the expedient of telling Rossi that Roma is his affianced wife is puerile, and results in an otherwise strong scene falling flat. What author, who respects his work, would tolerate this emasculation?

But if Mr. Caine is not hampered by a literary conscience, his ingenuity in advertising his wares must command respect. Mr. Caine was shrewd enough to know that a mere story of love and politics had slim chance of reaping a sale of 1,000,000 copies. So, in his general scheme, he included the Pope as a great sensation, and hints of possible trouble with the Italian nation were industriously spread by pub-

lishers' agents. Of course, no danger of anything of the kind existed. The Pope introduced is not Leo XIII. but Pius X., a mythical personage who has not yet occupied Peter's chair. He is a perfectly harmless old gentleman as acted by E. M. Holland, and has little to do with the action of the play, being dragged in mainly for spectacular purposes.

Among the players, Frederic de Belleville easily bore off first honors. As Baron Bonelli, the unscrupulous statesman, elegant man of the world, he made a commanding figure. His fine physique, distinguished bearing, authoritative delivery, converted Hall Caine's wooden character into a living personage, and perhaps in this sense it may be conceded that the actor "created" the part, otherwise an incorrect and misleading form of speech, since it is the author and not the player who creates. Miss Viola Allen, whose womanliness and lovable personality have endeared her to thousands of theatregoers, is not seen at her best in this play. Her Roma is a hard, unreal creature, all nerves and tears, who at no time awakens sympathy, and the actress fails to employ any of those finer shades of expression that break the monotony of the tense, exaggerated acting of the melodramatic school. Mr. Holland bears a startling resemblance to Leo XIII. The part, however, hardly suits this sterling actor. E. J. Morgan is not entirely convincing as David Rossi.

The play has been produced on a magnificent scale by Messrs. Liebler & Co. More beautiful stage settings have rarely been seen in the theatre. Roma's studio, overlooking the ruins of the old Coliseum, is a splendid example of the scenic painter's art, and all the costumes and accessories are rich and in good taste. There is little question that "The Eternal City" will prove one of the big popular successes of the season.



Byron

AUDREY (Miss Eleanor Robson)

"AUDREY" AT THE MADISON SQUARE—THE DENUNCIATION IN CHURCH

Audrey, the barefoot hoven of old Jamestown, Colonial Virginia, is taken by her guardian to the Governor's ball, where she is transformed into a butterfly of fashion, making the ladies jealous and captivating the wits. For this brief hour of triumph she pays dearly, being denounced in Bruton church next morning by the puritanical preacher. Here, in the one real dramatic moment of the piece, the drunken Darden rises up in meeting and defends the girl against the scandalous insinuations of the canting Scot. Everybody clears out, leaving Audrey alone with the half-breed Jean, who is on hand, as usual, with his threatening knife and his still more dreadful proposal of marriage. The Indian, however, is frustrated, and the play ends happily with Audrey's union to her guardian.



Byron, N. Y.

"THE STUBBORNESS OF GERALDINE" AT THE GARRICK

Clyde Fitch's latest novelty, introduced in Act I. of his new comedy. The setting represents the deck of an ocean liner home-bound from Europe. Sallow-faced passengers are laid out in their steamer chairs like rows of mummies, the big ship rocks and groans as she rises to the sea, and overhead are two great funnels and the usual steamer rigging, the whole making a realistic and entertaining picture. Miss Mary Mannering (Geraldine) is seen bending over the rail at the left, with Arthur Byron serenading her. For a full review of this play see our last issue

The Terrors of a First Night

"I DON'T see what there is in a first-night call to make authors so nervous."

A solemn-faced critic who had sat in judgment on hundreds of plays said that as we were fairly out of the theatre with the rest of the crowd. The author had broken down lamentably at the end of the third act when he had tried to talk in response to the cries of "Speech! speech!" It seemed a silly thing to do. An easy-going man of the world, used to all sorts of gatherings, and apparently at home everywhere one met him, yet standing there gaping, startled, confused, sputtering something incoherent and unintelligible, he made a strange picture.

You are wrong, good friend, there is much to unsettle the nerves of the most seasoned in that moment when the author "takes a call."

Let us look at the conditions a moment. For months he has been toiling on the two hours of dialogue and stage action which constitute the play. He has for weeks run the gauntlet of the manager, the leading actor and actress, the stage manager, the scene painter, the gas man, the property man, the orchestra leader. He has seen his play emerging from the utter fog of the first rehearsals into something that differs in a hundred petty details from his preconception. One actor in a dozen has bettered his expectations; the rest seem shadows or malformations of his ideas. With this distortion, whether

for better or for worse, his sensitiveness has increased. It has perhaps reached the point of irritability, which, with one author of wide acquaintance, results at the sixth rehearsal in his flying exit from the stage, urged thereto by a half a dozen husky myrmidons of the manager.

Even supposing that the author can keep his temper, and suffer in hope and comparative silence, the rawness of his mental cuticle becomes painful to a degree. He is still an authority, to be sure, on some matters of text and the meaning of action. He is relied on for "cuts," a funereal kind of honor. He is called upon to hearten some actor or actress struggling with a misfit part, but these things are naturally not reassuring, for bad at rehearsal is as likely as not to go to worse at the performance. The poor actor's well-known consoler, "I'll be all right at night," may just as well lead to all wrong all the time.

It is not only his own misgivings that come spectre-like to shake their gory locks at him. The manager, who is putting his "good money" by the barrel into your play, has his little emotional expressions of doubt at certain stages of the preparatory game. He is cooler headed, more judicial than anybody else, but he is wont to shake his head at times and walk away in a dark-brown study, from which one may draw the gloomiest conclusions. The feverish feeling increases all around. The very stage manager, whom the author has

named his best friend, is becoming as snappy as a turtle at low water.

Meanwhile, the noble fuglemen of the theatre have been throwing out rainbow-colored forecasts of the glories of the play to the newspapers. Claims are made for its brightness, its originality, its picturesqueness, its force, its effectiveness—what not—which make an author blush to the back of his neck. Can it be true? Are you really the heir of Shakespeare, Molière, Sophocles, Schiller, Sardou and the Dumas, both elder and younger? If by any chance you should be weak enough to harbor the alluring thought for one poor instant after a rehearsal that has given you the bluest blues, your visions of the night are apt to show you a long line of great dramatists turning in their graves in continuous spasms of indignation. Hence, as the night, the great night, approaches, no story of "big advance sale" brings you

comfort. The more they come the greater may be your danger. You would welcome a little apathy. In fact, to your astonishment, if not to your dismay, you have lost perspective of your play. You are out of focus, or the play is. You have learned little or nothing that will give you a clue to the fortunes of your offspring.

In South America they say a man laughs at his first earthquake, shivers at the second, and shudders at the third. And so of first nights to the author. With his first play he walks the cherry-blossom road of springtime optimism. It will triumph; it must. To the snow of blossoms will succeed green leafage and scarlet fruit. Frost is unknown in that author's latitude. Low temperature there may be to begin with, but he sees his sturdy tree outweathering it, and waiting for the outburst of the sun. Gentle idealist!

The actual first-night verdict is seldom or never reversed. It is not the author alone who knows this, but every one be-

hind the curtain in the theatre. I heard this once most strikingly stated. A beautiful woman and queenly actress had made ambitious venture as manager and star combined. It had somehow failed of the success it was hoped to deserve. The critics, the partial critics, were to blame. The public, the silly public, was to blame. The weather, the heat and cold of it, the dry and wet of it, was to blame. World-shaking events had put themselves between her and the sun. The leading man was to blame. So one was telling another as the thin applause of a half-filled house came with faint crackle through the door of the star's dressing-room. Suddenly Galatea, in her sheer Greek drapery, her oval face, her raven hair, her dark eyes blazing, her lips parted and her bosom heaving with the lingering emotions of the act just ended, stood framed in the doorway—a beautiful, ominous figure.

"I heard you," she said; "you, and you," extending a bare white arm toward one and another in the room, as we rose to make place for her. "I heard you blaming everybody and everything. I tell you it is lost breath. Worry before, blame before, cry out before, but when the first night's over hold your peace. The curtain goes up, the curtain comes down, and all is told."

It was the voice of the Greek fates crying out in the garb of Pygmalion's vivified statue: The curtain goes up, the curtain comes down, and all is told.

Oh, everybody knows it well in the weird world of theatric folk. There is a thrill, a tremble in the air behind the scenes. The actors and actresses dress early, lingering over costumes and make-up, and restless, restless. They have little to say to each other; they walk lightly, nervously, up and down, absorbed, apart. These chattering children of Momus are very mum and glum. "I know I'll be rotten," one says.

"Oh, brace up," is the reply from another who is anything but braced. The stage manager, tense and laconic, steps with swift feline tread from point to point. Poor man, it is his hour of worry

supreme. The author is wise to keep out of it all just then. The "artistic temperament" is in its most painful moment, and the slightest jar to it evokes a baleful growl. Get at the back of a proscenium box and stay



Byron, N. Y.

EUGENE (Sydney Deane)

YVETTE (Miss Mabelle Gilman)

"THE MOCKING BIRD" AT THE BIJOU



From a flashlight by Byron, N. Y.

SCENE IN "THE LILY AND THE PRINCE"

A new romantic drama in which Lucrezia Borgia is a prominent figure, and which Miss Mildred Holland is presenting this season

there as long as you can is good advice to the author. A glance at the house which seems to fill so very slowly is not so reassuring. You know in a dim way that there will be "friends" there to "give a hand," but you have learned to dread them as much almost as the open enemies who will not fail to be there. You think of the mass of people quietly digesting their dinners, whom you have charged yourself with the task of entertaining and stirring up. You figure the critics, who are taking their places with the deliberateness of Spanish hidalgos, as whetting enormously long knives. You assume indifference as well as possible, and you wait.

"How do you like that girl?" said the late Augustin Daly to Bronson Howard, as they sat in a box on a first night.

"I think she does that scene charmingly."

"Yes, that is so, but she'll never amount to anything above mediocrity; see, she has not a trace of nervousness." "And she never did," Mr. Howard says in telling the story. Nervousness, you see, is the first-night rule, and the rule holds good. You are thinking of a dozen ways in which your play might be bettered. If you could only have three more rehearsals—

The play is going on before you are aware of it. For the moment every-

thing on the stage is better than you dared to hope. They are slow, as a rule; the *réplique* is not quick enough, but they surprise you pleasantly in many ways. You get your first reaction. From this point on every author must be a law unto himself. Some authors prow. They appear stealthily in different parts of the house. They question people in fidgety whispers, but their greatest tendency is to rush behind the scenes. Woe to him in such case who looks for congratulation where every one else is looking for it, hoping for it, or dreading the reverse.

The star had been doing splendidly, but his voice was pitched a little too low, and the author said, "You are great, old man, but for heaven's sake speak up a little!" That was tactful, judicious, simple, wasn't it?

"Great heavens!" cried the actor, stopping in his change of costumes, sitting down before his mirror and burying his head in his hands. He was almost sobbing in hysteria, but after two seconds he rose like an unsnapped fishing rod and shouted, "I have been bellowing your d—d lines till I am hoarse, and now you come and tell me they can't hear me."

He flung his wig (he was to be "twenty years later" in the second act) on the shelf before him, sat down again, his arms limp at his sides, and said in



Burr McIntosh

MISS BLANCHE RING

Whose clever work and charming personality have brought into prominent notice

the utmost dejection, "It's useless, it's useless; I might as well give up now."

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It was my fortune to be admitted to the dressing-room of the great Sarah Bernhardt after the second act of a *première*. She had made her change, and was seated before her mirror. Votive flowers were piled pell-mell here and there. Her maid was busy in the background. Two or three other men were inside the open doorway. Compliments were paid, which she only noticed with a quick nod, as she gazed in the mirror, polishing, polishing her cheeks with a hare's foot, which, as she talked, she ever and anon rubbed in the rouge-pot as if she would rub away the enamel beneath. At the first glimpse it all seemed usual and matter-of-course, but quickly you felt an electrical thrill pervade you as her staccato tones fell on your ear like hail upon glass, in a long, ceaseless patter. There was almost a galvanic shock in the sudden grasp of her hand as she turned to take yours, laying down the hare's foot for an instant only, to take it up again and pursue the restless polishing of her cheeks. The queen of a hundred first nights was at white heat of nervous strain as completely as though she had never tasted triumph before.

"How is it going? I am glad they like it. Is — there? He is so good to me. Decidedly — was nervous! He will do better, poor man. But —, he is terrible, terrible; you can do nothing with him. We went over it a dozen times, but always the same *niaiserie*. Little — was good, wasn't she? What are they saying out there? Now, *flanque!*"

And out we went as she rose like a queen—like another woman. Presently she passed us in the narrow passage, oblivious of all but the emotion she was conjuring up for her entrance. That was the "artistic temperament," if it ever made manifestation in the four walls of a theatre.

And that is the burden of the first night: "How is it going?" Some managers have relays of people coming to them through the entire performance reporting every little ripple of approval, every little backwash of indifference or dislike. Once I heard two of them approaching a manager from opposite sides. "Fine," said one. "Heavy as lead," said the other. The manager paused. "Which is guying me?" he said at last; and nobody could tell him.

Well, out of all this haply comes "the call." The actor or actress, or both, or the whole company, and the manager are called and recalled, and then there is a pause.

"Where's Modesty?" shouts somebody. "They're calling him."

"No; it's the scene painter," says another.

"Modesty, where's Modesty?"

"He was here just now."

Modesty is in cold perspiration. He is not perhaps really modest, but he would like to be sure it was a real "call." He knows how mal-apropos the audience thinks an uncalled-for appearance. He has been known to flee precipitately, with supes and stage hands after him. He may have thought out a little speech, but his misgivings have jumbled it in his mind. To be dragged up a cellar steps, and there, amid a mob of laughing actors, to find his overcoat torn off, his hat snatched and himself bodily propelled by a dozen vigorous hands past the scenic walls, is a poor preparation for a calm and dignified appearance on the stage. For there he

is, pale with excitement, a bit tousled, looking at best out of place among the characters whose faces are heightened with grease paint, and who are at home where he is at sea—the dazzling footlights like exclamation points of lightning swimming before him, the noise of the ocean in his ears, and a dark cavern beyond, with a thousand laughing faces looking at him from every angle of vision. He remembers he must only bow, but "Speech! speech!" comes from the voracious gallery, and he is "up against it." And what can he say?

I heard one author, who looked cool enough, say: "You are very kind, but . . . but I won't know, and you won't know, anything about it until to-morrow morning," and

then fade away somehow. I heard another say: "Thank you, thank you. Now I shall try to do something really good." Of course, he had lots of other things in mind to take the edge off his modest estimate of the work before his audience, but somehow they had fled into the recesses of the "artistic temperament," and remained unsaid.

The out-of-town performances, so common and useful now as preparations for a metropolitan appearance, take off some of this flurry—make its details less complex. The author's "call" rarely occurs at such performances. They serve, however, to make the first-night flurry more direct and centred on the goodness or badness of the play; for that is the great source of all the worry of those who stand at judgment before "that awful thing—a collection of human hearts."

Sometimes, of course, the author is far from being called for, but his flurry is none the less on that account.

And the first-night flurry is not over when "the rag" falls, although the story is told and all further flurry is vain.

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.



MISS CECIL SPOONER

In her new play, "When Peggy Goes to Town"



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Well, out of all this haply comes "the call." The actor or actress, or both, or the whole company, and the manager are called and recalled, and then there is a pause.

"Where's Modesty?" shouts somebody. "They're calling him."

"No; it's the scene painter," says another.

"Modesty, where's Modesty?"

"He was here just now."

Modesty is in cold perspiration. He is not perhaps really modest, but he would like to be sure it was a real "call." He knows how mal-apropos the audience thinks an uncalled-for appearance. He has been known to flee precipitately, with supes and stage hands after him. He may have thought out a little speech, but his misgivings have jumbled it in his mind. To be dragged up a cellar steps, and there, amid a mob of laughing actors, to find his overcoat torn off, his hat snatched and himself bodily propelled by a dozen vigorous hands past the scenic walls, is a poor preparation for a calm and dignified appearance on the stage. For there he

is, pale with excitement, a bit tousled, looking at best out of place among the characters whose faces are heightened with grease paint, and who are at home where he is at sea—the dazzling footlights like exclamation points of lightning swimming before him, the noise of the ocean in his ears, and a dark cavern beyond, with a thousand laughing faces looking at him from every angle of vision. He remembers he must only bow, but "Speech! speech!" comes from the voracious gallery, and he is, "up against it." And what can he say?

I heard one author, who looked cool enough, say: "You are very kind, but . . . but I won't know, and you won't know, anything about it until to-morrow morning," and

then fade away somehow. I heard another say: "Thank you, thank you. Now I shall try to do something really good." Of course, he had lots of other things in mind to take the edge off his modest estimate of the work before his audience, but somehow they had fled into the recesses of the "artistic temperament," and remained unsaid.

The out-of-town performances, so common and useful now as preparations for a metropolitan appearance, take off some of this flurry—make its details less complex. The author's "call" rarely occurs at such performances. They serve, however, to make the first-night flurry more direct and centred on the goodness or badness of the play; for that is the great source of all the worry of those who stand at judgment before "that awful thing—a collection of human hearts."

Sometimes, of course, the author is far from being called for, but his flurry is none the less on that account.

And the first-night flurry is not over when "the rag" falls, although the story is told and all further flurry is vain.

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.



MISS CECIL SPOONER

In her new play, "When Peggy Goes to Town"



MISS ELEANOR ROBSON AS AUDREY

Stage Fights

By F. G. BLAKESLEE
Late Swordmaster, 1st Regt. Conn. N. G.



Pach

KYRLE BELLEW'S SENSATIONAL STAIRCASE FIGHT IN "A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE"

The scene shows a wide staircase in the house of Vicomte de Turenne, where Mlle. de la Vire is confined. M. de Marsac (Mr. Bellew) enters to rescue her. He mounts the stairs and is discovered by Fresnoy. He dashes in a panel of the door, cries to mademoiselle to break her way out, and drawing his rapier turns to meet the rush. Up come Fresnoy and his followers, sword in hand. There is a clash of steel, and one of them throws up his hands and falls headlong down the stairs; a quick parry and return, and another drops his weapon and reels away. One tries to get past his guard and stab de Marsac in the back, but a scream from Mlle. de la Vire warns him in time; there is one lightning thrust, and he, too, is down, and so the fight goes on until only de Marsac and Fresnoy are left.

IN THE presentation of a stage fight the two important considerations are safety and realism. Although the swords are blunted, they are capable of inflicting severe injuries, and as the actors are entirely without the protection of mask, plastron and gauntlet, it is evident that the greatest care must be used to avoid injuring one another. Actors unacquainted with fencing look out for safety and let the realism take care of itself. Fights of this kind are altogether too common. They generally consist of banging the swords together for a few seconds, after which the villain dies, for no apparent reason except that the situation demands it.

When actors understand fencing, however, the result is far different. It is a mistaken idea which many people have that the stage fight is impromptu. The actors strive to convey this impression, and it is a great testimony to their skill that they so often succeed in doing so. An assault of this nature, however, would be far too dangerous, as a single unparried thrust might do great damage. Instead, the whole fight is planned out beforehand and rehearsed with the greatest care. Once the order of attack has been arranged and memorized, the two men come in "on guard," and proceed to practice the various lunges and parries. In making a lunge one all-important thing is kept constantly in mind, "Never touch your opponent." This is accomplished by lunging "short," that is, not extending completely, or by directing the point so as to have it clear the body,

the latter being the better and more common method. It is not always easy to judge distances to a nicety in the excitement of an assault, but if the point is always kept clear of the body no harm is done, even if the lunge is not parried. Quarte, tierce and second are the favorite lunges of actors. Very few feints are made, and circular parries are rarely used.

There are two recognized ways of delivering the final attack. If the man to be killed is standing with his back to the audience, a lunge in quarte close to the body is very realistic. Kyrle Bellew uses this method in his staircase scene in "A Gentleman of France," and it is extremely effective. If, on the other hand, the person doomed to fall has his breast turned towards the audience, the attack is made by passing the sword between his right arm and body. Fights almost always occur across the stage, seldom up and down it. Some idea of the care with which these stage combats are produced may be gained from the statement that Sir Henry Irving and Sir Squire Bancroft rehearsed their great fight in the "Dead Heart" daily for over a month, in Mr. Bertrand's *salle d'armes*, before presenting it to the public.

A slip is one of the worst dangers of stage fencing. It may

cause one to over-reach and inadvertently make a touch, or it may precipitate one upon the opposing blade.

At the head of the dramatic fencers stands Francis A. Wilson. Mr. Wilson holds the position by right of conquest, he being the only actor who has ever held the ama-



KYRLE BELLEW'S SWORD ARM

Showing the many cuts and scratches he has received since he began playing in "A Gentleman of France"

teur fencing championship of America. This he won in an open contest given by the New York Athletic Club a number of years ago.

Needless to say, Mr. Wilson is an enthusiast on fencing. He says of it: "It is a fine thing for grace of motion, for hands, feet and body, and something that every actor should know." Mr.

Wilson says that he has often used his knowledge of fencing in his profession, but it is to be deeply regretted that his line of work precludes him from serious stage sword-play. It is safe to say that, should he ever decide to put on a heavy duel, it would be second to none. Mr. Wilson was a pupil of the celebrated Col. Munstery, whose career was more like that of a Dumas Gascon than that of a modern man. Col. Munstery was for many years intimately connected with the revolutions of Central America, and had numerous thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes. Once he killed ten men single-handed with his sword, and once he escaped from prison on the eve of his execution by disabling eight of his

guards. He fought over twenty duels, and seconded as many more. Late in life he settled in Chicago as a fencing master, making a specialty of training actors for stage sword-play. Among his other dramatic pupils were Edwin Forrest, the older Davenport, Junius Brutus Booth and Edwin Booth.

Kyrle Bellew's staircase scene in "A Gentleman of France" is undoubtedly one of the greatest sword fights ever presented on the stage, and must always serve as a model of what a stage encounter ought to be. The fight, as described under the picture, goes on until only de Marsac and Fresnoy are left. Fresnoy tries to flee, but de Marsac pursues him and forces him to turn and defend himself, and then back and forth they fight until the fateful moment when, after a feint in second, de Marsac reverses his hand and lunges close to the body in quarte. Seen from the front, it looks exactly as if the sword had passed directly through Fresnoy's body. Indeed, it does come uncomfortably close, and Oscar Eagle, who plays the part of Fresnoy, always wears a shirt of chain mail under his clothing to guard against accidents. Why the young fellow who falls headlong down the stairs does not break his neck is a nightly mystery. An actor who was induced to understudy the part tried just once and broke two ribs doing it.

Mr. Bellew's first lessons in sword-play occurred while he was a naval cadet aboard H. M. S. "Conway." Afterwards he studied at Angele's and Bertrand's in London, finally becoming President of the London Foil Club. He has always been an enthusiastic fencer, and even during his life in the Australian bush found time to keep up his practice. Quite a romance attaches to his opponent in "A Gentleman of France." This young man, whose real name is Arthur

Butler, was formerly a miner in Mr. Bellew's employ in Australia, although he had previously been an instructor at Angele's. When Mr. Bellew gave up mining, Mr. Butler returned to London with him, and later came to this country to accept the part of Fresnoy. Both Mr. Bellew's and Mr. Butler's arms, as may be seen in the accompanying picture, bear numerous scars caused by the rapier thrusts not being turned aside in time in their nightly combats.

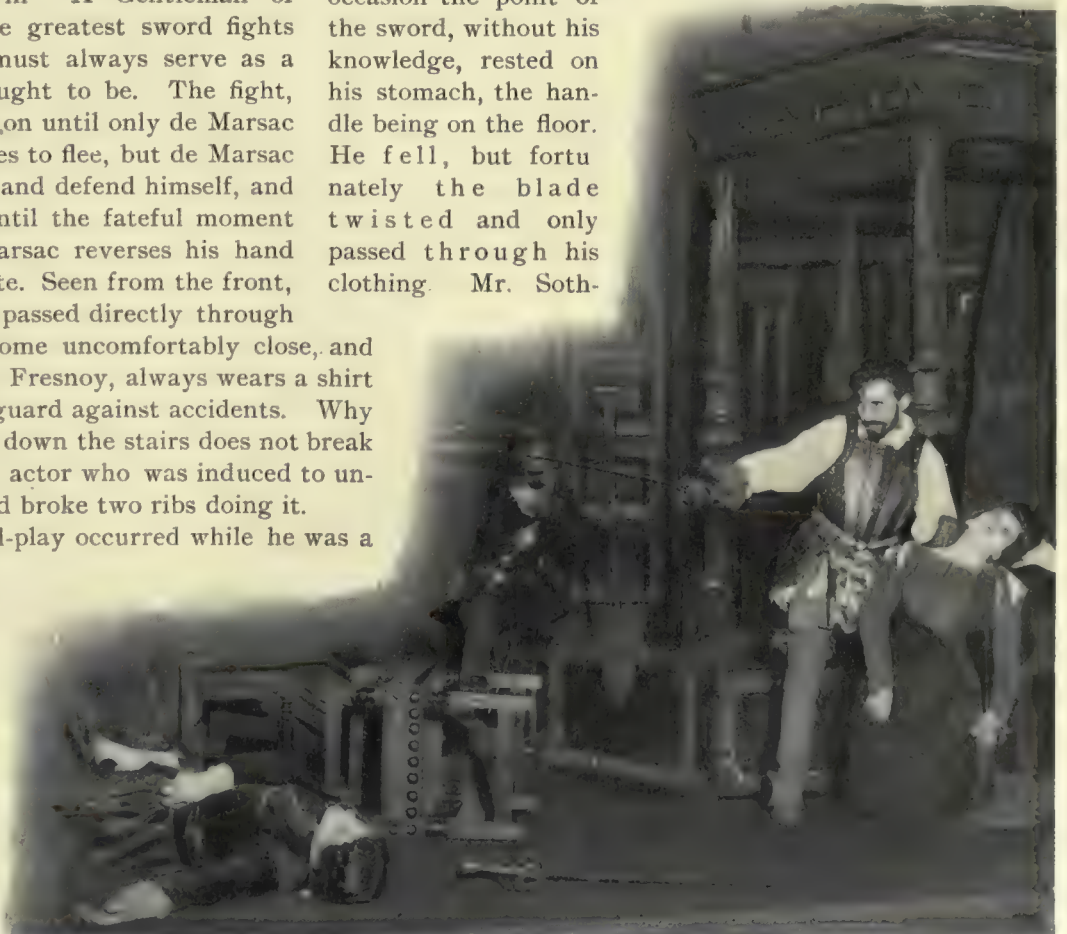
E. H. Sothorn's stage fights are always marvels of realism, although Mr. Sothorn modestly lays no claim to being a fencer. Mr. Sothorn admits, however, that he has taken lessons of Angele and Senac (two of the leading masters of the world), and says that he has read a great deal about the various kinds of sword-play.

"When I have a fight on the stage to arrange," says Mr. Sothorn, "the blows proper are the last things I attend to. I first arrange the beginning, middle and end of the fight from a dramatic and pictorial standpoint. The various tableaux are carefully composed, the course of the fight mapped out, and the lines, if any, spoken during the fight are placed in their proper places. In a properly rehearsed fight an accident should never happen. I have never had an accident in a fight proper, but I have been hurt in rehearsing by a stupid or nervous adversary, and once in "An Enemy to the King" my opponent's rapier entered my mouth as far as my tonsils. Fortunately I had my mouth open and so lost no teeth. I jumped off the bed, where the blow reached me, with great agility, however."

Mr. Sothorn once came very near having a serious accident while rehearsing "The Prisoner of Zenda." He had to drop a rapier and then fall prone on the floor. On this occasion the point of the sword, without his knowledge, rested on his stomach, the handle being on the floor. He fell, but fortunately the blade twisted and only passed through his clothing. Mr. Soth-



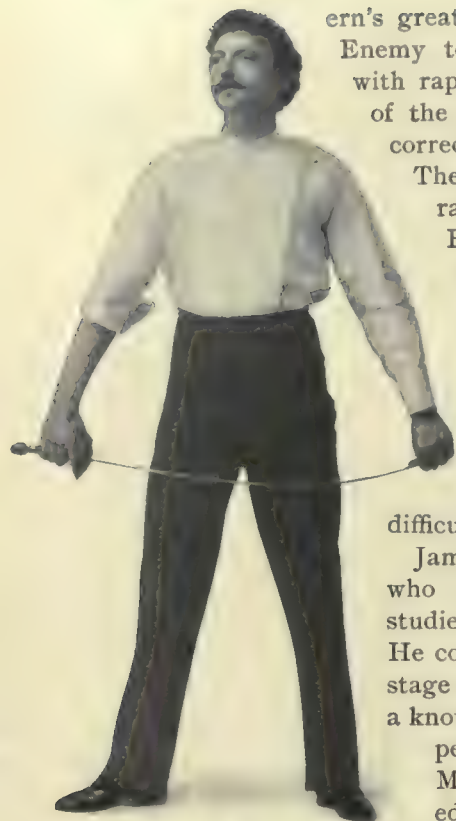
James K. Hackett in the fight in "The Prisoner of Zenda."



Byron

E. H. SOTHERN'S FIGHT IN "AN ENEMY TO THE KING"

One of the most realistic and historically correct fights ever seen on the stage



Robert B. Mantell in "The Corsican Brothers"

ern's great sword fight occurred in "An Enemy to the King." It was fought with rapiers and daggers, and was one of the most realistic and historically correct fights ever seen on the stage.

The technical part of it was arranged by Capt. Alfred Hutton, F. S. A., the eminent English authority on old sword-play.

It lasted for several minutes, and during the assault the two swordmen fought all over the stage, overturning tables and chairs, and even following each other over the bed. It was an amazingly difficult fight exceedingly well done.

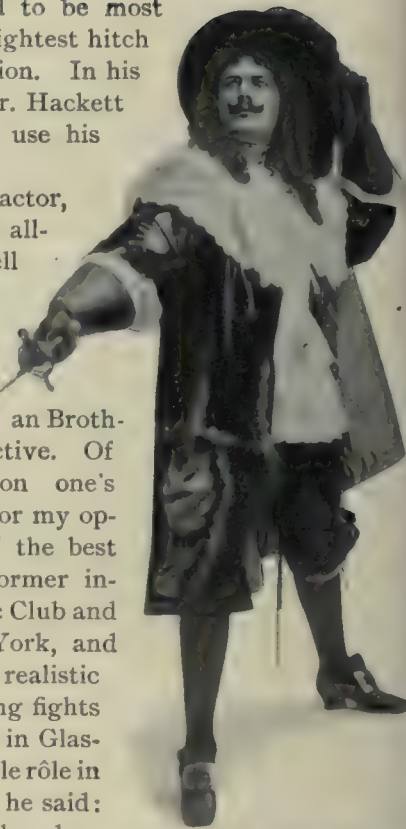
James K. Hackett is another actor who is a skillful swordman. He studied fencing under Louis Senac. He considers fencing a most useful stage accomplishment, and says that a knowledge of it is absolutely indispensable to the romantic actor. Mr. Hackett has used his knowledge of swordmanship in "Rupert of Hentzau," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "A Chance

Ambassador," "The Pride of Jennico" and "Don Cæsar's Return." He considers his best stage fight to have been that in "Rupert of Hentzau." This differed from the usual sword fight in that it ended in a struggle for a pistol rather than in the customary lunge. The scene as presented occurs in Mother Holf's apartments, where Rupert is in hiding. Mr. Hackett, as Rudolph Rassendyll, enters and endeavors to obtain from Rupert the Queen's letter. Both men get the drop on each other with their revolvers; neither dares to fire. In this situation Rupert, who is an expert swordman, suggests that they lay their weapons on the mantelpiece with the letter between them, and fight it out with duelling swords, a pair of which he has in the room. Rassendyll agrees, and they come quickly "on guard." Rupert forces the fight at first and drives Rassendyll back across the stage, and almost succeeds in pinning him against the door. Rassendyll, however, rallies and recovers his ground, and Rupert, finding that he has met his match, retreats toward the fireplace. When nearly there, Rassendyll disarms him and lowers his point. Instantly Rupert springs to the mantel and seizes one of the revolvers, but before he can aim it Rassendyll is upon him. Dropping his own sword, he clenches his treacherous opponent, and back and forth they struggle for the possession of the weapon. Victory finally crowns Rassendyll's efforts, and Rupert of Hentzau dies the death he so

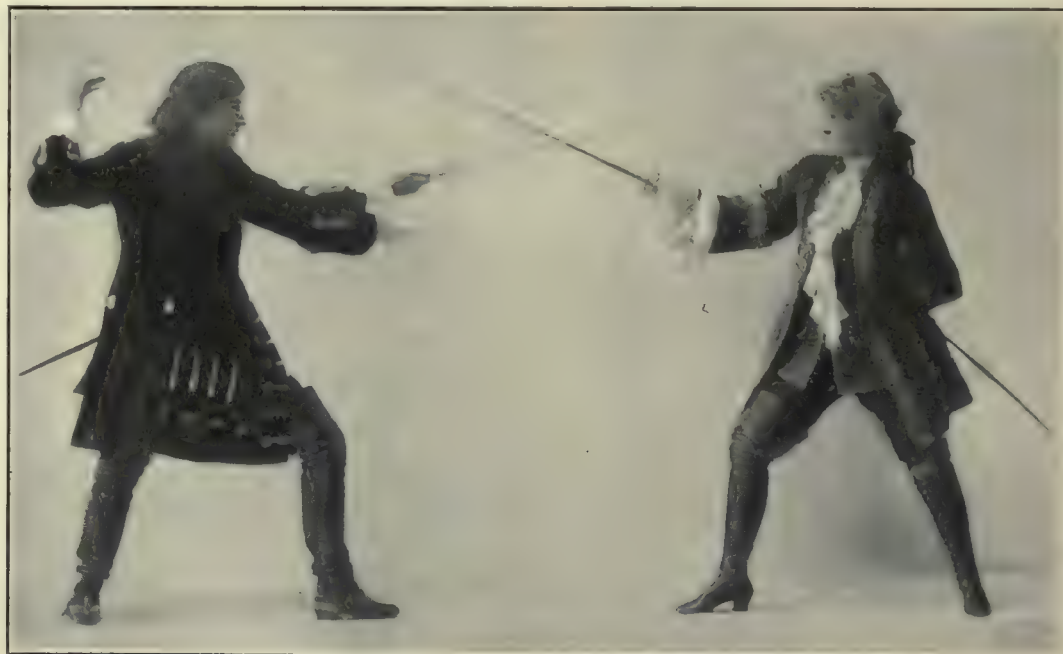
richly deserves. All this had to be most carefully worked out, for the slightest hitch would have spoiled the situation. In his latest play, "The Crisis," Mr. Hackett does not have any occasion to use his knowledge of sword-play.

The well-known romantic actor, Robert B. Mantell, is a good all-round swordman. Mr. Mantell says: "I have had many stage fights in my career, with the foil, broadsword, rapier and dagger, but I think that my duel in "The Corsican Brothers" was the most effective. Of course, much depends upon one's opponent. In this play I had for my opponent Mr. Malchion, one of the best fencers in America, and a former instructor in the Toronto Athletic Club and the Lyceum School of New York, and we were able to put up a most realistic fight." One of the most fatiguing fights Mr. Mantell ever had occurred in Glasgow when he was playing the title rôle in "Rob Roy." In speaking of it he said: "After having fought with the claymore for about five minutes, I had to disarm my opponent, throw him over my shoulder, run with him up a rocky pass about fifty feet high, and exit with him off the stage. You may well believe that I had very little wind left." Mr. Mantell's rapier and dagger fight in "Monbar" is a good example of old-time sword-play, the final thrust being given with the dagger after coming *corps à corps* with the rapier. His broadsword fight in "Richard III." is also well done. Mr. Mantell studied fencing under Col. Griffiths in London and Senac in New York.

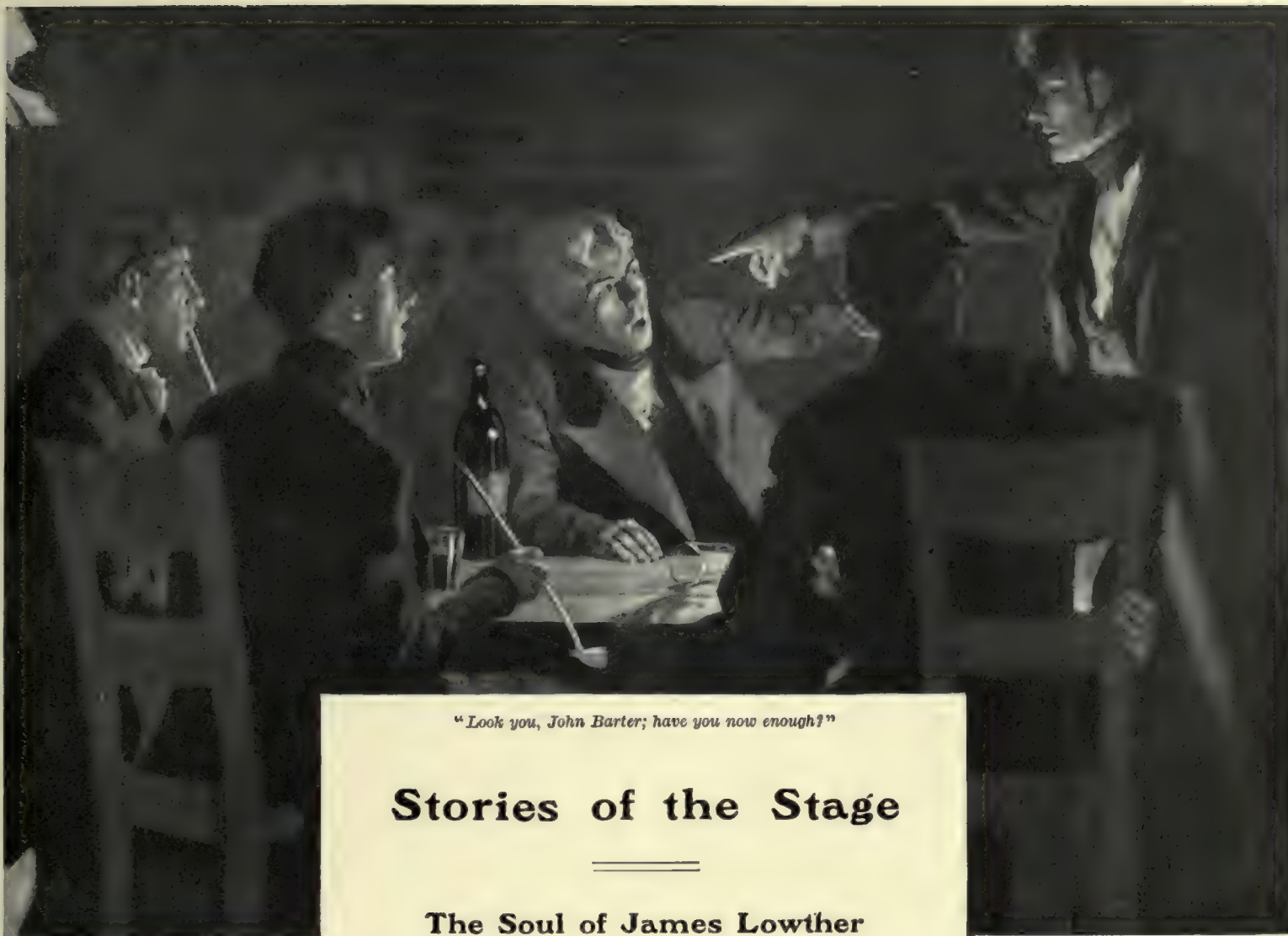
Otis Skinner refuses to take the stage swordman seriously, and advises the use of an axe or dynamite to rid the stage of his presence. There are many, however, who will not agree with him in this respect.



Harry Woodruff in "Mistress Nell"



MISS HENRIETTA CROCMAN (on the right) IN "THE SWORD OF THE KING"



"Look you, John Barter; have you now enough?"

Stories of the Stage

The Soul of James Lowther

Drawn by W. H. Dunton

THE fear of being laughed at has, up to now, kept me from making the following story public, but having arrived at an age when I care little whether I am a butt for ridicule or an object of pity, I hesitate no longer.

I was an actor in my youth. I lived upon a social plane which was entirely different to the standing of our modern stage heroes. We were not pampered pets of society. We were considered amply remunerated by our weekly stipend, and would have been thought erratic had we expected anything but the term of "an actor fellow" or "a strolling player" from the young bloods of the day. Heavens! how long ago it is, and yet how clearly I remember all the minute circumstances! I am nearing my ninetieth year, and in the early twenties, or thereabouts, I was first walking gentleman of a little stock company in the far north of England.

Imagine a dingy theatre, with an old and somewhat ragged set of scenery, comprising kitchen flats, a prison, very impossible and exceedingly draughty palace arches, a blasted heath a wood, a castle exterior, and one or two odd devices which answered for anything. Fancy the footlights, consisting of a row of candles ensconced in a tin arrangement like a modern Dutch oven, and picture to yourself the property man snuffing those dips between the scenes, and staggering off with furniture, or rearranging it to represent a different house entirely. What would we think to-day if the leading man changed coats with the first juvenile between

the acts, to lend variety to the costuming of the play? These were the smallest of our idiosyncrasies, but we could do one thing—we could act.

One day our manager came to me with the startling intelligence that the leading man had mysteriously disappeared, and that I must play Charles Surface that night. Now, James Lowther was not a drinking man, as we understood it then—now he might be considered a very drunken person—neither was he flighty, nor a man likely to cross the border with an enamored maiden, as he certainly had not the wherewithal to leave town. He, equally surely, was not in the town—that had been thoroughly searched, a no very difficult task, for our class were only allowed in dubious and second-rate houses of entertainment and lodging. He had gone; that was the bare truth.

As may be supposed, I had no time for solving problems. My road was the one to the theatre, there to rehearse, then back to my room to bind a wet towel round my head and swallow the lines, and a very bitter meal they made. I remember hopelessly grappling with the task, and thinking I should never be even rough perfect. I recollect hoping that a dire accident might befall me, that I might break my leg, or some such trifle, and be incapacitated, for I was new at my business, and had not an omnivorous maw for all sorts of conditions and length of rôles at a few hours' notice.

At the proper time I strode to the theatre, the words leaking out at every step, and succeeded in working myself up to a pitch of nervous terror. I mention this so you will

have a chance to explain that the experience I am about to narrate was a mere hallucination brought on by fear; yet the outcome will preclude that theory. As I am a living man, and shortly to accompany my long friend with the beard and timepiece to that land where theatres are not, I felt that some one was walking with me. Twilight had set in, and the lane was thinly peopled, but the feeling that a man was at my side, almost touching me, was not to be thrown off. My vision told me that I was mistaken; still my hand would grope for the figure which I knew was there, and which I saw was not. A fearful dread laid hold upon me, and I almost ran into a public house, and went for a moment into the sanded parlor. The old bench trembled as I sat, and immediately vibrated with the concussion of—of what? *Nothing* could not produce the effect of a powerful thud, as this was. *Nothing* could not nestle by my side, as if afraid of not being noticed. A great terror again seized me. An indescribable shudder ran down my spine and seemed to paralyze me, though not for long, for the landlord was considerably surprised to see me disappear swiftly through the door without waiting for his hostile cheer. The frightful nonentity, the terrible bodiless Presence, was with me, and with me turned into the narrow path leading to the stage door, where there was surely only room for one. But the wall was no barrier. In the thickness of the crumbling brick the Thing walked out and kept me company and seemed to whisper to me. At that moment the terror left me, a frozen calm settled in its place, and I seemed under the power of the Unknown. Then I distinctly saw a vapor which wavered for a moment and formed itself, at first in undulating lines and apparent uncertainty, into the well-known form of James Lowther. The sight of that which before had been invisible, intangible and yet feelingly present, seemed to reassure me. It is true I was dumb and my heart beat heavily, but I was collected and calm, compared with what I had been.

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Jack Barter, our low comedian, came out of the stage door. He looked at me for a moment, and must have noticed my pallor, for he said encouragingly, "Keep up your pluck; ten o'clock will come."

"Yes, and so will seven," I could not help replying. At this instant the figure of the actor stood surrounded and enveloped by the phantom. The man was laughing, the spirit nodding its head as if to embolden me, and the face of the ghost and the queer visage of Jack Barter appeared to push each other aside and blot each other out in turns.

"I saw you," continued the low comedian, "talking to yourself. Running over your lines, eh? Don't do it at the last moment. I never find it pays. Either you know them by this time, or you don't. I know how it is with me; I generally don't. I've got threepence; will you have a glass of ale?"

Jack Barter did not seem particularly anxious for me to accept his invitation, for he disengaged himself from the spectre and passed me with a shudder, muttering, "Ugh! it's chilly." Now, it was by no means cold, being a sum-

mer-like night, though late in the autumn. The apparition seemed to dissolve into the old door, and I entered the theatre by this time without a particle of fear. I dressed with the feeling of the Presence, now much intensified, clinging to me without a moment's intermission; and, as I spoke my opening lines, it seemed as though every word were being poured into my ear by a still, small voice that had no effect on the tympanum, but penetrated directly to the brain.

The audience was enthusiastic, and I was considered a great man among my kind; but congratulations seemed to be intended for another, for I had but been the interpreter of the wraith which had whispered to me. I went home, declining pressing invitations to supper. The company looked askance at me, thinking that my pitiful little success had turned my head.

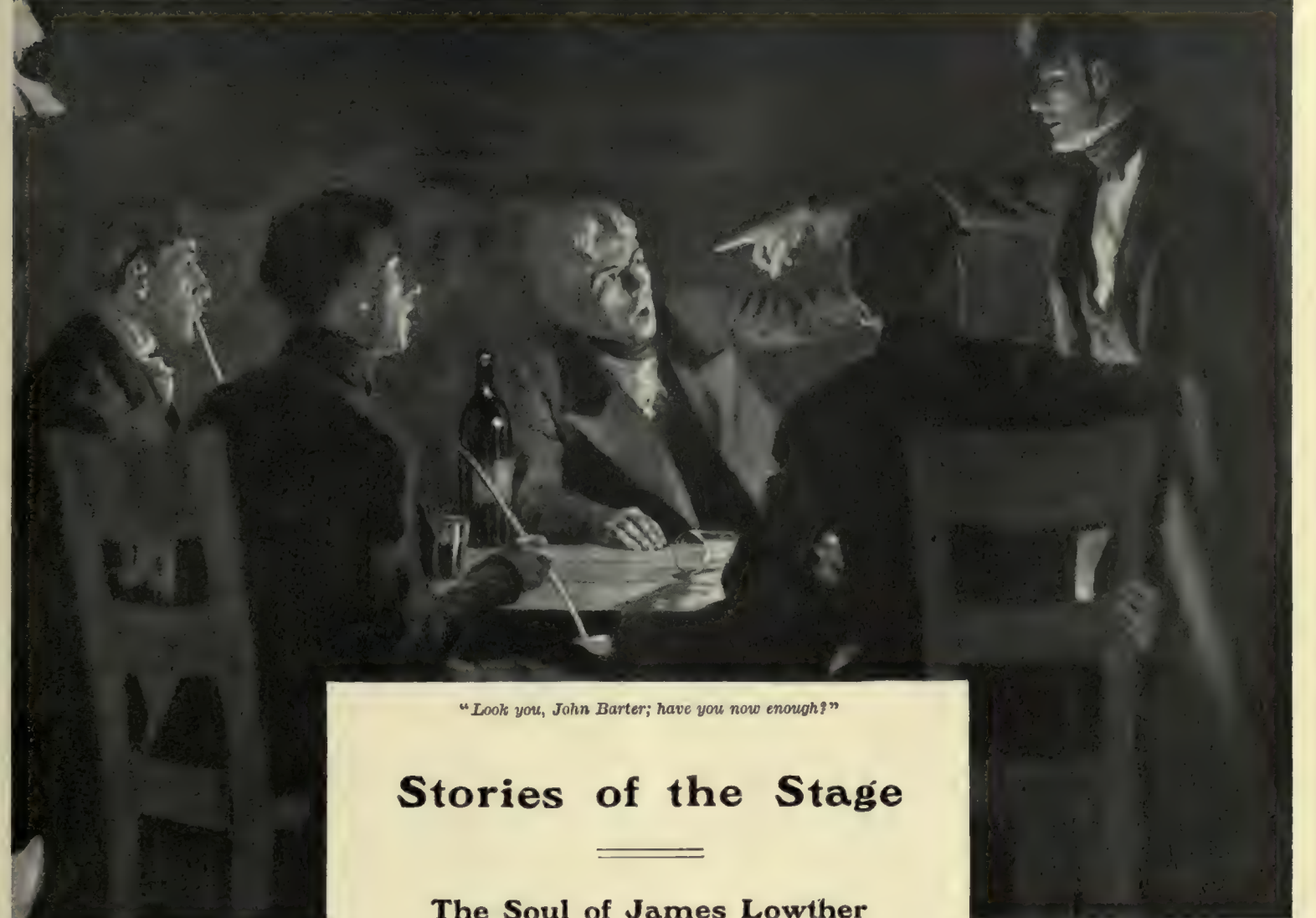
I walked as one dazed, and with the knowledge that I was about to pass through an ordeal which only the church yard mold could obliterate; for the phantom was with me, telling me that I was ordained to set right a great wrong.

I entered the gloomy cottage where I lodged, gained my chamber and cast myself in my chair, burying my face in my hands, dreading to speak, to look, or to formulate a thought. The voice sounded clearly once more, this time audible to the external ear: "Not here! Not here!" "Where?" I blurted out. "What do you want with me? Where shall I go?"

"Hush!" came the answer. "I will control you. Your actions shall appear to proceed from your will; be calm. Do and speak as the impulse bids you. You know who is speaking to you. Foul was the deed which severed me from earth. The guilty must atone; in mercy it must be so, or the sin will never be washed out. I have no hatred, no desire for revenge; only justice! justice!"

The vibrations ceased, and all was still. A wish to return to the open air seized me, and I took my hat and left the house. Once in the street I followed a new desire to turn up the Market Place, which I did at a rapid pace. My steps neither faltered nor were at a loss to find the way, for I walked directly to the house of Jack Barter. I was greeted with a chorus of congratulations.

It was a motley throng. Our first old man, in the stiffest of stocks and the dirtiest of shirts, was performing the office of chairman. The bottle had already circulated freely, and songs were commencing to enliven the neighborhood. I forgot what was said or sung. One fact was before me: I was at the end of my journey, and was waiting for further orders. I never had been a drinking man, so my abstinence was not much remarked. At last I was asked for a recitation. The impulse was given me to rise. The room and its occupants seemed to blur before my eyes, and a sheet of mist stretched itself over the scene. The centre of the cloud was revolving at a furious rate, and then it parted, showing a swampy meadow, a stagnant pond overgrown with green scum and a cluster of bullrushes, which the wind was bending until their heads dipped in the turbid water—now forcing them down all together—now tossing them apart, disclosing a momentary glimpse of something without shape or form which my inner sense told me was a human body. Down came the whirlwind and tore up a clump of the sedges and water-flags. In the midst was a reeking putrescence, only recognizable to an inspired eye as the corpse of James Lowther, with a frightful gash across the throat.



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I was speechless. I nodded and said, "Good God!" or something equally inappropriate.

Jack Barter, our low comedian, came out of the stage door. He looked at me for a moment, and must have noticed my pallor, for he said encouragingly, "Keep up your pluck; ten o'clock will come."

"Yes, and so will seven," I could not help replying. At this instant the figure of the actor stood surrounded and enveloped by the phantom. The man was laughing, the spirit nodding its head as if to embolden me, and the face of the ghost and the queer visage of Jack Barter appeared to push each other aside and blot each other out in turns.

"I saw you," continued the low comedian, "talking to yourself. Running over your lines, eh? Don't do it at the last moment. I never find it pays. Either you know them by this time, or you don't. I know how it is with me; I generally don't. I've got threepence; will you have a glass of ale?"

Jack Barter did not seem particularly anxious for me to accept his invitation, for he disengaged himself from the spectre and passed me with a shudder, muttering, "Ugh! it's chilly." Now, it was by no means cold, being a sum-

mer-like night, though late in the autumn. The apparition seemed to dissolve into the old door, and I entered the theatre by this time without a particle of fear. I dressed with the feeling of the Presence, now much intensified, clinging to me without a moment's intermission; and, as I spoke my opening lines, it seemed as though every word were being poured into my ear by a still, small voice that had no effect on the tympanum, but penetrated directly to the brain.

The audience was enthusiastic, and I was considered a great man among my kind; but congratulations seemed to be intended for another, for I had but been the interpreter of the wraith which had whispered to me. I went home, declining pressing invitations to supper. The company looked askance at me, thinking that my pitiful little success had turned my head.

I walked as one dazed, and with the knowledge that I was about to pass through an ordeal which only the church yard mold could obliterate; for the phantom was with me, telling me that I was ordained to set right a great wrong.

I entered the gloomy cottage where I lodged, gained my chamber and cast myself in my chair, burying my face in my hands, dreading to speak, to look, or to formulate a thought. The voice sounded clearly once more, this time audible to the external ear: "Not here! Not here!" "Where?" I blurted out. "What do you want with me? Where shall I go?"

"Hush!" came the answer. "I will control you. Your actions shall appear to proceed from your will; be calm. Do and speak as the impulse bids you. You know who is speaking to you. Foul was the deed which severed me from earth. The guilty must atone; in mercy it must be so, or the sin will never be washed out. I have no hatred, no desire for revenge; only justice! justice!"

The vibrations ceased, and all was still. A wish to return to the open air seized me, and I took my hat and left the house. Once in the street I followed a new desire to turn up the Market Place, which I did at a rapid pace. My steps neither faltered nor were at a loss to find the way, for I walked directly to the house of Jack Barter. I was greeted with a chorus of congratulations.

It was a motley throng. Our first old man, in the stiffest of stocks and the dirtiest of shirts, was performing the office of chairman. The bottle had already circulated freely, and songs were commencing to enliven the neighborhood. I forgot what was said or sung. One fact was before me: I was at the end of my journey, and was waiting for further orders. I never had been a drinking man, so my abstinence was not much remarked. At last I was asked for a recitation. The impulse was given me to rise. The room and its occupants seemed to blur before my eyes, and a sheet of mist stretched itself over the scene. The centre of the cloud was revolving at a furious rate, and then it parted, showing a swampy meadow, a stagnant pond overgrown with green scum and a cluster of bullrushes, which the wind was bending until their heads dipped in the turbid water—now forcing them down all together—now tossing them apart, disclosing a momentary glimpse of something without shape or form which my inner sense told me was a human body. Down came the whirlwind and tore up a clump of the sedges and water-flags. In the midst was a reeking putrescence, only recognizable to an inspired eye as the corpse of James Lowther, with a frightful gash across the throat.

The scene died away, and again I beheld the expectant crowd clamoring for a song. "Aye," said Jack Barter, "give us something new."

"I will," I answered. "I will tell you a story, a new one." The company vanished, and the dimness of a foggy night appeared, flecked here and there with the bending rushes, which seemed first to hide and then disclose that which once had been a man.

"It is a horrible tale, out of place perhaps in this festive gathering. I seem to see a farm-house; Prosperity calls the place her own, for the trees in the orchard are bending beneath their load, and the cider-press is brimming over, shedding its golden tears. There are treasures and blessings in that happy home, but none so dear and cherished as Mary, the daughter of the house. I see two men cross her path, neither of them favored, for their class is looked down upon even by a farmer."

"Stop!" cried the agonized voice of Jack Barter. "We don't want any such dismal stories here." And his white face seemed to loom through the veil which was surging before me.

"Why?" I asked. "How do you know that the story is dismal?"

"You said it was; stop it!"

The remainder of the company was amazed. "Let the gentleman proceed; go on, sir; go on."

"The lass favors the younger lover. The other man's hatred is roused to the pitch of murder. The lane from the farm-house lies in unfrequented ways, and skirts a dark pool where even the cattle do not love to drink. There the discarded suitor awaits his rival. He is but dimly to be seen, crouching among the rushes, and nursing a butcher's knife in his trembling hands. Another figure approaches the pond with youthful strides. He holds a nosegay, freshly gathered, and is pressing it to his lips. He passes the clump of rushes; they part, and an abject figure, beplastered and filthy, springs upon the wayfarer like a loathsome wolverine. The young man is taken by surprise, and has no opportunity

to resist. A heavy blade flashes, and is stained with blood. The murderous form creeps quickly away, and the rushes become a winding sheet. The scene fades and darkness reigns—darkness and the moaning of an unavenged spirit.

"But, look you, murder will out. The tongues of ages have ever told that truth. The earth itself has rolled aside and left a corpse bare to be a dumb and terrible witness. Strange it is that under the draped bench where now I sit lie a pair of slime-leadened boots and a bundle of clothes which are stained with human blood. Look you, John Barter, have you now enough?"

"You can't prove what you say; it's a lie, a damned lie, a lie cut from the whole cloth. I'll make you suffer for this, taking away the character of a peaceable gentleman. Who says I did it?"

As I sat silently wondering what the upshot would be, the voice of James Lowther sounded through the room: "I do, John Barter; I accuse you." Barter turned livid, staggered, caught at the table for support, and then fell a writhing heap of iniquity at the feet of the company. They lifted him on to the very bench where I had sat, and loosened his stock and wiped his foaming lips. Fit followed upon fit, and his cries were fearful to hear. At last he regained his tongue and whined, "Good gentlemen, I did the deed; I was mad with jealousy, for she would have none of me. Don't let them hang me; I will atone, before God I will atone."

Aye, before God, John Barter, you will atone.

His breath came in painful gasps as the falling sickness again laid its clutches on him. And with a great cry he rendered up his spirit, and stood before his Maker to be judged for his damning sin.

That is my story. Often in my long career I have felt the Presence when in danger or difficulty, and crazy, as you think me, I know that the soul of James Lowther is with me now, perchance to take me by the hand and lead me forth among the gardens of Heaven and amidst the sweet pastures.

KENNETH LEE.



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THE CHORUS IN "THE LITTLE DUCHESS," WITH MISS ANNA HELD IN THE CENTRE



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS LADY MACBETH

Mrs. Patrick Campbell—A Woman of Temperament

CHATS WITH PLAYERS, No. 14

My dear friends, you all go on wishing each other a long life, but which of us is really alive? Which of us really dares to live?

HERMANN SUDERMANN.

THESE are almost the last words spoken by Sudermann's Beata in his play "The Joy of Living;" they are her death challenge, the last earthly cry of her valiant soul. Quite unconsciously Mrs. Patrick Campbell, when she delivered these lines, symbolized her individual creed, voiced the valor of her faith in living to the utmost limit of one's highest reach. Some of us deplore the intellectual, some of us are obliged to. Some of us never spell poetry with a capital, and a lot of us are always looking for the moral in everything, as though any *human* effort could be entirely devoid of it. And then, some of us object to problems because they disturb illusions and because they are consequently gloomy; just as some people find no poetry in the mystery of night because they can not see each other as in the sunlight of daytime.

As one living example of what Sudermann meant in his play Mrs. Patrick Campbell can be properly considered. Not only has she understood Sudermann's character, but she belongs to that temperamental type of woman. When I first met her she was under the influence of criticism that had left a sting, and it had sharpened even her usual searching eye. There was a dangerous smile about her mouth, she moved restlessly in a big chair with the quivering energy that a tigress indicates when in anger, but she held her head high, and her voice was mocking in its tone of restrained bitterness.

"What made you write such a thing?" she once asked a scribe; "did you think it was true?"

"No, not entirely; but convention demanded moderation—and—" stammered the defendant.

"If you didn't believe what you wrote, why did you write it?" said the actress, with a fine sweep of her arm in the air.

"But I—I couldn't say what I thought!" said defendant.

"Why not?" urged the inquisitor.

"Obligation, perhaps."

"Rubbish!—say what you believe; be true to the fact; do and dare and you will accomplish something," concluded the actress.

She's a great deal of a man, as any woman with brains must appear to be; it is only the women with emotions unattached to mentality who are exclusively feminine. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, were she independently rich, would have been a woman like Sudermann's Beata—a stateswoman, a Madame de Staël. Her destiny mapped out a great deal of labor and hard work for her, but on original lines. Had she been rich, she would have held meetings for the benefit of some great public work. As it is, instead of holding meetings, she invites intellectual support in her plays, unconsciously developing the motive of her own being—the joy of temperament.

Within a week or so of the first performance in New York of Sudermann's play, some one



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL'S CHILDREN



ladnway

A SNAPSHOT

dared to suggest to Mrs. Campbell that, being a problem play, it might not please.

"Where is the manuscript, my prompt book?—quick! quick!" she said in reply, and handing the play to the man who had questioned its success, she said, with magnificent enthusiasm:

"Read it! read it!" and that was to her mind final. And yet the man had read the play in German and knew its quality.

Mrs. Campbell has given us a wide range of temperamental women—Magda, Paula Tanqueray, Mrs. Daventry, Beata—and, of course, Juliet and Lady Macbeth, both of which she has promised to give us in this country before she returns home. The happiest moments in her life are on the stage, for she is by no means a happy woman in her nature, which, like the complexities of a symphony in music, precludes the existence in its composition of a waltz. There is a note in her voice that is like the distant wail of some night-bird one hears searching the stillness of moon-lit marshes

with its mysterious song. It may be loud in the crowning scene of the play, or it may be subdued in conversational use in her drawing-room, but it is unmistakable and unique. It is the dominant spiritual note of her inclinations, or, better still, her artistic taste.

"What do they want? what do they want?" she said, plaintively, just as "Aunt Jeannie" was nearing her last nights at the Garden Theatre.

"Who knows?" I murmured.

"Wait till they see Sudermann's 'Es Leben,'" she said, after a pause.

"Another problem?"

"What drama in life is not?" she rejoined.

"Yet life has moments of blind cheeriness."

"Of course,—but I never studied for comic opera," and a caustic smile softens the inward bitterness.

"Besides," she adds, quickly, "I can only play the parts I feel to be the highest art, the best drama I can find." "But why the problem play?"

I persisted, cruelly. "I could not make any impression as an ingénue, could I? Do you think I am suited to make people laugh—for their money? After all, some of us do think in this world, some of us do cry and

suffer, and do heroic things in our souls. People do measure the height and breadth of their own lives—some people—and necessarily encounter problems."

She interrogates with the skill a surgeon requires in searching truth with a scalpel; it is not so much in her words as it is in the restraint behind them that one feels the native culture of her genius.

"You know, I do not produce a play because it is by a great author, or because it is founded on a famous book. I have produced many of the first plays written by young authors, because I believed in their plays, and saw a way of making their problem of getting a production at least practical to them. Among these I might name 'Mrs. Jordan,' written by Miss Constance Smedley; 'Carylon Sahib,' by Gilbert Manning, son-in-law of the Earl of Carlyle; Max Beerbohm's 'Hippolytus of Euripides;' 'Mr. and Mrs. Dav-



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MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS JULIET

entry,' which Frank Harris wrote from a play he bought from Oscar Wilde; 'Beyond Human Power,' by Björnson; 'Aunt Jeannie,' by Benson, and a dramatization of Max Beer-bohm Tree's book, 'The Happy Hypocrite,' by the author."

All these plays indicate the intellectual trend of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's inclinations. An emotional actress of course she is, but her emotions are but the primary colors which she exhibits only in a rational direction towards some artistic motive of importance. Her ideals were molded in a crucible the gods provide for those they favor with genius, and because they are not of the popular melodramatic quality we should not quarrel with her, but be thankful for what she presents in the monotony of our dramatic calendar.

"I became an actress because I was bored," she said to me once.

"That is, after you were married," I suggested. She smiled faintly at the inadvertent suggestion, and then, sitting on the very edge of her chair, totally ignoring its ample luxuries, she leaned her elbows on the table and elucidated much garbled information about herself.

"It became necessary for my husband to go out to Australia for his health, and I was bundled off with the two children into the country to await his return. Waiting is a great talent; I never had it. Occasionally I used to run up to London and see a play. One day I went to town, called on a dramatic agent, and had just paid my guinea to enroll my name for an engagement, when a traveling repertoire manager saw me, offered me a part at two guineas a week, and I took it." A sweep of the hand bridged the intervening years, and, seizing a bundle of costume sketches for a new play, she

pressed them in front of the writer, that he might forget the interval, perhaps. She likes to muster your forces for you; she likes to take command of your purpose and lead it her own way, with executive speed, too. She would have made a good general, even if a little upon the martinet order. She has no time for averages, and stupidity puts murder in her eye. Still, she has a wonderful radiance about her when her soul is unfolding the story of some characterization on the stage.

The writer intercepted her one night after the third act of Sudermann's "Es Leben," on her way to the dressing-room. She had unfastened a bunch of violets she

had been wearing, and was crushing them to her face. Under the spell of the scene she had just played, everything was forgotten but the joy of temperament. She was radiant, beautiful, tender.

"You are better?" I asked. She had been ill the day before.

"Did you see me? did you see me?" she asked, buoyantly. Then, anxious to share her delight with some one, she said:

"Violets; smell them. Aren't they exquisite?" and then she

drew a deep breath again in their midst, and let them fall from her hand to the ground, as if her moment's joy were over.

Another time the writer found her stretched on her back, on a lounge that had been pushed aside in the wings, oblivious of the stage-carpenters and the morning bustle of employes behind the scenes. She had come off the stage after a difficult scene, and had thrown herself on the nearest couch, as Beata might have done in an interval of heart-ache.

The most wonderful thing about Mrs. Patrick Campbell, considering the lot one reads about rest cures for actresses, is the amount of work she accomplishes. During her engagement in New York she directed all rehearsals, spending every waking hour in the theatre. At her rooms in the hotel you would find her too busy to talk to any one but her managers, or her personal staff. At the theatre, she was always on the stage, day and night, and the early morning hours after performance.

"I do not like stage-tricks," she said once, concerning her stage direction. "I can not bear to get applause after a long speech; it is not done in life, and I have failed if I get such a result. I must have the audience in the play, not as mere spectators but as participants in the story



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL in "Beyond Human Power"



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MRS. PAT AND HER PET, NINKI-PANKY-POO

—real people who are witnessing real things, not acted phrases.”

Mrs. Patrick Campbell suggests Signora Duse in the set melancholy of her eyes, the scourge of fate that is in them, but in no other sense does she resemble the Italian tragedienne. She is electric in her observations; she pounces upon the root of things with unerring simplicity, and so busy is her concentration of purpose that she finds it hard to be at peace with her own conclusions. Her father was English, her mother was Italian. She has the tragic insight of the

Italian nature and the brusque executive authority of the English character. It makes a unique combination. Except for her English father, she would not have the ambition to manage herself as an actress. The Anglo-Saxon in her directs the Italian art that has made her so celebrated a woman, and it may be in spite of this interference with her poetic half that she survives so brilliantly.

As Sudermann makes her say, “Which of us really dares to live?” What woman on the stage achieves so much with the joy of temperament?
W. DE WAGSTAFFE.

MUSIC and MUSICIANS

AT THE Metropolitan Opera House, on November 28, Georg Anthes made his first appearance in America as Lohengrin. On the same evening Alfred Hertz made

his début here as a Wagnerian leader, and on December 1 Emil Gerhäuser introduced himself in the rôle of Tannhäuser.

Mr. Grau can not be unre-servedly congratulated upon acquiring the services of any one of these three strangers. Mr. Anthes proved a routined actor and Mr. Gerhäuser was chiefly robustly theatrical. Mr. Anthes has a traditional German tenor voice of average volume, while Mr. Gerhäuser can boast of hardly any voice at all. Each singer seems deficient in ear, but both respect the tradition of phrasing, as far as their



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MME. KIRBY-LUNN

Celebrated English contralto at the Metropolitan Opera House

vocal limitations permit. Mr. Hertz is an “echt Deutsch” director, slow but sure. He deals in chaste monotones, and revels in retarding tempi until the faithful once more view Wagner with eyes askance. A “slow and sure” interpretation of the Tannhäuser Bacchanale is proceeding from the wrong side of the argument. Perhaps in the mazes of the “Ring,” or in Wagner’s sidesplitting comic opera, “Die Meistersinger,” the humor of which must be seriously felt to be appreciated, Mr. Hertz may become a luminary of rare lustre.

An incident occurred at the performance of “Aida,” on November 27, which should go down to history. Mme. Homer was cast for the part of Amneris, in which she never shone with brilliancy. Illness intervened and Miss Bridewell was called on to substitute. But Miss Bridewell had a bad cold and, at the last moment, Mr. Grau entreated Mme. Mantelli, an artiste rashly permitted to depart from the Metropolitan fold, to finish the opera. Mme. Mantelli rushed to the Opera House and “Aida” was finished in triumph, and the audience heaved a sigh when this tried and true artiste appeared once more upon the scenes of her success as Delilah, Ortrud, etc. Now, every one wants to hear her in her specially prepared rôles of Fides and Carmen.

Perhaps the pleasantest events of the musical season—to those who really care for the best in art and music—are the song recitals by Mme. Marcella Sembrich, of the crystalized and perfected talent. Sembrich stands the alpha and omega of all that is vocally and musically excellent, and, like a flawless diamond, one should view her in silence, which is the highest tribute to art such as this. It seems like an indelicacy to vivisect psychology like that which is the basic principle of her every note.

The Philharmonic Society has been once more exhumed, and during the month we had two public rehearsals and two public concerts, on the 14th and 15th of November, and upon the 4th and 6th of December, respectively. The soloist at the second concert was Miss Maud MacCarthy, who proved a pleasant passing acquaintance.

Piano recitals we have had the past month at the hands of Gabrilowitsch, Pugno and Lamond, the latter two of whom afforded sincere pleasure. Mr. Lamond is a Beethoven player of scholarly attainments, and Mr. Pugno is a spirited and wholesome interpreter of solid music. Of Gabrilowitsch there is, unfortunately, nothing new to say. At his recital at Daly’s Theatre, on December 4, we waited in vain for one articulate message. Passion is either dead in him or scorned with a Spartan’s or Brahmin’s scorn. One tires of miniatures, for they belittle in the end.

Two events of more than ordinary interest were the two orchestral concerts given by Mr. Wetzler on November 19 and December 2. He has an orchestra which approximates homogeneity, and which he has succeeded in rehearsing amply. At the first concert Miss Elsa Ruegger was the ’cello soloist and Gabrilowitsch also played, but the programme was so long that many were unable to remain to hear more than a third of it. Mr. Wetzler gave a very good and careful reading of Beethoven’s fifth symphony, and he struck a temperamental note. At the second concert



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MME. NORDICA AS ISOLDE

he presented the fourth symphony of Brahms, Schumann's piano concerto, and the overture to "Der Freischütz." Raoul Pugno was the soloist. When Mr. Wetzler gets surer ground under his feet he will broaden in his readings, for at present he is a bit too insistent upon minor details and is score-bound, but these very faults are the seed of future virtue, for they will save him from carelessness. Under the right auspices he should grow to considerable height, for he certainly has temperament and musical intelligence beyond many near at hand.

On November 25 the Kneisel Quartet gave its first concert at Mendelssohn Hall. The Kneisel Quartet still maintains its pristine virtue and manifold excellencies, which are too widely known to require analysis. The Sgam bati Quartette should be cut with a wisely wilful hand, for it is hopelessly long.

Jaroslav Kocian, the much heralded Bohemian violinist, was introduced in an orchestral concert at Carnegie Hall on November 23 through the medium of Ernst's impossible F sharp minor concerto, and other numbers unnecessary to enumerate. There is but little to say of Kocian. His technique is advanced, his fingers are fleet and sure, the tone usually pure, the bowing fairly supple and incisive, but he is mentally and temperamentally immature.

Mark Hambourg's return to us in orchestral concert at Carnegie Hall, presided over by Mr. Fritz Scheel and the Philadelphia orchestra, was one of the pleasantest events of the season. Hambourg played Tschaikowski's colossal concerto, and he played it like a true virtuoso. He is one of the few really great pianists of the day, and, above all, has something to say in his readings. As for Mr. Scheel and his wideawake young orchestra, he will always be a welcome guest, for he is a trained, routined, experienced and greatly

gifted conductor, perhaps, outside of Gericke, the best now present in America. His reading of the Brahms C minor symphony was masterly.

Raoul Pugno was heard at Mendelssohn Hall, on Dec. 10, in a very varied programme of difficult and well assorted works. The Beethoven sonata, opus 31, D minor, seemed a far cry from the Scarlatti number, and these, surrounded by representative works by Weber, Chopin, Mendelssohn, topped

off by a rarely heard Liszt rhapsody, formed a menu which fascinated the most unskilled listener. M. Pugno is a closely analytical pianist, and any transgression he may make is the result of temperament rampant versus a knowledge of better deeds. Thus we find mood delivered over to speed and expressive phrases, injured and blurred by bursts of pianistic virtuosity, but Pugno is such a wholesome, mentally satisfying pianist that one remembers him gratefully, especially as his very sins are the result of that paramount virtue, in these days of congealation—temperament.

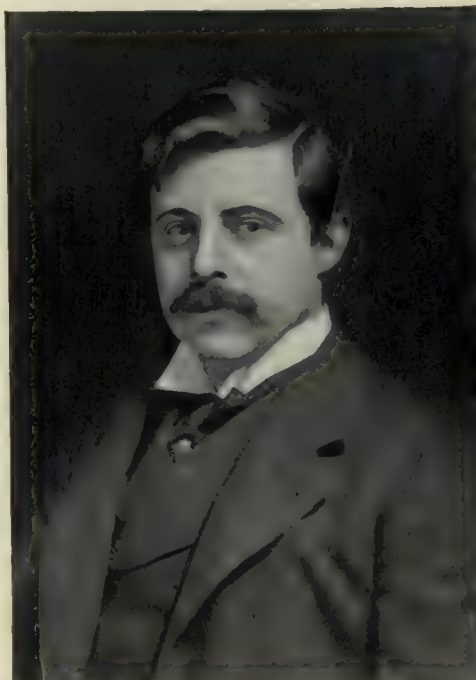
The Boston Symphony Orchestra ravished our senses, on December 11, with its exquisite playing of the Rimsky-Korsakoff, Liszt, Bach and Beethoven numbers. Franz Kneisel, as soloist, played the Bach concerto as we seldom hear it. These men understand Bach to a nicety. The orchestra is itself in grand condition this year, and it reminds one of a rare old painting, a Titian perhaps, in which all the colors have mellowed, blended and become intensified until they seem a bit of eternity. Besides this, one distinctly

perceived a degree of caloric in Mr. Gericke's readings, especially of the first movement of the Liszt and of the second movement of the Beethoven "Eroica" symphony, which astonished. Since the orchestral situation of New York is at present so impossible, let Mr. Gericke come to us as often as he possibly can.

Arnold Dolmetsch, whose unique concerts have aroused great interest in London, will begin an American tour this month. Mr. Dolmetsch has devoted himself to the music of by-gone ages, playing it upon the instruments for which it was written—virginals, clavichord, double harpsichord, violas d'amore, violas da gamba, violone, lute and cithern.

Carlo Dani, the new "matinée idol" at the opera, commenced his musical training when very young, the initiatory steps being taken at Florence. His début occurred in Milan, when he impersonated the Duke in "Rigoletto." After this the young Italian went to Australia under the management of Williamson, and his success was such that the rumor of it was wafted to Europe. Only this last year he had a private "audition" at the Paris Opera House, whence he was engaged for America by Mr. Grau.

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MISS ANNIE RUSSELL
In "Mice and Men" at the Garrick Theatre

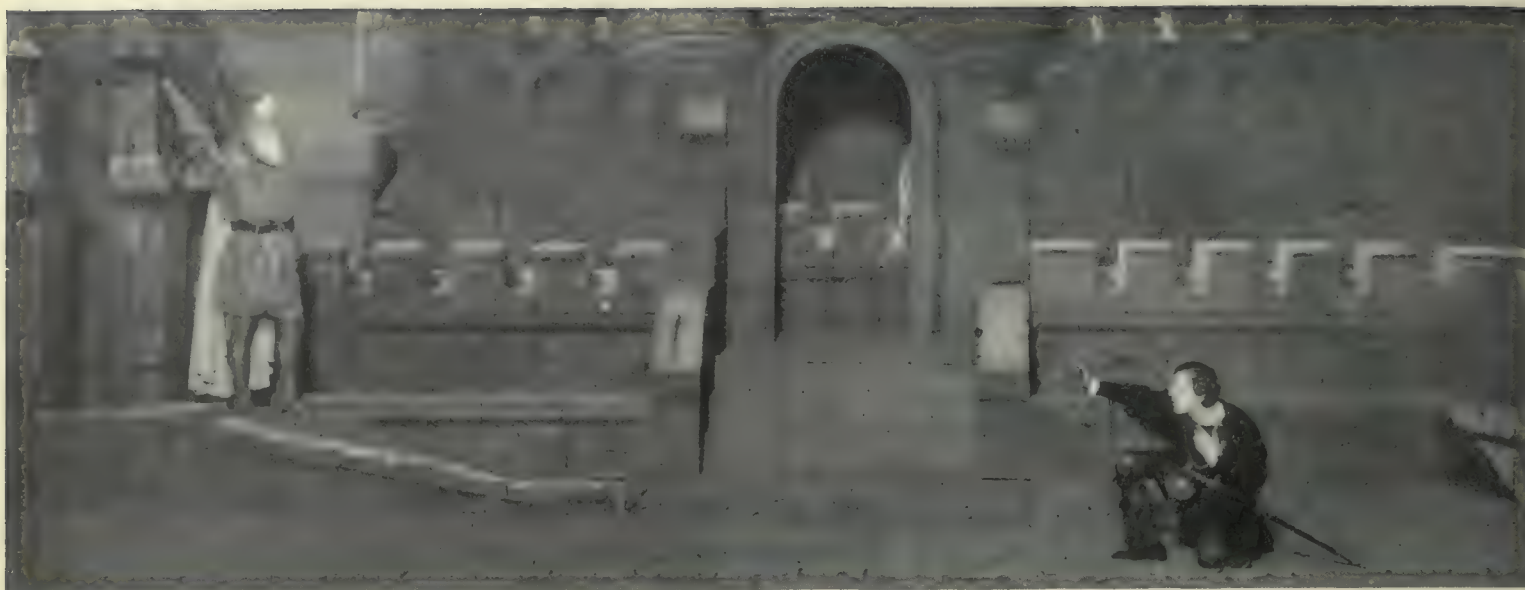


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EDWARD H. SOTHERN'S REVIVAL OF "HAMLET"—THE APPARITION ON THE TERRACE

PLAYS and PLAYERS

THE agitation for a National Theatre, instead of dying out, seems to gain strength. The matter has been brought to the attention of Congress, and, as may be read elsewhere in this issue, the American Dramatists' Club will shortly discuss the advisability of taking the initiative itself. This association of American playwrights could covet no greater testimonial to its usefulness than to have been instrumental in establishing in this country a theatre organized and conducted on purely artistic lines. The National Theatre, properly conceived, would not be devoted to the cult of what has been facetiously called the Long-Haired Drama. Let the untimely demise of the late Theatre of Arts and Letters forever stand as a warning and an example! The National Theatre would not be the theatre of a coterie of literary lions, college professors, or so-called society folk. It *would* be the theatre of the sane American people. The first thing necessary is to dispel the idea that the chief object of an independent theatre would be to force the unacted playwright on the public. That was the policy of the Theatre of Arts and Letters, and it was fatal. The repertoire, at first, must necessarily depend more on the world's classics than on the nascent American drama. Later, and by degrees, the National Theatre will give the native playwright his opportunity. But it would be a serious blunder to permit the public to think the promoters had interested motives for espousing what is really an exalted and unselfish cause.



Photo Schloss

E. H. SOTHERN AS HAMLET

Captain Marshall's new play at the Empire, bearing the title "The Unforeseen," is very delightful. It relates the story of a wife who is wrongfully believed by an adoring husband to have been unchastely implicated with a man previous to her marriage. Henry Traquair and Margaret Fielding, meaning to get married secretly, go to Paris for that purpose. Captain Haynes accidentally discovers Traquair's

whereabouts, and, ignorant of the impending marriage, calls on him in company with Walter Maxwell, a clergyman threatened with blindness. Both these men perceive the lovers at a distance. The clergyman goes away; Traquair enters and finds Haynes, and ere he can make the needful explanation he is followed by Margaret, whom, while presenting Haynes, he feels forced, under the circumstances, to mention as though she were already his wife. Haynes, before taking leave, informs him that the bank in which Traquair had invested all his money has failed. Traquair, a ruined man, breaks off his engagement with Margaret. The latter, realizing that her lover is a rascal, instantly returns alone to her English home. In the subsequent acts Margaret marries the Rev. Walter Maxwell, who has meanwhile become quite blind, and is confronted with Haynes, who recognizes her as Traquair's supposititious wife. She brilliantly cajoles him into the belief that she is not the woman he saw with Traquair in Paris. This scene is the most brilliant and one of the most forcible in the whole play, and won for Miss Anglin, as Margaret, immense applause. Subsequently the blind husband recovers his sight, recognizes Margaret, just as Haynes did, harbors terrible suspicions, and insinuates dreadful accusations. Finally, husband and wife are reunited by a letter explaining the whole matter, which Traquair, just before killing himself, wrote to Haynes, who had gone to India.

In deft construction, sustained interest, skillful use of incidents, and unexpected turns given to the movement, Captain Marshall has been entirely successful. Excellent humor was liberally supplied by Gen. Fielding (Mr. Crompton), Robert (Fritz Williams), Beatrice (Miss Irwin), and Miss Parr (Miss Hornick). Mr. Richman as Walter Maxwell had but one chance for passionate strength, and of this he made good use. Miss Anglin never created a more charming

impression than as Margaret, where her personality became alluring and her emotional expression touchingly adequate. She was exceedingly brilliant and effective in the third act, where she confronts Captain Haynes by sparkling banter, concealing agonizing terror, and at the end of that act, when in trembling silence she fears to answer her blind husband's call, dreading lest he is already suspecting her. Mr. Courtleigh's Captain Haynes bristled with the bluffness upon which the British officer congratulates himself. Mr. Yorke as Traquair did not give too deep a dye to that supreme selfishness which is akin to out-and-out villainy; and Mr. Williams, as the tantalizing Robert, was welcomed as warmly as if youth and good looks were necessarily perennial. Altogether, a charming play charmingly acted.

Certain of the plays by Clyde Fitch could be blown away by criticism like the fluff of a dandelion. But even if his work will not endure, and his name, compared with its present vogue, furnish but a paragraph to the pages of our dramatic history, he has qualities and capacities that single him out as the forerunner of the great race of American playwrights that are to come. He is anything but a moralist, and the incompleteness of some of his plays, together with their fullness of detail, convey the impression of flippancy, but in these details he has a delicate touch in revealing many of the tender and humorous verities of life. Given much to trick, his odd titles have no further significance than the names given to biscuits and baking powders by ingenious advertisers. If his merit consisted in christening a piece "The Girl with the Green Eyes," his hope for immortality would be small. His play of that title, now running at the Savoy Theatre, illustrates him at his worst and at his best.

The story of it is simple. On his wedding night the husband discovers that the brother of his wife—who from her excesses of jealousy has been playfully called "the girl with the green eyes"—has married secretly a girl beneath him.

At the same time he is supposed to be engaged to one of the bridesmaids, but he is really married to her. The husband undertakes to rescue his brother-in-law, and, later, he learns the truth as to the bigamy. In pursuing the task, which involves keeping the secret from his wife, situations arise in which the jealousy of his wife is uncontrollable. The husband finally abandons her, whereupon she attempts suicide by means of gas.

There are scenes, almost acts, in which one is constrained to believe that here is a great play. Femininity is one of Mr. Fitch's strong points, a quality which, when accompanied by virility, goes far toward the compound known as genius. Here was a dissection of a woman's heart, with so many true denotements of the passion of jealousy that it stood out like the product of penetrative imagination and kindly wisdom, for it was truth and not satire—faults gently touched and not viciously. But what an amazing lack of sincerity in conflict with all this truth! The character of the jealous woman was all right, but the other conditions were all wrong. In the inception of the play Mr. Fitch must have been dreaming of continental conditions. Let us take France, a Catholic country, at a period before divorces were procurable. In this case the bigamy would be as terrible as some of the conditions in Greek tragedy. But the framework of "The Girl with the Green Eyes" is impossible as an American drama. It is un-American to the backbone, except in its episodes and certain traits of character. Fancy this runt of a brother-in-law inspiring a man to rescue him! What becomes of the proposition of the play if, after all these herculean efforts to keep the secret from the wife, that wife listens to the disclosure as if it were a commonplace incident, the husband leaves her *because* she now knows it, and she, after one minute's intermission of the curtain, inhales gas because she has very properly been jealous during the four acts?

Mr. Fitch is true in his details, but fatally false in vital things. Possibly he may deride exactness in play construc-



Byron, N. Y.

ROBERT
(Fritz Williams)REV. WALTER MAXWELL
(Charles Ricman)MARGARET
(Miss Anglin)

ROBERT: "I've caught you!"

"THE UNFORESEEN" AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE

tion. You may afford it; your play cannot. Anything for a sensation may be a paying system in yellow journalism, but anything for novelty will not square with true drama.

The chief novelty in "The Girl with the Green Eyes" is a scene in the Vatican, dominated by the Apollo Belvedere in seven feet of plaster-of-Paris. A very brave vision this, but the gentleman with the fig-leaf will not travel very far inland.

The observations upon this statue by the tourists may be very amusing, but in reaching into the rag-bag of familiar and outworn anecdotes to piece out his dialogue, Mr. Fitch declines

But oh, the wonder of it! To think that the same hand which penned "The Girl with the Green Eyes" also wrote "The Bird in the Cage"! There is but one conclusion to draw. Our rapid-fire dramatist, Clyde Fitch, evidently thinks more of royalties than he does of fame, or he never would have presented such a bald and unconvincing effort as that which was produced under his name by Charles Frohman at the Bijou Theatre. Mr. Fitch admits that his so-called comedy in four acts is from the German of Von Wildenbruch. In its original German setting the story perhaps had some verisimilitude, but as in the case of "A Modern Magdalen," the mere alteration of the locale of a play does not suffice. "The Bird in the Cage" fairly reeks, from beginning to end, with false sentiment, perverse sociology, cheap clap-trap, and hideous bathos. Beside it "Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl" is a model transcript from life. The acting of the small but capable company of players intrusted with its performance was entirely satisfying. The honors were carried off by the veteran Edward Harrigan, whose reception was as fervent as it was deserved. As a lazy labor agitator, a paraphrase of Eccles, he was instinct with truth and humor, while the technical side of his performance was perfect in its symmetrical balance. As the bad brother with meretricious designs against the unsophisticated factory girl, who was not allowed to work in a factory, Arnold Daly showed himself to be well up in the list of young actors capable of portraying passion with power and conviction. Guy Bates Post did his best as the platitudinous brother and mill-owner, but it was a sorry task he had, and Miss Sandol Milliken rendered an hysterical scene in a manner which moved the audience.



Chickering, Boston

MISS SANDOL MILLIKEN

EDWARD HARRIGAN

"THE BIRD IN THE CAGE" AT THE BIJOU

from his high estate. He is a master of detail, but he writes too much for the sake of detail. He throws out wide a closely woven net for little things. He dramatizes every little note jotted down on a tour of Europe. But, in this respect, no one can fail to be impressed by his skill. His preparation is minute and adroit. His touch is as firm as that of an etcher, only he stipples; a most remarkable and appetizing craftsman who still leaves you hungry. He does not always finish his task. He is penny wise and pound foolish.

Miss Clara Bloodgood possesses those qualities of refinement which appear in the well-bred woman, and her acting, if it is distinct enough to belong to a class, is of the school of the natural. Thus, she is pleasing and true, but at times she lacks incisiveness. Her performance is artistic as far as it goes. Versatility she has yet to gain. In attempting to burlesque a scene from a play in order to regain her husband's favor, she was not at home. Other difficulties lay in the part and not in her.

One of the entirely successful little bits in the piece is a precocious little girl (with blue eyes) who banters her aunt "Jinny" and the bridesmaids, talks glibly of marriage, and plasters the departing trunks with labels announcing the nature of the voyage. Robert Drouet conducted his case with skill, but he held a poor brief. No actor can be expected to play the part of a fool husband and come off burdened with laurels. Mrs. McKee Rankin reproduced well the type of a good-hearted but somewhat vulgar and ignorant American matron. Charles Abbott and Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh succeeded better as the parents of the girl with the chromatic eyes.

Mrs. Madeleine Lucette Ryley is writing all the plays that Clyde Fitch has not written already. It is not many years since her "Christopher, Jr." brought this industrious lady from the comic opera stage into fame as a playwright. Since then she has produced a number of plays with varying degrees of success. "An American Invasion" fell very flat a little while ago at the Bijou, but "Mice and Men," produced too recently at the Garrick for critical comment here, was one of the greatest successes of the London season.



Byron, N. Y.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE
(Miss Blanche Chapman)

HADJI
(Fred Frear)

KI-RAM
(Frank Moulan)

"THE SULTAN OF SULU" AT WALLACK'S

ACT II: Ki-ram reads the law



Byron, N. Y.

RICHARD MURRAY
(Max Figman)TOMMY TREVOR
(James Gardner)DOLLY ERSKINE
(Miss Elizabeth Tyree)

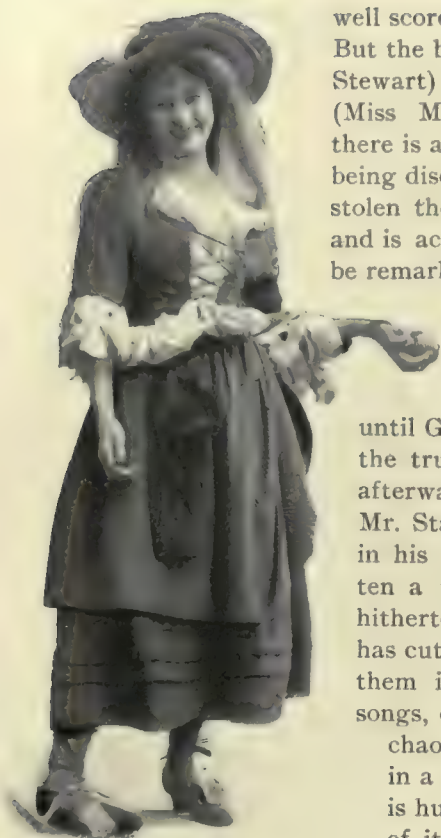
"GRETNNA GREEN" AT THE MADISON SQUARE THEATRE

TOMMY: "Now you're both kicking me!"

The production of "Hamlet" by Edward H. Sothorn and his company was notable for the earnestness and sincerity pervading the performance, which went far to compensate for insufficiency of dignity in the court scenes and for lack of power and finish in the majority of the characters. Despite evident faults, Mr. Sothorn's conception of the part is worthy of serious consideration. Moreover, a central guiding intelligence is evident in the details, and for this, of course, the credit is his. Admirable, for instance, is the "get-up" of the Ghost and the conduct of Ophelia's burial. Unfortunately, those actors whose ambition prompts them to attempt the production of a dramatic masterpiece, inevitably challenge incisive criticism. A great play demands great interpretation. Mr. Sothorn's interpretation of Hamlet is not great. It is earnest, varied, intelligent, but it is not great. Frankly, the part, in which he is not new to New Yorkers, is too big for him. Great personality is required for such a rôle, and great personality is a gift of which the gods are chary. In this connection, comparison becomes inevitable with the German actor Bonn, who was seen at the Irving Place Theatre at the same time as Sothorn at the Garden Theatre. Herr Bonn's performance was disappointing, despite his undoubted personality, a failure due alone to mistaken conception of the part. Sothorn has carried his rendering of Hamlet as far as intelligence and mere talent will go—beyond that a miracle were needed to take him, save in the correction of certain faults of staginess of which, occasionally, he is guilty. His best moments were in the scene during the performance of "The Mousetrap," and in

that with his mother previous to the killing of Polonius. Especially fortunate is Mr. Sothorn in having secured Edwin Varrey for this important part, which so serves to give color and point of wit to that of Hamlet. Mr. Varrey's rendering of the rôle was admirable, realizing in unwonted degree the comic possibilities of the unimaginative, commonplace, shrewd old man. Rowland Buckstone as the first grave-digger, also was delightful. The part of Ophelia can hardly be said to offer, as a whole, great possibilities, yet those who saw Miss Cecilia Loftus in the rôle will not likely soon forget her remarkable rendering of the mad scene. It was marked by a restraint, delicacy and power which combined to produce the illusion of reality in painful intensity. One glance at the slight, girlish figure dancing in from the wings sufficed to declare a mind diseased. Yet this effect was produced without bluster, without straining, seemingly without effort. Deserving of mention also is Miss Jennie Eustace as the Queen.

Under the alluring title of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," F. C. Whitney produced, recently, Messrs. Stange and Edwards' latest musical composition at the New York Theatre. The play-bill calls it a "spectacular military opera," which is something new in titles. Little good can be said of the piece. It belongs to the long line of inane compositions which go by the cognomen of "comic opera," and which really are nothing but a hopeless lot of drivel dragged through an evening by "vaudeville turns." Mr. Edwards' music is breezy, tuneful, frankly reminiscent, but



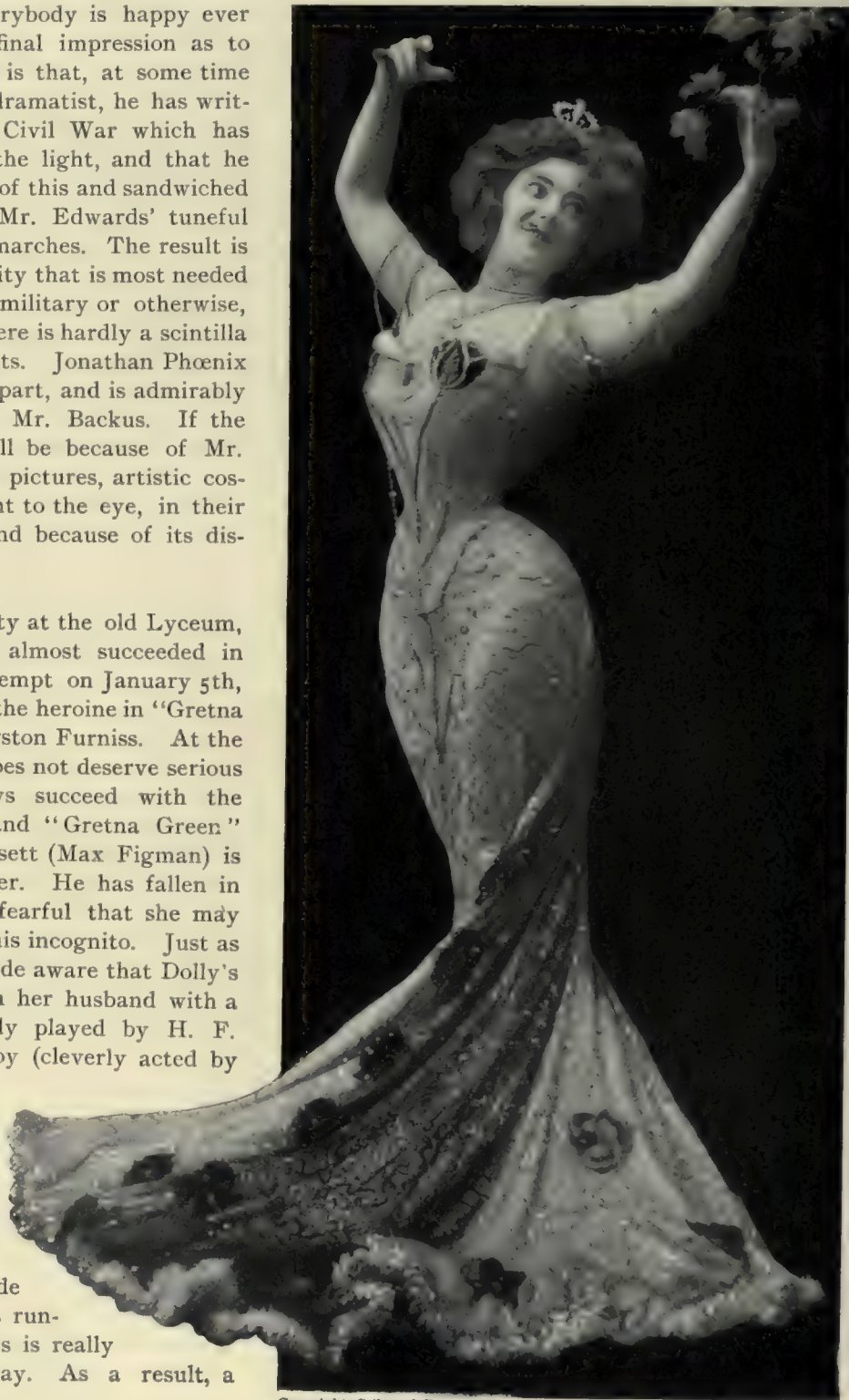
MISS LOTTIE ALTER
as Audrey in "As You Like It"

well scored, and with a complete understanding of what is needed to catch and hold popular fancy. But the book is dire; it is hopeless, incoherent and dull. Briefly, Col. John Graham (William G. Stewart) has left his people because he would not marry the girl of their choice, Cordelia Allen (Miss Maude Lambert). He is in love with Kate Pemberton (Miss Zetti Kennedy). Then there is a Confederate spy, who steals despatches from the pocket of a Federal General. The theft being discovered, Kate confesses that it is her own brother, Robert (Miss Julia Gifford), who has stolen the despatches. Rather than incriminate his sweetheart, Graham stands a court-martial, and is actually led out to be shot, with only half his uniform and stripes on his trousers. It may be remarked here that an officer who is to die a soldier's death does not appear for execution in his shirt sleeves. One might just as well be shot according to the articles of war, even in a "spectacular military opera." Jonathan Phoenix (George Backus) turns up in Act II., finds a pocket book, and thus becomes the only person, besides the hero, who can see things straight. As he fears they will hang him as a spy, he holds back

until Graham is about to die, then reveals the truth, and everybody is happy ever afterwards. The final impression as to Mr. Stange's work is that, at some time in his career as a dramatist, he has written a play of the Civil War which has hitherto not seen the light, and that he has cut his bits out of this and sandwiched them in between Mr. Edwards' tuneful songs, dances and marches. The result is chaos. The quality that is most needed in a light opera, military or otherwise, is humor, and there is hardly a scintilla of it in three acts. Jonathan Phoenix is a well-drawn part, and is admirably impersonated by Mr. Backus. If the piece lives, it will be because of Mr.

Edwards' charming music, its brilliant stage pictures, artistic costuming—the women in the cast are a delight to the eye, in their quaint gowns of a fashion forty years old—and because of its distinctive note of Americanism.

Miss Elizabeth Tyree, who gained popularity at the old Lyceum, has tried starring twice this season, and almost succeeded in securing substantial results at the second attempt on January 5th, when she appeared at the Madison Square as the heroine in "Gretna Green," a romantic comedy by Grace Livingston Furniss. At the outset it may be said that "Gretna Green" does not deserve serious consideration, yet sometimes illogical plays succeed with the public, which does not analyze treatment, and "Gretna Green" may squeeze into this class. The Earl of Bassett (Max Figman) is masquerading as one Murray, a riding master. He has fallen in love with Dolly Erskine (Miss Tyree), and fearful that she may accept him because of his title, he preserves his incognito. Just as we get well started on this theme we are made aware that Dolly's sister, Lady Chetwynde, is about to elope from her husband with a worthless rake, one Capt. Cardiff, admirably played by H. F. Northrup. This plot is overheard by a boy (cleverly acted by Master James Gardner) and as promptly becomes the property of Dolly, who, accompanied by Murray, sets out to catch the runaways. Act II. sees all the principals arrived at Gretna Green. As Dolly arrives before Lady Chetwynde, she and Murray dispose of Cardiff and save the sister from ignominy. When the irate Lord Chetwynde arrives, it is made to seem as if it were Dolly's runaway marriage and not her sister's flight. This is really such a clever stroke that it may save the play. As a result, a



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A new portrait of Miss Anna Held as she appears
in "The Little Duchess"



Byron, N. Y. MRS. TILLMAN
(Miss Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh)

JOHN AUSTIN
(Robert Drouet)

"JINNY" AUSTIN
(Mrs. Bloodgood)

MR. TILLMAN
(Charles Abbott)

JOHN AUSTIN: "Good-bye!"

"THE GIRL WITH THE GREEN EYES" AT THE SAVOY THEATRE

marriage with Murray is forced upon Dolly. The part of Dolly Erskine does not provide Miss Tyree with her best opportunity. This actress has a personality that is good to see, an art that is all her own in its quality but best adapted to light, brisk comedy of the day. In sentimental and serious scenes she is not effective. Manager Henry B. Harris has done well for the play in the matter of scenic investment and costumes. A special word of commendation must be given to Max Figman, who, replacing another actor, and with but one rehearsal, gave an excellent performance of Richard Murray, Earl of Bassett. Miss Sibyl Klein, a daughter of Herman Klein, the musician, is a débutante in this piece and does her small part well. Miss Felice Morris is admirable as a "social fossil."

There must be something in heredity, after all. It was often declared that Marie Corelli was the favorite novelist of the late Queen Victoria; now her son, Edward VII., has put himself on record as well pleased with Mrs. Langtry's new piece, "The Cross-Ways," all of which goes to further prove that His Gracious Majesty is to be better praised for loyalty to old favorites than for literary acumen. It was a generous act on his part to try and give Mrs. Langtry the benefit of his approval before her departure for America, but it is doubtful whether it has done her much good in this land of independent thought and conclusion; for, after all, the piece in which she made her American reappearance at the Garrick is a feeble effort, hardly destined to stand up under the various rebuffs it was certain to receive.

The piece, which is described as a modern play in four

acts, was worked out by the star from a certain incident in real life, of which she had personal knowledge, assisted by J. Hartley Manners, who supplied the dialogue. It would be unfair to say that the drama did not possess a certain degree of intrinsic interest, but the story is loosely handled, the text lacking force, and the construction fails to advance the story with the logical and cumulative interest which it demands. Mrs. Langtry as the heroine, the Duchess of Keensbury, is carrying on a desperate flirtation with Richard Lord Scarlett, a prospective prime minister. In desperate financial straits, he takes the Keensbury pearls during a midnight rendezvous. When the Duke begins his investigations, his wife finds it impossible to explain certain things without seriously compromising herself, and so her younger brother chivalrously takes upon himself the shame of the theft. Scarlett's horse wins a race of such value that its owner is able to restore the pearls without undue publicity; the young brother is



Burr McIntosh

MISS AMY RICARD

Who made a hit recently as the Girl from Butte in Clyde Mitch's play, "The Stubbornness of Geraldine"

vindicated, and the Duke and Duchess are reconciled to a life of mutual confidence and esteem.

In the quieter scenes Mrs. Langtry acted with refinement and taste. Her various poses were beautiful pictures, and she wore some stunning gowns, but there was little conviction in the movements where doubt, fear and suspense were demanded.

When George Ade was engaged by the *Chicago Record-Herald* to write a daily story for its columns, those who watched his interesting and original work prophesied a bright future for him. He seemed possessed of that rare gift of observing and recognizing the foibles of human nature, but not with the jaundiced eye of a cynic. His "Stories of the Street and Town" were as fresh and gentle as the McCutcheon illustrations accompanying them. Later he turned to the field where so many fail, the field of librettos, and the world now knows that he took to it like the proverbial duck to water. "The Sultan of Sulu" is simple in story, but enlists the services of a score of pretty girls and dapper young men. The scene is laid in Sulu, an island of the Philippine group, of which Ki-ram is the Sultan. During one of his skirmishes with native tribes he has abducted several women, for they are Mahommedans, polygamists and slaveholders in Sulu. The American troops take possession of the island and turn Ki-ram into a governor "at a fixed salary." The situations are ingenious, and the lines are bright and sparkling, but the second act could easily be condensed. Frank Moulan, who plays the Sultan, is a good comedian, but has a slight tendency to exaggeration. Fred Frear handled the part of the Private Secretary skillfully, and Miss Blanche Chapman as the Judge-Advocate, and Miss Victory Gale as Galula, the "charter-member" of the harem, deserve mention. The music to this "musical satire" is written by Alfred G. Wathall. Of the lyrics, those most likely to become popular are: "If I but Knew," "Engaged in a Sort of a Way," "R-e-m-o-r-s-e," and "Come Back to Manistee."

In "The Billionaire," at Daly's, there is one novel scene which alone makes the piece worth seeing. This is in the second act where John Doe—a fantastically rich person, who sports a dollar-mark suit similar to that with which Homer Davenport, the cartoonist, loves to adorn Senator Hanna—gives a performance in his private theatre. When the curtain rises, one sees a regulation theatre lobby, with the box-office window, and here there is some good comedy between the green-whiskered ticket-seller and the theatre patrons. Presently the front drop is raised, and there appears a section of the orchestra floor of a

typical New York playhouse, with real chairs and a real balcony, the whole solidly built and handsomely decorated. On the left is a stage with curtain, footlights and scenery complete, and on this takes place a capital vaudeville entertainment. The antics of the ushers and the low comedy of the spectators is all very funny, and the real audience is kept in a constant ripple of laughter throughout the act. John Doe (Jerome Sykes), liberal as he is with stage money, seems to have practiced economy when providing himself with a part, for in the title rôle he has very little to do. The little, however, is done with unction. That clever character actress, Miss May Robson, too, can be far funnier than she is as Mrs. Peppercorn. The only member of the cast who really distinguishes himself is Harry Macdonough, who gives a side-splitting burlesque of a fashionable grand opera tenor. Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger have staged the piece with their usual liberality, and there are a lot of pretty chorus girls in gorgeous costumes.

On the plane of melodrama, pure and simple, with characters strongly individualized, and scenes and situations effective, "Jim Bludso," at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, serves Robert Hilliard for his return to the stage. Nearly every melodrama has crudities. Some of the crudities, as seen on the first night, will disappear, and, doubtless, a prosperous career awaits the actor in a play which has pathos, sentiment, nobility of character, situations, explosions and deadly perils, all founded on incidents in the "Pike County Ballads" of our present Secretary of State, John Hay. Mr. Hilliard acts the familiar western type of a hero with sentiment and manliness. Little Breeches, Gabe, was played by Master Harry Le Van, a youngster with a virile voice, which he lifts up in song, and nimble feet, which he exercises in a clog dance. He is a feature of the play.

An Appreciative Reader

AKRON, OHIO, Jan. 7, 1903.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE:

I have been a subscriber to THE THEATRE for nearly two years, and I feel that I can not say enough in praise of it. It is a splendid combination of good literature, art and sound criticism. No home is complete without it.

Yours respectfully,

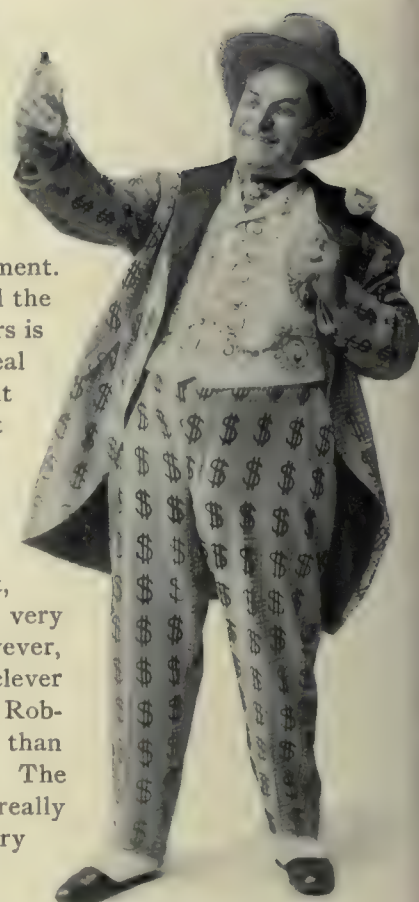
EDWARD O. HALE.



Gilbert & Bacon, Phila.

MISS MAY ROBSON

Showing the elephant petticoat she wears in "The Billionaire"



Gilbert & Bacon, Phila.

JEROME SYKES

In his famous dollar-mark suit in "The Billionaire"

Start at Once on the National Theatre

The resolution introduced into Congress by Representative Meiers favoring a great State Endowed Theatre in Washington once more revives interest in this question, which is of such vital importance to all thoughtful theatregoers and lovers of the drama as a fine art. THE THEATRE will never tire of advocating the establishment in this country of a National Theatre until such an institution is actually endowed and given to the public. In our issue of May, 1902, we published a number of letters from leading authors, actors and managers, including Joseph Jefferson, A. M. Palmer, E. H. Sothern, Julia Marlowe, E. M. Holland, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Wilton Lackaye, Henry Miller, William Seymour, Heinrich Conried, Douglas Taylor, and many others, all of whom, without exception, approved the idea. In the following article Joseph I. C. Clarke, Vice-President of the American Dramatists' Club, makes an eloquent appeal for immediate action in the matter, and he suggests how such a theatre might be successfully organized and become a reality and object of our civic pride:

UNDER the titles National Theatre, Ideal Theatre, Endowed Theatre, the project has been widely discussed of a playhouse whereat the best of the living drama may be fitly presented to the American public, wherein native genius in authorship and acting may be fostered, and where these things may be done under conditions that would make it a permanent institution, a great school of dramatic art and a great theatre independent of the ordinary risks of management.

So wide has been the support given to the idea in the world of art and letters during the past five years, that it would be a far easier task to count the objectors, if they would stand up to be counted, which I doubt, than to give the names of all those who have written and spoken in earnest approval of it.

The benefit to American art, the advance in dramatic standards through the entire country on the part of the army of playgoers, the winning to that army of the hundreds of thousands who now disdain the theatre for a thing of low morals, its educational value to the younger—all these have been repeatedly advanced with thought and vigor, even with eloquence.

And a hundred times has it been pointed out that great examples of its efficacy are many in Europe. The Théâtre Français in Paris, the Royal Theatre in Berlin and the Burg Theatre in Vienna are monuments that can be pointed to in proof of the triumph of the idea, namely, its actual materialization.

Why Then Does Not America Get About It?

Representative Meiers has introduced a resolution into Congress with that question in mind. His idea is a great State Endowed Theatre in Washington, the legislative capital of the country. It will, doubtless, add much to the volume of public opinion favoring a National Theatre, when the committee having the matter in charge shall have heard the distinguished actors and authors who have been called to testify in its favor, but its chances of leading to legislation at the short session are necessarily not very great, even if it conquered every legal objection that might be raised.

The majority of thoughtful writers on the subject have advocated a theatre privately endowed, rather than one supported by the state. In this age of great giving they are fain to see the National Theatre built and endowed by private munificence, at a single stroke of the pen. They reflect that one rich citizen in "the giving vein" could, with a million, do it all, and they wonder, when it is morally and artistically such a splendid thing to do, that it has not been done. No finer gift,



Photo Marceau

MISS JULIE OPP

Who has taken Hilda Spong's place in "Imprudence," and known in private life as Mrs. William Faversham



Byron. N. Y.

SCENE IN "HEIDELBERG" AT THE PRINCESS' THEATRE

Aubrey Boucicault, the adapter of this German play and who enacts the principal role, is seen standing in the centre

no more valid claim upon enduring fame than it would secure to the donor can well be imagined. The multi-millionaires do not respond.

Why?

Andrew Carnegie has his specialty—libraries; Mr. Rockefeller has his—universities, and so on. The generous Scot does not—he said in a communication made to *THE THEATRE* and printed in May last—think the theatre a proper object for large gifts. He does not, however, impose his views on anybody else. As for him, libraries: let others think as they please—churches, hospitals, technical schools, orphan asylums, or what not, in the line of good giving. If he, or most of those who have given largely, were to consult with the usual solemnity those on whose advice they are wont to rely in matters outside their business, could we expect the average lawyer, doctor, philanthropist, clergyman, or even clubman, to say: "Put a million in a National Theatre"? I think not.

The potential donor must be a man not only who thinks for himself in all things, but who has the gift of looking away from the trodden path of charity to find a new and noble issue for his own benevolence.

The argument was just as strong five years ago as it is to-day, but the morning of awakening of the single enlightened and innovating millionaire is still as uncertain of dawn as it ever was.

The National Theatre must not wait upon him.

An Example From Paris

An example from Paris comes pat. There they have the Théâtre Français, but a number of literary Parisians, as told in another part of this issue, felt, a few years ago, the need of something else that would express their dramatic convictions more closely. No matter, for this argument, whether or not the aims of these Frenchmen were such as would commend themselves to the moral sense of our public. They could not hope for a state subvention; they had no millionaire, so they sold shares in the project, and sufficient buyers

were found to give the Théâtre Libre a good start. And to-day, after a few years, the shares are sold at a high and growing premium, and are rarely in the market.

Let us begin in some such way.

In a recent talk with Heinrich Conried, the able director of our German Theatre here, he outlined a plan of organization of a National Theatre and a scheme of subscription for seats for so many performances a season, which all seemed feasible enough. It had the great merit of asking for no giver of a million to begin with.

There is much natural timidity to be overcome among the people who might be expected, from the strength of their advocacy, to take a prominent part in the opening movement. They fear to be thought self-seekers. On the other hand, there is much to fear from others not so modest rushing to the foreground and occupying all the points of vantage.

But a beginning must be made. Somebody having the idea at heart and representative of the American drama should be the nucleus.

This Is a Practical Plan

I think this is a practical plan. A carefully chosen committee from the American Dramatists' Club, which numbers more than four-fifths of the producing playwrights of the country, could very properly begin the organization for the purpose, and then take in such others of competent and sympathetic minds as would complete it.

Let the extended committee incorporate itself and go ahead with the work.

They would formulate a plan of subscription for shares or seats, or both.

They would lease a theatre for a season.

They would choose a director with the greatest care, for in his hands would lie much of the future of the project.

They would choose a play committee for the selection of the plays to be presented. These plays should be, at first, chosen from the classics of our language, or translations of

the classics of other lands. The choice of new native works might even be possible in the first season, but, at any rate, the rules under which the choice would be made should be laid down. They would print a blue-book or manual, setting forth the entire argument for the National Theatre, and the methods by which they were realizing it.

As to the Matter of Money

It has been calculated that a subscription for seats, or a sale of shares of \$150,000, would be ample to give the plan a year of prosperous life. assurance of practical business-like management and a definite programme announced, it is not to be doubted that the sum named could be raised.

With such a fund it is figured that the theatre could be hired, the large company necessary for it secured, and ten important productions made in a season of forty weeks. In addition, the Conservatory of Dramatic Art, which would be an integral part of the scheme, could be set in full operation.

It is, of course, to be understood that the box-office returns and other sources of income would supplement the advance fund in carrying on the work and leave a handsome cash balance on hand at the end of the season, besides the scenery, properties and costumes of the plays produced.

Mr. Conried's subscription scheme, like that of Mr. Grau's at the Opera, has the advantage of securing an audience as well as a fund. Nor are we to believe for a moment that a very general public support would be lacking. Our public likes the best and wants the best.

Ability and good faith in the heads of the enterprise, and demonstration afterward in artistic and ample productions, would secure the public confidence.

Put the idea to the test.

1. Organize your committee by progressive steps, as suggested.
2. Incorporate "THE NATIONAL THEATRE, New York."
3. Promote the sales of its shares, or its seats, by circulars, conferences and publication of a blue-book or manual.
4. Hire a theatre for one season and build one for the next, if the money therefor comes in.
5. Choose a director.
6. Set to work on the first four productions, so that they may be presented in the first eight weeks of the first season.
7. Open the Conservatory of Dramatic Arts.
8. Open the theatre.

Where the Actors Will Come From

"Where are you to get actors for such a theatre?" asks a leading star. "I find it hard enough to get the people I want." There, doubtless, is a difficulty, but the attractiveness of the National Theatre to the ambitious actor is greater than one would imagine. It would be, or soon become, a real honor to belong to it. The discomforts of travel would be eliminated. The salaries would be "at the market." The work would be fascinating. In a couple of years recruits from the conservatory would be available. As the theatre took root a pension fund would be formed. So long as New York remains the financial, business, literary, social and theatrical centre of the United States, it must be the place of a National Theatre. Other cities might emulate it later on with similar institutions, and the results, in combining for or exchanging great productions and great artistes, would prove an immense advantage to all; but let us plan for the New York theatre *now*, and plan it so that it will rest on its own foundations.

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

Since the foregoing article was written the officers of the American Dramatists' Club have decided to call a meeting of the Club on the 7th of this month, when the question of the National Theatre will be discussed.

that would furnish an advance fund
With the proper organization to give



MISS CECILIA LOFTUS AS OPHELIA

Supporting E. H. Sothern in his present revival of "Hamlet"

Revival of the Stock Company



Exterior of the Murray Hill Theatre, New York, now the home of Henry V. Donnelly's Stock Company

A CURIOUS feature of up-to-date theatricals presents itself in the revival of the stock company system of producing, or, rather, reproducing, old plays. With the passing of the late Mrs. John Drew's Stock Company at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and that of the Boston Museum under the management of the late R. M. Field, there remained only Daly's, the Lyceum and the Empire Stock Company in New York, and of these only the Empire Stock is in actual existence, as the Lyceum Company is disbanded, pending the building of its new home, and Daly's, with Miss Rehan as its bright particular star, ceased with the demise of its founder.

There are numerous causes for the death of the old stock system and the survival of the fittest in the new one. In the first instance, the main cause is the supremacy of the star system, which has developed into the wholesale exploitation of mediocrity in large letters on the billboards, and, in the second instance, the enormous increase of population, represented by the middle classes, in our large cities, and the demand by them for a theatrical entertainment of standard plays at popular prices.

Let us assume that a man is a small clerk on a salary of \$25 or \$30 a week, and has a family to support. These children must have recreation. Green fields are far away and expensive to reach, and even an extensive park system does not provide amusement for winter afternoons and evenings. Hence it is that a reserved seat at 50 cents or 25 cents, providing the opportunity to see such plays as "Shenandoah,"



Schloss

WILLIAM BRAMWELL

Leading man at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre

"Sowing the Wind," "The Henrietta," "Prisoner of Zenda," "Secret Service," "Rosemary," "The Wife," "Phroso," "Barbara Fritchie," "Why Smith Left Home," "Alabama," "Aristocracy," etc., etc., draws huge audiences from that large, intelligent and ever growing class of people to whom 50 cents for an evening at the theatre means a considerable outlay.

It is estimated that

every seven years renews the life of a play by providing a succeeding generation to view the plays already familiar to the generation that is passing. This is another stronghold of the present stock company system. The old plays become rejuvenated to those who have merely heard them discussed by their elders, and who have thus an opportunity of acquainting themselves with numerous plays that would otherwise be lost to them. Patrons are also encouraged, at a slight reduction, to subscribe for seats for each week in the season.

In itself, the present popular-priced stock company is an evolution of what, in the language of the theatrical trade, is known as the "repertoire show." These "shows," playing only the smaller towns and each town a week, give two performances a day and *each performance a different play*, at 10, 20 and 30 cents. Many of them are remorseless pirates, doing standard plays under false titles, and being generally irresponsible, cause great loss to the authors and owners of the plays thus pirated. From this class of entertainers the managers of the stock companies took their cue. They saw that many of these "repertoire shows" managed to make money even at 10, 20 and 30 cents, and gave satisfaction to their patrons. It became evident that one standard play a week, adequately acted and staged, at slightly higher prices, which city audiences would stand, had an excellent chance of commercial success, and thus far, when properly managed, all of these stock companies have been very profitable. They have, too, been a Godsend to playwrights and agents, having put thousands of dollars into the pockets of both by the yield of royalties upon plays which had exhausted their welcome at higher prices, and would, but for the present stock company, have passed out of existence.

The system, as it stands to-day, has been in existence about eight years, and first took root in Philadelphia at Forepaugh's Theatre there, with a performance of "Little Emily." The Quaker City supports no less than six stock companies: at Forepaugh's, Keith's, Bijou Opera House, Grand Opera House, Girard Avenue Theatre, Standard Theatre, The Columbia Theatre and a German Stock Company in the old Arch Street Theatre, and apparently all six of them are



MISS LILLIAN LAWRENCE

Great favorite with Boston's theatregoers

prospering. Of all of these stock companies the most famous, the best organized and the most prosperous is the Castle Square Theatre in Boston, which gives two performances a day, the year round, to *Standing Room Only* at every performance, and is the only theatre in the United States, or perhaps in the world, that is never closed. Unless you buy your seat well in advance, there is no chance of obtaining one.

Boston, man for man, is the best "show town" in America. Moreover, being a thoroughly Anglo-Saxon city, its people are loyal in their affections for the public performer. Once a favorite there, their esteem follows the actor to the grave, and you are not forgotten by that public because the mark of time is upon you, as is the case in this polyglot metropolis called New York. Old favorites here are pushed aside,

one may say kicked aside, only to let in the fresh face, the new personality—the others are forgotten in a day. Not so in Boston. And this is an important factor in the material success of the Castle Square Theatre. Such performers as Miss Lillian Lawrence, John Craig and Miss Mary Sanders have a tremendous following, equal to that of any star one might mention playing the higher-priced theatres. Another great lever in procuring this house its remarkable business is the great system of



MISS MARY SANDERS
(Castle Square Theatre, Boston)

trolley lines passing or landing passengers within a short walking distance of its doors, from all of the suburbs of Boston. So important is this feature that when a new trolley route, or a change in an old one, is established, the fact is announced from in front of the curtain, otherwise members of the audience would be lost in the streets of Boston, unable to grope their way home. The Castle Square company is also the only one in the country whose clientèle is sufficiently large to warrant the management in running plays for more than one week at a time. Boston has two other stock companies, the Bowdoin Square Theatre and the Grand Opera House, both of them doing well.

New York did not at first take kindly to this new stock company system. The first theatre to adopt it, the Murray Hill, now, however, very prosperous under Henry V. Donnelly's management, ruined its first manager.

There were peculiar forces at work here. One must remember that a play is only an attraction at these theatres when it has run one or more seasons in the other houses. Now, all the available plays for the Murray Hill were so very well known in New York that it was difficult at first to educate the New York public up to the idea of seeing these plays over again, although at reduced prices. Another is that New York rather scoffs at the idea of economy in amusements. No city in the world is comparable to it in the amount of money expended upon theatrical entertainment. Yet again, Mr. Donnelly had to overcome the loss of prestige suffered by the theatre through previous failures. At the Murray Hill the clientèle demands "society plays;" the American, up to date the finest playhouse in New York, is devoted to melodrama. In all, this makes two theatres devoted exclusively to productions at popular prices, and in addition there are Proctor's Fifth Avenue, 58th Street and 125th Street houses, all of these three last-named ones, however, being complicated with vaudeville "turns" between acts, which is a distinct handicap to the artistic presentation of the play. These Proctor houses form



JOHN CRAIG
Formerly a member of the Daly company, and now at the Castle Square Theatre, Boston



Byron

A REPRESENTATIVE AUDIENCE AT CORSE PAYTON'S THEATRE, BROOKLYN



One of Mrs. Spooner's weekly receptions on the stage of the Bijou Theatre, Brooklyn. The performance has just ended and the leading actors are seen dispensing the refreshments offered Mrs. Spooner's "guests." A policeman is on the left, near the footlights, keeping the crowd in line

a circuit, and under Frederick Bond's stage direction make one play, as often as is practicable, tour the circuit.

In Brooklyn there are no less than six theatres devoted to stock company plays. The Bijou, Payton's Theatre, Blaney's Theatre, the Columbia, the Gotham and Frey's Lyceum. Of these the two most prominent are easily the Bijou, managed by Mrs. B. S. Spooner, and Payton's Theatre, conducted by Corse Payton, who are not only rivals in business but half brother and sister. *Place aux dames.* Mrs. Spooner is a remarkable woman and the head of a remarkable family. Born in Iowa, the daughter of a clergyman, Mrs. Spooner, in her early girlhood, had no affiliation with the stage, and drifted into it almost by chance. She and her family of two daughters, Edna May and Cecil (the latter to star next season in "My Lady Peggy Goes to Town"), also an only son, and before his decease, her husband, are the product of the "repertoire show." For several years "the Spooners" toured the smaller towns, presenting no less than twelve different plays in each town, at 10, 20 and 30 cents, first in the West, and for four or five seasons before their appearance in Brooklyn—now about two years ago—their route lay through Pennsylvania, Delaware, New Jersey and the New England States. Here they gathered about themselves a numerous and faithful clientèle, made a great deal of money, and paved the way for more ambitious ventures. The business of the "repertoire shows" got to be a little over done, and Mrs. Spooner leased, for the end of the season, the Park Theatre in Brooklyn. Not since Mrs. Hart Conway managed the old Park Theatre has there been a manageress in any part of Greater New York. It is remarkable how "the Spooners," entirely unknown to the Brooklyn public, should come to town and capture their patronage out of hand. Personality, always a tremendous factor in matters theatrical, sound business methods, clever and bold advertising, a very good company and

high-class plays at low prices, all combined to do it. Mrs. Spooner is not only a shrewd business woman, but she possesses the American genius of knowing how to advertise the "show" in a manner that will carry conviction to the public. The "pink tea" and "strawberry receptions," which take place usually once a week, during which she and her two daughters receive the entire audience on the stage after a matinée performance, are occasions which must be seen to be appreciated. The rush of women admirers is so great that the presence of a sturdy policeman is necessary to keep order and prevent some of them being swept into the orchestra. It is amusing to notice the awe-inspiring glances of admiration and affection with which Mrs. Spooner and her two daughters are regarded by their public, which finds expression in testimonials in the way of presents of all kinds, from silver loving-cups to embroidered slippers. Certainly, the Spooners, in their way, have become an institution in Brooklyn. It must be added, too, that Mrs. Spooner is an excellent actress in character parts, but seldom "goes on" now, the management taking up all her time and strength.

Corse Payton, another Brooklyn manager, is a distinct type. He is a product of the western prairie, and from it has inherited his breeziness and his ideas of largeness. Corse



Byron

MATINÉE AUDIENCE LEAVING CORSE PAYTON'S THEATRE

Payton's father served under General Corse throughout the war, and his experiences doubtless influenced the son's professional life, which started with a minstrel show, then with



MRS. SPOONER

Forepaugh's circus, running away from home twice to sell peanuts and pink lemonade. The next show fever that Corse took into his youthful system was the "roller skating" craze, in which he became a champion and won many medals and considerable money, and a very, very great deal of experience. Corse had an elder brother who had become a "real actor," and it was the force of this example that first influenced Payton to try his luck behind the footlights. It was a hard

life, with more downs than ups, but then this is a concomitant evil of a stage player's existence. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" may be said to be responsible for Payton's great versatility as an actor, as he claims to have played every part in the play, not excepting Eva. As it is, he is a capital light comedian (which is his real line of work), can play leading parts or genteel heavies, character old men, dialect parts, old women, and has, at a pinch, "gone on" for soubrettes and leading women. Payton can also paint scenery and build it, run "props" and make them, play in the orchestra or do a "song and dance" specialty between acts, and knows every part of the theatre and its business, from the stage wall to the front door. As an illustration of what some men can do to woo success, look at the career of the old Lee Avenue Opera House, now the Payton Theatre, Brooklyn, which for ten years prior to Payton's occupancy had about ruined every manager who leased it. It is said that Payton made enough money in his first season to lift the mortgage. In addition to this, he owns the theatre in Centerville, Iowa (his native town); is lessee and manager of the Park Theatre, Boston, which lease he has just sold to Rich & Harris and Charles Frohman, and owner and manager of Corse Payton's Comedians. Miss Etta Reed (Mrs. Payton), the leading woman at his Brooklyn Theatre, is immensely popular. But then this same thing on a smaller scale can be seen at the stage door of these stock company houses after any matinée, crowds of young women waiting for the leading woman, and particularly the leading man, to

make their exits. Babies are not allowed in the audience at Payton's Theatre, so a nursery and a matron and bottles and a checking system are provided, to care for the infants in arms, until after the performances. Another unique feature in these houses is that, after the third act, the leading man comes before the curtain and in a neat speech announces the play for the following week.

The method of putting on these plays is one calling for resourcefulness and quick action. The MS. and parts are secured from the agent or author, with all of the original business, entrances and exits, music cues and stage positions carefully exploited in every detail, so that the local stage manager has nothing more to do than to go over the MS. once or twice, so as to become familiar with it, and he is ready for rehearsal, which is called at 9 o'clock and lasts until 12, when the company is dismissed and must appear again at 1.30 P. M. for the daily matinée. Practically speaking, the actor is never out of the theatre when a member of one of these companies, only to sleep, as frequently meals are served in the dressing-rooms. These stock company engagements are excellent practice for the young actor, teaching, above all, self-reliance, as there is no time to elaborate a "part" under the stage manager's coaching. The actor must think for himself and take the initiative. The principal work always falls upon the leading man and woman, as all of the acceptable plays for these



HENRY V. DONNELLY

companies must revolve around these two personages, so that they are on the stage nearly all the time and at the fall of every curtain. But they get big salaries, \$200 or \$300 a week being quite the usual thing to the leading people for "stock" engagements.

In some instances the entire scenic production, with costumes, etc., is leased. The original music is furnished when it exists, also the show printing. Royalties are regulated by the demand for the play: \$1000 a week has been paid for "The Prisoner of Zenda," \$600 for "Secret Service," \$500 for "Trilby" and "The Little Minister," and few plays bring less than \$100 a week.

HARRY P. MAWSON.



CORSE PAYTON



CORSE PAYTON'S ANNUAL BABY SHOW ON THE STAGE OF HIS BROOKLYN THEATRE

The Darling of the Gods

Japanese Play by David Belasco and John Luther Long, Now
Being Produced at the Belasco Theatre, New York

Story of the Play Told in Six Pictures

Photos by Hyron, N. Y.

(1) **THE GOD IN THE MOUNTAIN.** Pictorial prelude to the tragedy, and designed to create Japanese color and atmosphere. It is merely a transparent curtain on which are painted the ruins of a pagoda, a shimmering river and the gigantic figure of a Japanese deity. In the distance are peaks of mountain ranges, the whole being seen progressively under lights of different colors.



PRINCE OF YO-SAN MINISTER OF WAR KARA
(Charles Walcot) (George Arliss) (Robt. T. Haines)

(2) **THE FEAST OF A THOUSAND WELCOMES.** Princess Yo-San (Miss Blanche Bates) is saved from death by Kara (Robt. T. Haines), leader of the ten Samurai, who refused to give up their swords at the Emperor's command. Kara comes to the palace of Yo-San's father, where, as the guest of a prince, he is safe from the Minister of War (George Arliss), who plans to capture the outlaw.



YO-SAN (Miss Blanche Bates)

MAID (Miss Ada Lewis)

(3) **IN YO-SAN'S SHOSI.** Kara has been wounded in cutting his way through the Minister's ambush, and Yo-San, who loves him, secretes him in her house. He remains there forty days in a dream of love, and kept in ignorance by Yo-San of the repeated messages from his followers to return to his duties of the Samurai. The Minister of War finally tracks the outlaw to the maiden's shosi and captures him.



(4) THE CABINET OF THE MINISTER OF WAR. Kara is condemned to die by torture. He resolves to perish rather than reveal the hiding place of his comrades, and is taken down to the infernal regions below. The Minister says he will release Kara if Yo-San will become his mistress. She indignantly refuses, but on being promised her lover's freedom if she reveals their place of concealment in the mountains, gives the information, and Kara, ignorant of the price of his liberation, goes free.



(5) THE RETREAT IN THE MOUNTAINS. Kara has rejoined his fellows and Yo-San follows him. It is soon learned that the Minister's soldiers have surrounded the camp, whereupon Yo-San confesses she betrayed the outlaws—for love of Kara. Furious, Kara raises his sword to slay her, but his arm is stayed by the priest of the Samurai. Kara and his little band issue from the gorge to engage the enemy in battle, and all are killed.



(6) IN THE BAMBOO FOREST. Kara, fatally wounded, drags himself among the grasses to die. Yo-San joins him, and as her lover expires she plunges a knife into her own breast. In the following tableau, of which no pictures were taken, the lovers are seen among the clouds united in heaven. The play was reviewed critically in our last issue.



An Interview with Viola Allen

Chats with Players, No. 15

With Photographs Taken Specially by Burr McIntosh

"The moon of Rome: chaste as the icicle
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple."

THE modesty and womanly dignity of Publicola thus poetically described by Coriolanus in Shakespeare's tragedy may apply as fittingly to Viola Allen, who, both as a woman and artiste, holds an enviable place in the affectionate regard of the great theatre-going public. By hard work, untiring industry, taste and intelligence, and an intuitive knowledge of her art, Miss Allen is to-day recognized as one of the leaders of American dramatic progress.



MISS VIOLA ALLEN AT 15
When she made her debut
in "Esmeralda"

With the inner consciousness that the esteem is just, it must be a keen personal satisfaction to feel that one is held in high regard by his fellowmen. If the actor or actress against whom, all too frequently, the idle tongue of gossip and slander wags, be able to preserve the integrity of his art and the impeccability of his individual escutcheon as well, so much greater the honor. It is not here to discuss the dangers and temptations which beset the public performer or the too often urged

excuse that individual liberty and expression are hampered by a too fine regard for the conventional standards which society has set up. The affection and regard of the public, however, based upon respect and confidence, will be found to be quite as enduring as histrionic assets as noisome notoriety and constant cheap comment.

With Miss Allen's personality, her past accomplishments and her present doings, followers of the contemporary stage are well familiar. Young, handsome in face, and tall and symmetric as to figure, Miss Allen brings a most happy individuality to bear upon the presentation of her various

rôles. Her large, deep and expressive eyes betoken the mentality, gentleness and refinement which lurk behind. Her voice, which, though deep and rich in its notes, is somewhat deficient in variety, is none the less telling in giving expression to the deeper and stronger emotions. Her elocution is richly varied, while her enunciation, a feature so hopelessly neglected these days on the American stage, is beautifully crisp in the weight and value which it gives to every syllable.

Of her professional work, what theatregoer remembers with other than pleasure the sweet naiveté which she brought to bear upon the title rôle of "Esmeralda," the play in which she made her New York début, of the winning gentleness of her Parthenia, Cordelia, Desdemona and Virginia, of the youthful passion of Mildred Tresham, while Boston recalls with pleasure the numerous rôles she enacted while playing there at the historic Museum.

As leading lady of the Empire Theatre stock company in this city Miss Allen's success was continued and positive. There, during her stay, she created not less than a dozen characters of special import, ranging from polite comedy to the emotional depths of "Sowing the Wind." Her Rosamond in Grundy's play will ever be remembered for her bitter, forceful and ringing rendering of the famous speech of "Sex Against Sex." Since her début as a star, her career as an independent attraction has been notably successful. She has been called upon to play but three rôles: Glory Quayle in "The Christian," Dona Dolores in "In the Palace of the King," and Roma in "The Eternal City," if we except her brief appearance last spring in the all-star revival of "The Hunchback," in which her splendid early training showed to special advantage in her moving and telling rendering of Julia.

Much has been written of late that the alterations in the character of Roma, the rôle Miss Allen is now playing in "The Eternal City," were due to her insistence that, hereafter, she would play none but women of absolute purity. Miss Allen hardly goes as far as that, for when chatting with the actress the other day the writer referred to the very great pleasure she had given him by her sweet and sympa-

thetic rendering of Mildred Tresham in Browning's much too neglected drama, "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon."

"How strange!" she said; "it was only a few days ago I was reading it over with the idea of a possible revival. The rôle has always strongly appealed to me, and its poetry is so beautiful that I've often longed to take it up again. An actress, nowadays, who is forced by the present conditions of the drama to play practically one rôle a year, feels it a sort of duty to herself, her public and her art to occasionally give some transient evidence that her desire to study, improve and progress have not entirely lagged."

From this it would seem that Miss Allen has not entirely taken to herself the responsibility of catering solely to the Young Person. That the actress can think deeply on the broader phases of the drama and has strong convictions of her own in the affairs of her calling, one is not slow to discover in conversing with her.

"When abroad last summer," she said, "my mother and I paid a visit to that splendid actor and gentleman, Tomasso Salvini. You know it was with him that I played a season of some of the Shakespearian rôles. I was only fifteen at the time," smiled the actress, "and I doubt very much if I knew what all the words meant that I had to recite, but I learned much from the great Italian. I remember that Salvini said he feared that life in America was becoming so strenuous that its people would insist only on the humorous, and that romance and poetry were likely to have a hard time of it. As a good American, of course, I felt called upon to argue the point with him."

"Although you now concede he was a true prophet?"

There was a note of true sincerity in her words as she answered, warmly: "It is true that here in this country, where competition is so keen and life so insistent, that the men, at least, want to be amused in an almost frivolous way, but I believe there is a very considerable quantity who will always prove responsive to a good, strong story, well told and acted with an all regard for its just demands. I would by no means pretend to lay down a fixed law as to what the public should



Burr McIntosh

"ONLY THE OTHER DAY I WAS READING IT OVER"

have, but for myself alone I like to play the real—the dramatized truth clothed with some of those idealistic verities we all possess. A little romance in these days of materialism does much to lighten and leaven the whole."

"Then you cannot accept Ibsen?"

"Ibsen is, of course, a wonderful student of human nature and a marvelous master of stagecraft, but he doesn't appeal to me. He seems almost ugly in the manner in which he lays bare the weaknesses of humanity. Shakespeare, after all, spoils one for anybody else, which remark is hardly very original," and again the actress's lips parted in the sweet, sympathetic smile that is so familiar to the legion of her admirers.

To those who have won in the race and wear the laurel, one turns naturally for expert opinion, and prompted by the surrounding evidences of success in the star's comfortable

home, arose the question: "How did you decide that the stage was your natural vocation?"

"It was a natural evolution," she replied; "my family were actors, and I grew up in the atmosphere of the playhouse. The result was obvious. But from my observations it seems to me that nearly every one I've ever met has wanted to go on the stage, which is perhaps due to the spirit of general unrest. And it does seem as if a great many of them would succeed, the women more especially. There is a tremendous amount of temperament in the average American woman, and temperament, allied with ambition and intelligence, is sure to make its mark."

"Can acting be taught, or must the gift be inherited, as in your case?"

"I don't believe in any fixed rules for preparation for the stage. I think the schools of acting can teach, primarily, a

great many of the rudiments of our art, but, then again, I am a firm believer in the actual school of experience. But nowadays, when stock companies, as they used to be, are so few and far between, it's a difficult thing to learn much that way. After all, though, a liberal education is the best preparation for effective stage work. Plenty of good, solid reading that teaches one to understand his fellow-beings and a knowledge of some of the languages are wonderful helps."

"The sensation of being a star must be exhilarating?"

"It is a pleasure that's all but pain," to quote Gilbert," she answered gaily. The satisfaction that you have reached a point where the public wants you as the central figure is very gratifying. But the responsibilities which attach to the position carry with them a great deal that is brain-wearying and nerve-racking. However, I seem to be in pretty good health, and so I must conclude that the pleasure outweighs the care.

"I don't mean," she went on, "that because you are a star you feel there is more exacted of you, for no one either deserves to or even does succeed who doesn't put his entire heart and soul into a part, no matter how slight it be; but there is the concern in the selection of a play, in having it appropriately and carefully mounted, in getting together the right support, and in attending to those thousand and one details that make up a production and of which only the initiated know."

"You must get tired of playing one part a whole season, though?"

"Yes and no," she replied. "If the character is founded on truth, that is, if it is a real human being, one never entirely tires of portraying her emotions. Then, too, it takes a very long while before one is even entirely satisfied that the part is built up, rounded out and fashioned into a finished creation. There is a variety and amusement always to be found in trying new effects and experimenting with different methods in accomplishing a certain fixed result. But the ideal arrangement for a star is to get together a congenial and contrasting repertoire of three or four interesting plays, and then alternately present them."

For distraction, when her hours and days of labor are over. Miss Allen takes the greatest delight in travel and in adding to her theatrical library, which is considered one of the most complete among private collections in this country. That she has studied well and profitably therein is plainly evident to all who enjoy the privilege of her acquaintance.

EDWARD FALES COWARD.

Dramatized Proverbs

A playwright's royalties are seldom royal.

It's a wise author that knows his own play—after the dress rehearsal.

A dramatist and his play are soon parted.

Faint purse ne'er won fair seat.

No actor is a hero to his leading lady.

No actress is as red as she is painted.

It's never too early to shelve a bad play.

Desperate would-be stars require desperate remedies.

A manager is known by the plays he produces.

The comedian rushes in where the tragedian fears to tread.

"Many are called but few are chosen," said the chorus master.

WALTER PULITZER.



Burr McIntosh

"THE PLEASURE OF BEING A STAR OUTWEIGHS THE CARE"

Celebrities of the Paris Stage

André Antoine—The Man Who Revolutionized the Modern Theatre



FEW personalities in the theatrical world of Paris are so interesting as that of André Antoine, founder and manager of the famous Théâtre Antoine, originator of a new style in acting, discoverer of new actors and dramatists, promoter of a new method in play-writing, and inventor of a system by which theatres can be made to pay.

As almost every one knows, this remarkable man, who has practically revolutionized the French stage in the fifteen odd years he has been before the public, began life as a clerk in the employ of the Paris Gas Company. In his spare time he used to act in obscure suburban theatres, and he struck a note which was then entirely novel and of which Eleonora Duse has since become a world-famous exponent—the natural method of acting as distinguished from the traditional method. Encouraged by his success, Antoine determined to adopt the stage as a career. He tried to enter the Conservatoire, the official school of acting of France, but was turned away as not possessing the necessary aptitudes. He returned to the little theatres, and with a group of enthusiastic admirers formed the independent dramatic society which, later, was to grow into the Théâtre Libre, a theatre which proved a paying institution from the start, which has introduced many now famous actors and playwrights to the public, and compelled several of the regular theatres to alter their methods. It was Antoine who first, despite violent opposition, introduced the Parisian playgoer to the works of Ibsen, Bjoernsterne Bjoernsen, Gerhardt Hauptmann, Sudermann and other foreign dramatists; and there are many successful playwrights who, if not actually discovered, were at least brought before the public by him, such as Brieux (Antoine's favorite author), Pierre Veber, de Curel, Pierre Wolf, Romain Coolus, George Ancey, Gustave Guiches, and how many more? His direct influence on French literature of the day has been unmistakable, while his indirect influence is incalculable. There is no seat in Antoine's theatre priced higher than a dollar, and the house is always full.

Antoine works as hard to-day as he did when fighting for recognition. For three months every summer, with a trunkful of manuscripts, he seeks seclusion in the most out-of-the-way place he can find on the most out-of-the-way part of the coast of Brittany. The rest of the year he is in Paris. He rises at about nine o'clock, and the first hours of the day are monopolized by the scenery for his theatre. He sees and gives detailed instructions to his stage carpenters, scene painters and electricians. Lunch is taken hastily, when he can find time, and at 12:30 he is at his theatre for rehearsals. These keep him hard at work till 5:30. Sometimes as many as six plays are in rehearsal in the same afternoon—three on the stage and three in the "foyer." At 5:30 he will listen to actors and actresses desiring engagements. At 6 o'clock

Antoine insists on being left to himself, and will sleep for about a quarter of an hour. Then he dines and rushes off to his theatre, where he is forced to stay till midnight, for, though he does not take part in every piece (there being generally a triple bill), he is his own stage manager

and must remain till the performance is over. From midnight till 3 A. M. he has plays read to him. That is his favorite time for hearing new plays. Then at 3 A. M. he goes home and works at one thing or another till 4 o'clock, when, if he is not too busy, he goes to bed and sleeps till 9 o'clock, when he is out of bed and at work again.

It is when staging a play that Antoine is seen at his best. As a stage manager, Antoine differs from such masters of the art as Sir Henry Irving, the late Sir Augustus Harris, or Victorien Sardou, but he is in no way inferior to any of them. What others strive for by dint of a vast expenditure of money and by appealing to all the resources of a large stage and a big company, Antoine achieves on a very small stage and with slight materials, solely by means of his intense artistic sense, his extraordinary talent for infusing his ideas into his company, and his minute attention to every detail.

It used to be the custom or habit among French actors or actresses, when they had occasion to walk about the stage and had something to say at the same time, to always stand still to speak their lines. Antoine would have none of this. "You must learn to act with your legs as well as with your tongue," he would say to his company. And the actors and actresses in the plays he put on the stage are obliged to walk about and talk simultaneously, just as they would do in real life.

Antoine brought to his staging of plays a faculty for realism which none before him had displayed on the French stage. He would have no furniture or accessories of any kind painted on the walls of an interior; all must be real. It was he who demolished the tradition of square interiors with an entrance at each side and one in the middle, at the back. Another interesting point in regard to Antoine's stage management is the rapidity with which he works. A scene will often be "put on" in fifteen or twenty minutes, while difficult ones will be settled and disposed of in three-quarters of



Photo Stebbing

ANDRÉ ANTOINE



Photo Boyer

M. DUMÉNY



Photo Studio

M. GÉMIER



ISABEL IRVING AND HER SISTER

an hour, an amount of work being done which would occupy some stage managers for a week. I heard a well-known dramatist say the other day: "I have had twenty-five plays put on the stage, and five of them by Antoine. I generally make a point of staging my own plays, but at Antoine's theatre I keep quiet and let him do it." It is, in fact, no uncommon thing, during Antoine's rehearsals, to see well-known dramatists in the house who have come for no other purpose than to take a lesson in stage management.

One can give an idea of Antoine's power as a moulder of men by saying that he is a Svengali, while every member of his company is a Trilby under his influence. Very few are those among Antoine's leading actors and actresses who have been to the Conservatoire. He obtains where he can find it the material out of which he forms his companies. The little suburban theatres have supplied him with most of his best actors and actresses. It is also a curious proof of his Svengali powers that when an artiste who at his theatre has seemed to be endowed with genius leaves him, that artiste never distinguishes himself elsewhere. A typical case is that of Gémier.

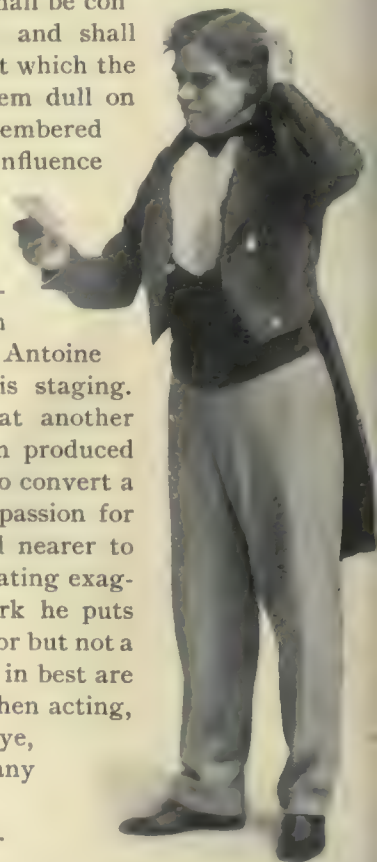
Gémier is an actor after Antoine's own heart. He, too, had failed twice to enter the Conservatoire, and had been for four years earning a livelihood as best he could in the little suburban theatres when Antoine found him. Very quick and intelligent, Gémier had that gift of intuition which enabled him to absorb rapidly the teachings of the master. He soon became Antoine's right-hand man. After a remarkably

successful career at the Théâtre Antoine, Gémier aspired to a theatre of his own. He leased the Renaissance and started his actor-manager career, taking with him four or five of Antoine's best artistes, but the experiment was not a success. After a brief season of management, M. Gémier was obliged to relinquish the attempt, and he is now playing in a spectacular drama at the Châtelet a part much inferior artistically to what he had done previously. But the defection of Gémier and the others had no effect on Antoine. In a short time he had found Dumeny, Signoret, Kemm, Bour and others to take their places. Gémier and Dumeny are the two best actors that Antoine has trained. The latter is a very clever artiste, and Antoine is said to have so much confidence in him that he is often glad to consult his opinion. A curious characteristic of Antoine is his exaggerated respect for literary men. Outside of matters concerning his profession, his knowledge is limited. He has no literary gifts, but his artistic instinct and ceaseless effort have counteracted the disadvantages of a meagre education. He never likes to give advice to a literary man, and never does so except in the case of a few intimate friends, and even then his observations take the form rather of a suggestion than of advice. But none could give better advice to a dramatist than he, for he has shown (an indication of a really superior mind) that he is capable of seeing and correcting his own errors. The impulse which, as director of the Théâtre Libre, he gave to purely literary drama had the effect of causing many *littérateurs* to write plays who ought never to have done so. They had not the real theatrical instinct. As Sarcey said, again and again: "It is all very fine, no doubt, but it is not drama—"*ce n'est pas du théâtre*." Antoine perceived that some of the essentials of play-writing were being neglected by those who wrote for him, and he now insists as much as any

manager that the play he produces shall be constructed in workman-like manner, and shall contain that leaven of action without which the finest writing in the world would seem dull on the stage. But it should be remembered that before Antoine had made his influence felt, all contemporary plays, except those by a few masters, such as Dumas fils, Pailleron, Augier and others, were written in a kind of theatrical jargon heard nowhere but on the stage. Plays brought out by Antoine seem to rise in status through his staging. What would be mere melodrama at another theatre becomes serious drama when produced by him, just as his influence seems to convert a vaudeville into a comedy. It is his passion for bringing the stage ever nearer and nearer to real life that has the effect of eliminating exaggerations of all kinds from the work he puts on the stage. Antoine is a good actor but not a great actor. The parts he succeeds in best are those of peasants or magistrates. When acting, he has a peculiar twitching of the eye, which is rather disconcerting to any one seeing it for the first time.

E. BURTON STEWART.

Paris, Jan. 1st.



Walter E. Perkins in "Jerome," comedy drama by Mary E. Wilkins

"The Chatelaine"

A THEATRICAL event of more than usual interest in Paris recently was the re-opening of the Renaissance Theatre, under the new management of Lucien Guitry, one of the most popular actors in the French metropolis, and the production, at the same playhouse, of an important comedy by Alfred Capus, entitled "La Chatelaine." E. S. Willard has secured the rights to this piece for America, and he will be seen in it here this season.

M. Capus, already well known to American theatregoers as author of "The Two Schools," shows in "La Chatelaine" a reaction against the materialistic Antoine school, with its social lepers, and the modern problem play, with its soiled heroines. Old-fashioned motives and sentiment, normal human beings who are neither very good nor very bad, yet are figures in a strong, dramatic story of life—these are the distinguishing features of this play, about which all France is talking.

M. de la Baudière, a merchant retired on his means, and living in the country, would be without a care in the world but for the fact that he is henpecked. Mme. de la Baudière is one of those wives who enter into wedlock fully determined to have their own way. She is despotic, capricious, and mistakes her own aggressiveness for strength of character. Her husband, being a philosopher, keeps out of her way and lets her indulge her own sweet will. They have a daughter, and the father is quite willing she should marry de Néray, a young lawyer she loves, but Mme. de la Baudière plans a more ambitious future for her child. André Jossan, a wealthy inventor, is the husband she must win. This André Jossan—the rôle taken by M. Guitry in Paris, and to be played by Mr. Willard here—is a former club friend of M. de la Baudière's. He began life as a rich society idler, and after throwing away his fortune on women and cards, found himself penniless. Then the man that lay dormant in him asserted himself. He went to work; he made a great discovery in electricity, and soon became one of the most famous inventors in the country. At the time the play begins he has come to spend his vacation in the country.

As chance has it, Jossan arrives at the same time as Theresa de Rives (Jane Hading). This lady is about to seek a divorce from her husband, Gaston de Rives, who not only has deceived her, but has dissipated her fortune in the bargain. Both have agreed to separate, and all there remains to the unhappy Theresa and her little boy of seven is the Chateau de Sauveterre, an old ruin, prized more for its historic associations than for its actual money value. André has been wishing to buy property in the neighborhood, and

he takes a fancy to Sauveterre, and, acquainted with Theresa's circumstances, in a splendid impulse, he pays 300,000 francs for what is barely worth 100,000. The audience, of course, guesses the reason of this apparent generosity. André has fallen in love with the Chatelaine. He tells her of his passion, and finds it is reciprocated, and the



From "Le Theatre"

JANE HADING AS THE CHATELAINE

Photo Nouvelle, Paris

couple agree to take immediate steps to secure the necessary divorce. Suddenly an obstacle arises in the person of the husband, who now refuses to give his wife the divorce. In a violent scene he commands her to resume their conjugal relations; she refuses; then he departs, taking the child with him. André appears on the scene, and inspires Theresa with renewed courage. Since the husband, after having cowardly shirked his duty, dares to assert his rights, he (André) will go to the husband. He meets him at the de la Baudières', and a dramatic scene ensues between the two men. At first Gaston, beside himself with rage, insults André, wishing to force him into a duel; but André, controlling himself, takes a high moral tone, and succeeds so well in convincing his adversary of the baseness of his conduct that the latter consents to give his wife her liberty. André marries Theresa, and every one is happy. R. S. W.



ALFRED CAPUS



LUCIEN GUITRY



From "Le Theatre," Paris

THE JURY-ROOM SCENE IN "RESURRECTION"

NEKHLUDOV

Photo Nouvelle, Paris

Tolstoi's Novel, "Resurrection," on the Stage

NO FEWER than three dramatizations of Tolstoi's novel, "Resurrection," are announced for almost immediate production in New York. The Russian philosopher having dedicated his work to the world, there is no copyright and anyone may dramatize it. David Belasco and Charles Frohman made a contract with Franklin Fyles, eighteen months ago, to write, not an acting version of the novel, but a drama founded on it. This play will be seen at the Herald Square Theatre on November 2, next. Oscar Hammerstein, meantime, is busy preparing another version, which he promises to present at the Victoria on February 16. In this production Miss Blanche Walsh will be seen in the character of Maslova. Over in Brooklyn Corse Payton is staging still another version, made by George Hoey and M. Deaudefrois, which he expects will be ready for his Lee Avenue Theatre about March

1. This activity is due to the tremendous success of the French dramatization at the Odéon Theatre in Paris.

The scene of the drama is laid in Russia at the present time. The central figure is Katusha, a girl of humble parentage, who, at the time the play begins, has long been a favorite servant in the aristocratic household of Prince Nekhludov's aunts. The Prince returns home after a long absence, and becomes enamoured of Katusha, who falls a ready victim to the libertine. The first tableau, which is really a prologue, closes with the scene of the seduction. The second tableau shows the jury-room in the law courts. Katusha (now known as Maslova, a notoriously immoral woman) is accused of poisoning a client in order to rob him. Maslova protests her innocence, and declares she was but the passive instrument of the real criminals. The jury has retired to deliberate, and this is said to be one of the most



From "Le Theatre," Paris

MASLOVA

THE FEMALE PRISON IN MOSCOW

Photo Nouvelle, Paris

novel and striking scenes ever seen on the stage—the jury-men chattering and joking among themselves and giving only minor attention to the fate of the wretched prisoner. Among the jurymen is Prince Nekhludov, who has recognized in Maslova the unhappy girl he has ruined. The audience learns from his lips how Katusha, driven from his aunts' house when she was about to become a mother, was reduced to the vilest prostitution until, finally, she faces the charge of crime. He knows she is innocent, and tries to convince his fellow-jurymen. They shrug their shoulders, and agree upon a verdict of guilty. Nekhludov feels that he alone is the real culprit. His duty is to save her.

Next is seen the interior of the female prison at Mos-

cow. Nekhludov has obtained permission to visit Maslova in prison. He finds her a moral and physical wreck amid a lot of wretched women who are quarreling and drinking. Maslova refuses to speak of what she has been—she wants to forget. Her memories are the cherished relics of an existence now gone. At first she does not recognize Nekhludov. When she remembers, she insults him; she detests him, and drives him from her. Then she faints in his arms, murmuring her undying love. In the next act Maslova has once more become Katusha. Her spiritual redemption has taken place gradually. She refuses the sacrifice Nekhludov would make, and the final tableau shows the halt in Siberia, where they bid each other an eternal farewell.

MUSIC and MUSICIANS



ASSUREDLY the past month has been peculiarly delightful to music lovers, for the music projected has been of small quantity but of finest quality. Those innumerable recitals of mediocrities, which stud every season, were absent. In grand opera there have been but three events of signal importance: The assumption of the rôle of Mimi in Puccini's "La Bohème" by Mme. Sembrich, who displaced and out-classed Melba, so long identified with it; the return of our Nordica, who made her operatic *reentrée* in "Tristan und Isolde;" and the début of the English contralto, Mme. Kirkby Lunn, whose Ortrud was thoroughly enjoyable.

Mme. Nordica is now a beautifully polished singer, and her Isolde is one of those well assimilated, thoroughly mastered analyses which are possible only to a great artiste. She has the psychology of the character finely in hand, and she has gained in physical dignity, both of gesture and pose. Mme. Kirkby Lunn is still a beginner histrionically, but her voice is one of the finest we have heard in years—warm, highly colored, vibrant and of just intonation. Besides this, she is young and keenly intelligent, in fact, is the only real acquisition of the Grau Opera Company this season.

Ere we come to the absorbing topic of Arnold Dolmetsch and his archaic instruments, a glance at the last efforts of Hermann Hans Wetzler awaits the reviewer. Mr. Wetzler is a living example of what a man can accomplish who can afford to hold requisite rehearsals. Last year his conducting was so uncertain of touch, so without authority, that one questioned his right to appear before the public in this capacity. This year he has had his rehearsals, he has worked on the scores to be given, and the result is astonishing. His last concert was most enjoyable, although his programme was certainly peculiar. It consisted of Hector Berlioz' "Symphonie Fantastique," the argument of which is: An episode in the life of an artist, reveries and passions, a ball, a summer evening in the fields, the procession to the guillotine, a witch's Sabbath. Then Mme. Schumann-Heink sang her race-and-war-horse aria from Mozart's "Titus"

and a group of Schubert songs. After this Mr. Wetzler came out and put us through Richard Strauss' "Also Sprach Zarathustra." One occasionally longs for the time and space, the existence of which is denied by Kant, to go into works like the Berlioz and Strauss numbers, and to endeavor to analyze the possible value of the former, and definitely to establish the actual titanic grandeur of the latter. The chief difference is that Berlioz was of the earth earthy, while Strauss, even in his "Till Eulenspiegel," is invariably fraught with most subtle metaphysical suggestion, and as a composer he leaves you weary but freshly attuned to combat the everlasting mysteries which surround the mental existence of a sentient person. Strauss, as in "Feuersnot," employs most commonly understood situations, in a wierdly ironical fashion, to suggest metaphysical and ethereal conditions. If Pythagoras, the expounder of the doctrine of harmony—he who introduced from the East into Greece the transmigration of souls theory—could listen to "Zarathustra," or "Zoroaster," as the Greeks term him, he would see fresh possibilities in his creed. Mr. Wetzler gave clear-cut



MME. ROGER-MICLOS

French pianist, who will make her American debut February 3rd, at the Waldorf-Astoria, with the Damrosch orchestra



Copyright, Dupont

M. DIPPEL

Well-known tenor recently heard in concert

readings of both works, and Mme. Schumann-Heink sang with a weather eye to vocal and musical proprieties.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is always of vital interest, as it is a permanent factor in our musical régime. For years this superb body of virtuoso musicians have given the principal concerts of the New York season. Under Nikisch their effect was signal; under Paur it was revolutionary and momentous, and under Géricke they have settled into a gentle pace of unvarying excellence.

Of course, we have to give thanks to the Kneisel Quartet, an offshoot from the Boston Symphony, for some of the most elevated musical moments we have known. As a quartette it is possibly unexcelled, unless by the Joseph Suk Quartette of Prague. This last month they have played the Brahms quintette for clarinet, two violins, viola and violoncello, in B minor, op. 111; a trio for piano, violin and violoncello, by Andreæ Volkmar—given for the first time—and a quartette in E flat major by Mozart. How well these tried and true musicians understand the Brahmsian proportions!

Some mention must be made here of the Philharmonic Society concerts, the last of which were given Jan. 9 and 10, because of the performance of Richard Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel," and the beautiful singing of Madame Kirkby Lunn. If you have not a uniformly good orchestra, if you have not an inspired director, the chances of a Beethoven symphony, or a Strauss "Tone Poem" receiving adequate interpretation are exceedingly anæmic. There are well brought out passages, an occasional burst of authority and intelligent nuance which are delightfully redolent of Paur or Seidl, who labored as Titans to get artistic results from this particular and peculiar body of men. Seidl died; Paur quietly folded his tent, like a disconcerted Bedouin, and stole away; Damrosch has remained, and to those who understand matters no more need be said, and to those who do not understand matters talking is useless anyway. When critics weep over the performance of the great Beethoven 7th Symphony, one of the grandest of all, one feels inclined to mourn with the prophet, "How long? O Lord! how long?"

The wood winds and brasses are as capricious as a fair lady, and the English horn must be heard to be understood. One must get away from a fundamental law, and our Berlioz tells us that an orchestra cannot be stronger than its weakest part, and it is of no consequence whether this weakest part is an English horn player, oboe player, or director. The Philharmonic Society, until it is overhauled, root and branch, must remain negatively good, with a growing tendency toward becoming positively bad. Truth cannot be disguised.

The music of by-gone days is not entirely un-

familiar to us, for of late years vocalists, instrumentalists and directors have sought for its revival. Indeed, so far as Bach is concerned, we still ramify from his standards. Mr. Dolmetsch, following a natural inclination, has acquired ancient instruments which enable him, assisted by his gifted wife, to give us this grand old music exactly as the dead masters knew it. Besides he has attempted no transcriptions, and plays to us the old, original counterpoint, or harmonic settings. Does all this sound thin or barren to modern ears? Decidedly not. On the contrary, we have had musical nuts of counterpoint to crack which are quite as tough as any presented by Richard Strauss' "Tone Poem" or Berlioz' "Fantastique Symphony."

It seems like a Meissonier being overshadowed by a Titian, but this does not prove that miniatures have no value. At Mr. Dolmetsch's first appearance, which was at Daly's Theatre, this programme was played. It is appended only because of its really valuable properties, for each number received its initial performance in America:

OVERTURE—INTERMEDE ET CHACONN from "Le Malade Imaginaire"
Marc-Antoine Charpentier (1634-1702)

CONCERTO in D major - Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)
For harpsichord, flute and violin, with accompaniment of strings.
Allegro—Affettuoso—Allegro.

SYMPHONY in G-minor - Johann Christian Bach (1735-1782)
Allegro—Andante—Allegro Molto.

a. A SONG—"O, Willow, Willow," accompanied by the lute (Desdemona's song in Shakespeare's "Othello") Anonymus (c. 1550)

b. SONATA for viola d'amore and harpsichord - Attilio Arioste (1660-1740)

c. PREMIER CONCERT - Jean Philip Rameau (1683-1740)
For viola d'amore, viola da gamba and harpsichord.
"La Coulican," "La Livri," "Le Vezinet."

SUITE D'AIRS DE BALLET—Antonio Maria Gasparo Sacchini (1734-1786)

At the other Dolmetsch concerts music of even greater interest was provided: ancient songs, antedating Shakespeare, and frequently alluded to by him; forgotten toccatas, sonatas, etc.; dance tunes and fantasies, long dusty in archives, smiled at us and caused us to ask, with Mr. Dolmetsch, "What is progress?" The instruments revived are: Lute (of 19 strings), viola d'amore, viola da gamba, harpsichord, virginals and clavichord, and the nature of each instrument was lucidly explained.

EMILY GRANT VON TETZEL.



ALWIN SCHROEDER, Violoncello

LOUIS SYCENSKI, Viola

FRANZ KNEISEL, 1st Violin

J. THEODOROWICZ 2nd Violin

THE KNEISEL QUARTET OF BOSTON

THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LIFE



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MISS CECILIA LOFTUS as *Ophelia*

Have You Written a Play?

Do You Want It Produced Free of Expense?

THE THEATRE'S PRIZE PLAY COMPETITION

**Object
of the
Competition**

Anxious to test the truth of the argument frequently advanced that there are in this country many dramatists of talent whose plays have never been produced, owing to keen foreign competition, and to the alleged unwillingness of American theatre managers to experiment with unknown quantities, THE THEATRE starts herewith a COMPETITION FOR AN AMERICAN MADE PLAY, open to all. This vast country, with its teeming millions, its gigantic interests, and widely diversified modes of life and manners, affords an unparalleled field to inspire the imagination of the playwright, and, with the object of encouraging our native writers to turn their talent in this direction, THE THEATRE offers

A METROPOLITAN PRODUCTION WITH A FIRST-CLASS CAST

free of cost, to the author of the best play submitted in this competition, which will open March 1st and close August 1st, 1903.

By arrangement with Charles Frohman the winning play will be produced at a Special Matinee in one of Mr. Frohman's New York Theatres next November

**Method
of Award**

Each play must be submitted anonymously, but should be inscribed with a motto or pseudonym to identify it. As soon as possible after the closing of this competition, the title of the winning play will be announced and the author will be invited to send his name and address to the editor. The non-successful plays will be returned to their owners directly the latter claim and identify their manuscripts and furnish the editor with their address.

**The
Jury**

The plays will be read in the order they are received by the editor and his assistants. This will be only in the nature of a preliminary process of elimination. Plays submitted that are manifestly unsuitable, that is, plays which deal with subjects unfit (according to all the canons of good taste and common sense) for stage treatment, or plays which call for anomalous stage scenery, or extraordinarily long casts, or which are divided into an excessive number of acts—all such impossible plays (showing their authors to be ignorant of the most rudimentary knowledge of the technique of their art) will be weeded out and the plays that remain will be placed in the hands of an expert jury, who will decide, in last resort, which of them is entitled to the prize.

It is evident that on this jury should be men whose names represent the highest in the profession. One, evidently, should be a successful dramatist, in order to judge of the ethical and dramatic value of the play, and the other a successful stage manager, in order to judge of the possibilities of the play in view of a production. The co-operation of such men has been secured and their names will be announced in our next issue. The first will be one of the most successful and prominent of American playwrights, the second the best known and most experienced stage director in this country. Plays of one or more acts may be submitted. It is desirable that a long play win the prize, but if no long play is found to be good enough the prize will be awarded to the three best one-act plays and a triple bill will be presented.

**Condi-
tions**

The only conditions attaching to the competition are: (1) That the competitor be an American. (2) That he or she be a subscriber to THE THEATRE. (3) That Charles Frohman, having courteously placed one of his theatres at the disposal of THE THEATRE for this competition, shall have the first option to purchase the winning play. This does not mean, of course, that the owner of the play is forced to accept Mr. Frohman's terms, but only that Mr. Frohman has the right to make the first bid. In order to comply with Condition 2, each intending competitor, if not already a subscriber to THE THEATRE, should at once send in his subscription to the publishers without stating his or her intention to compete. Each new subscriber, from this date and until the competition is closed, will receive from the publishers a special card bearing no name or mark of identification, but the possession of which will prove the holder to be a subscriber. On sending in his play anonymously the competitor will enclose this special card in his manuscript and this will satisfy the publishers that the competitor is a bona fide subscriber. Those intending competitors who are already subscribers may procure this special card on application to the publishers. It is distinctly understood that this special card is not transferable and may be used only by the applicant. Manuscripts may be sent by mail or delivered at the office of THE THEATRE, 26 W. 33d Street, New York City, Addressed "Prize Play Editor." Manuscripts will be entered as received and every reasonable care will be taken with them, but THE THEATRE will not accept any pecuniary responsibility for them.

**Instruc-
tions**

(1) Have your play typewritten. (2) Keep down the number of your characters; try to have them not exceed ten men and ten women. (3) Avoid intricate or unusual stage settings. (4) Indicate clearly and underscore in red ink all stage directions and business. (5) Send in your play as soon as possible.

THE THEATRE

VOL. III., NO. 25

NEW YORK, MARCH, 1903

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor

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Murillo, St. Louis

MISS BLANCHE WALSH AS MASLOVA IN THE STAGE VERSION OF TOLSTOI'S NOVEL, "RESURRECTION"



Hall, N. Y.

LORD CARDINGTON
(Lawrence D'Orsay)

HARRIET FORDYCE
(Elizabeth Tyree)

LORD CARDINGTON: "I've just received a telegram from Sarah"

"THE EARL OF PAWTUCKET" AT THE MADISON SQUARE THEATRE

PLAYS and PLAYERS

ONE penalty of success is the necessity for expansion which comes with increase in business. Although THE THEATRE is barely two years old, this magazine has not only outgrown the offices it has hitherto occupied, but its rapidly growing circulation, resulting naturally in its own development and prosperity, has compelled the publishers to give up an important part of their long-established retail business of foreign books, periodicals, etc., in order to devote more time and energy to the manufacture of THE THEATRE. The almost phenomenal success this magazine has met with is the best reward of our efforts. We entered a field heretofore unoccupied, and have received from the public such substantial endorsement and support that we are more than encouraged to continue to make every effort to maintain that high standard and absolute independence to which the extraordinary success of THE THEATRE alone must be attributed. THE THEATRE now occupies its own building at 26 West 33d Street, with commodious offices for the editorial, circulation and advertising departments.

Still another cause we have for self-congratulation is that the suit brought by our esteemed contemporary, *Le Théâtre*, of Paris, has resulted in a complete victory for this magazine, the French court having refused to give Messrs. Manzi, Joyant & Co., publishers of *Le Théâtre*, satisfaction on any single one of the charges contained in their complaint. This suit was unique in the history of the publishing business in the sense that it was an attempt by a foreign firm to arbitrarily interfere with an American house, and prevent it, not only from selling this magazine in France, but probably with the ulterior object of preventing it from being published in the United States. It was charged by the complainants in a similar action brought in this country, among other things, that THE THEATRE was a wilful imitation of the French periodical, and that its publica-

tion here injured the sale of *Le Théâtre*, since many persons purchased THE THEATRE, mistaking it for the French magazine. Messrs. Meyer Bros. & Co., publishers of THE THEATRE, in their answer, denied that THE THEATRE had ever been represented by them as being an American edition of *Le Théâtre*; they pointed out that THE THEATRE is printed in the English language, and deals almost exclusively with the American stage, whereas *Le Théâtre* is printed in the French language and deals almost exclusively with the French stage, and they also argued that the probable monthly sales of *Le Théâtre* in this country do not exceed 500 copies, whereas the monthly sales of THE THEATRE already exceed 45,000. Some idea may be gleaned of the absurdities of some of the charges when it is known that the French firm objected to our spelling the title of this magazine "Theatre," they claiming that the proper English spelling is "Theater," the inference being that we chose to spell it "Theatre" so that purchasers might be led to think this magazine was the French publication! Has comic opera ever been more comic than this?

Elsewhere in this issue will be found an announcement calculated to interest everybody who has written a play, and also everybody who has ever contemplated writing a play. Few professions hold out rewards as great as that of the dramatist, and as almost everybody who can write a straight sentence is ambitious to win the laurels of the playwright, success on the stage is regarded as the grand prize of the literary career. It has frequently been claimed that the American writer has little chance of securing a hearing, inasmuch as American theatre managers prefer to produce foreign plays which have already proved successful abroad to making experiments with unknown quantities. This, to a great extent, is true, and it will remain true until there is established in this country a National Theatre, which, between two plays of equal merit, will give the preference to the home-made



LAWRENCE D'ORSAY

Recently made a hit as the English Lord in Augustus Thomas' new comedy, "The Earl of Pawtucket"

tain resemblance to "Quality Street," but without that literary flavor which makes all Mr. Barrie's work delightful.

The proposition, briefly put, is this: An elderly professor has certain ideas of his own regarding the proper bringing up of girls. He conceives the plan of adopting a public foundling, educating her according to his views, and marrying her when she comes to years of discretion. In theory, the experiment is flawless; in practice, it is a failure. The professor happens to have a handsome young nephew, who promptly falls in love with his uncle's pretty ward. The maiden returns his flame, but, led to believe her young lover false, she is ready to wed her guardian. The latter, however, realizes that her heart is elsewhere, and ends by retiring in favor of his younger rival.

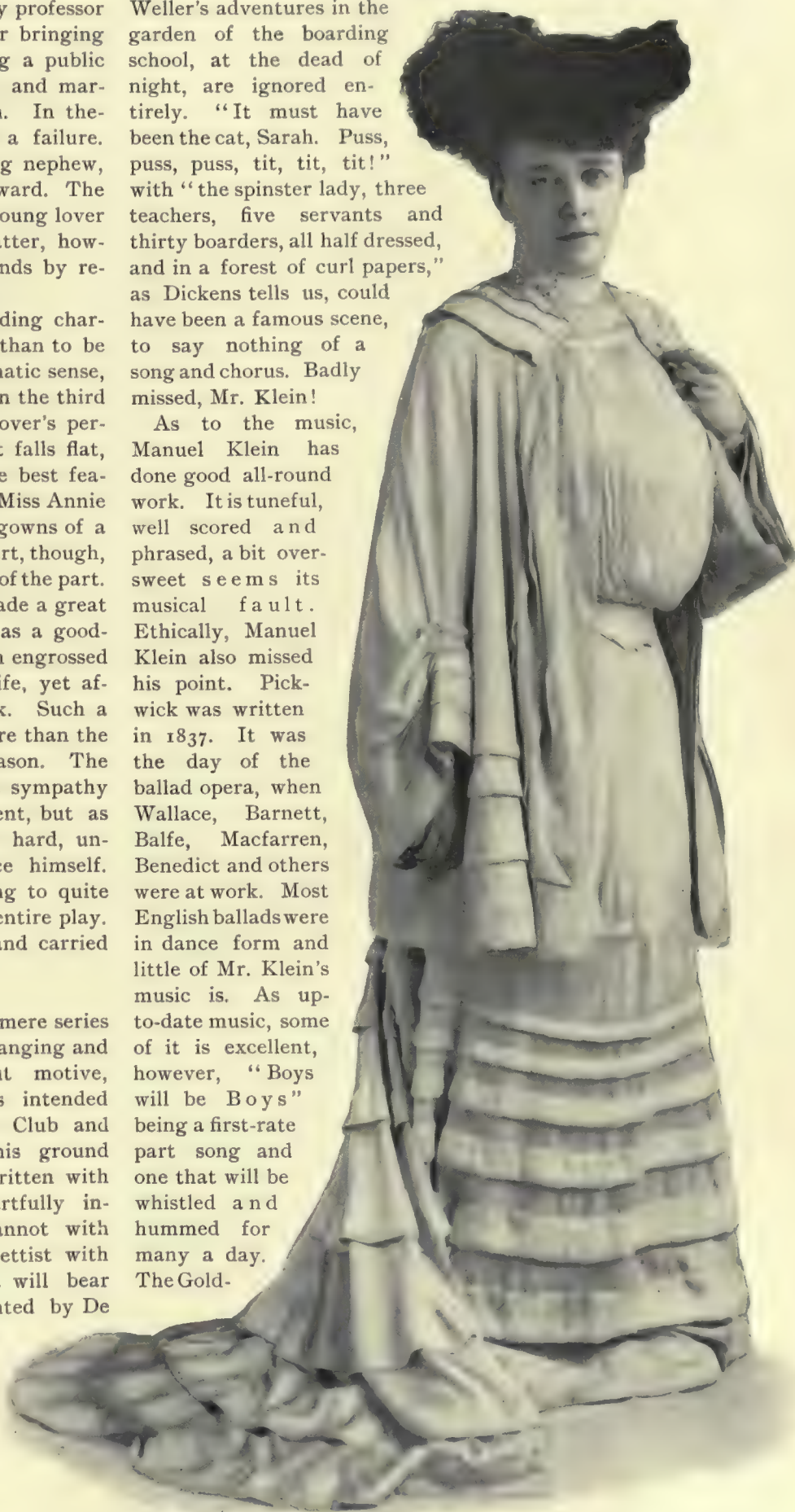
It is a typical Maud Adams play, and the leading character makes no other demands upon the actress than to be sweet and ingenuous. Of situations, in the dramatic sense, there are none, the only attempt at one being in the third act, when Peggy thinks she sees proof of her lover's perfidy. This is entirely conventional, and, since it falls flat, is a defect in an otherwise charming play, the best feature of which is the crisp and natural dialogue. Miss Annie Russell is always an artiste, and in her quaint gowns of a century ago looks very sweet and lovable. The part, though, will not rank with her best. But that is the fault of the part.

In the London production Forbes Robertson made a great hit as the bachelor guardian, which he played as a good-hearted, absent-minded man of science, too much engrossed in books to heed the sentimental interests of life, yet affectionate and lovable under the outward mask. Such a man would deserve the ward's love—certainly more than the stern, morose person as presented by John Mason. The playwright's object evidently was to arouse the sympathy of the audience for the professor's disappointment, but as it was every one rejoiced with Peggy when the hard, unsympathetic pedant finally decided to sacrifice himself. Here is an illustration of how an actor, failing to quite grasp the playwright's intention, can weaken an entire play. Orrin Johnson made a dashing young lover and carried conviction.

If it be objected that the Pickwick papers are a mere series of adventures, in which the scenes are always changing and the characters come and go almost without motive, one must remember that each "paper" was intended to recount a certain outing of the Pickwick Club and that Charles Dickens never departed from this ground plan. It is obvious, therefore, that a work written with a view to such consideration, without an artfully interwoven or ingeniously complicated plot, cannot with reason be expected to furnish a dramatist or librettist with material for a play or musical comedy that will bear critical analysis. In the version lately presented by De Wolfe Hopper at the Herald Square Theatre, book by Charles Klein, music by Manuel Klein so much that is vitally humorous in the papers is omitted, to make room for a lot of horse play and burlesque, particularly in the second act, that it is small wonder that a "sequel" is announced for next season. The runaway is as well shown as possible, but the delicious incident when Pickwick and his friends are taken

for horse thieves is a situation which is enough to make one hold one's sides for safety. Again, Mr. Pickwick's and Sam Weller's adventures in the garden of the boarding school, at the dead of night, are ignored entirely. "It must have been the cat, Sarah. Puss, puss, puss, tit, tit, tit!" with "the spinster lady, three teachers, five servants and thirty boarders, all half dressed, and in a forest of curl papers," as Dickens tells us, could have been a famous scene, to say nothing of a song and chorus. Badly missed, Mr. Klein!

As to the music, Manuel Klein has done good all-round work. It is tuneful, well scored and phrased, a bit oversweet seems its musical fault. Ethically, Manuel Klein also missed his point. Pickwick was written in 1837. It was the day of the ballad opera, when Wallace, Barnett, Balfe, Macfarren, Benedict and others were at work. Most English ballads were in dance form and little of Mr. Klein's music is. As up-to-date music, some of it is excellent, however, "Boys will be Boys" being a first-rate part song and one that will be whistled and hummed for many a day. The Gold-



Burr McIntosh, N. Y.

MISS CLARA BLOODGOOD

As she appears in Clyde Fitch's comedy, "The Girl with the Green Eyes"

en Rule song, in the first act, seems the best music in the piece. Mr. Hopper is a genuine mirth-provoker. "I am in a mirthful mood; come, have a laugh with me," he seems to say at every entrance and no one ever refuses the invitation. Grant Stewart has done well with the lyrics for the piece, but Jingle is not his line of business. Digby Bell does not understand the part of Sam Weller. Sam was not a costermonger, but a gentleman's gentleman. Miss Marguerite Clark as "Polly" made a decided hit. This is the most delicious bit of soubrette femininity that Broadway has seen for a long time. Miss Louise Gunning also sings and looks well as Arabella, but the part is a mere bit.

"Resurrection," the stage version of Tolstoi's book, now being presented at the Victoria Theatre, is a play that is worth while. It is melodrama, technically speaking, since organ music and choruses mingle with its absorbing story of human sin and misery, but it is not melodrama in the tawdry sense. There is not a note that rings false, no gallery heroics, no fustian sentiment. It is a play, more potent in its moral lesson than any sermon, which rivets the attention from the start and holds you fascinated to the end. Those theatre-goers who seek in the playhouse something else than mere entertainment, something that makes the brain think and the heart throb, something that lifts a veil on phases of life beyond one's ken, will flock in crowds to see this tremendous drama.

It is the eternal story of the Magdalene, not the luxurious courtesan of Imperial Rome, lately shown to us by Mrs. Fiske, but the squalid wanton of modern, official-ridden Russia, Prince Nekludof wrongs Katusha, a dependent in his household, who later becomes an inmate of a house of ill-fame. While there she is accused of poisoning one of the frequenters

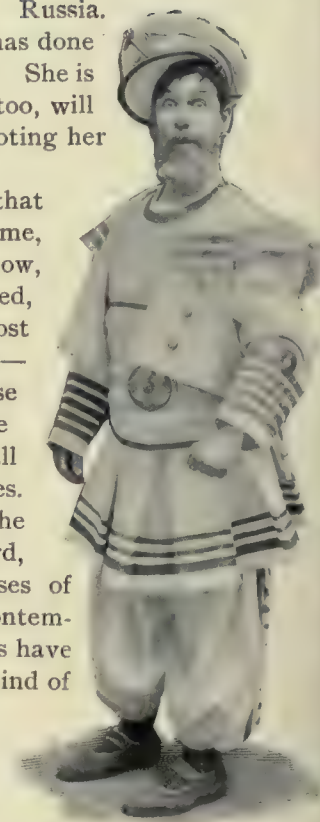
of the place. She is brought to trial and Prince Nekludof serves on the jury which tries her. The Prince, horror stricken on recognizing his victim, pleads with his fellow-jurors to acquit her, but she is condemned to Siberia. Nekludof now devotes his life to making reparation to the woman he has so cruelly wronged. He visits Katusha [now known as Maslova] in prison and she curses him when he offers to marry her. Soon afterward, however, the woman's spiritual redemption takes place. She admits she loves Nekludof, but she refuses the great sacrifice he would make, and although she has been pardoned, she marries a fellow-convict who loves her. The foregoing are the main outlines of this powerful story. It is all logical and true, and Nekludof's attitude is consistent. Any man with a conscience should act as he did, given similar circumstances. But Katusha is ready to make even a greater sacrifice, because she loves Nekludof. She sees plainly enough that his generous offer of marriage would end only in misery to them both, and that the best proof of her love would be to send him back

to the fiancée awaiting him in Russia. Nothing can mend the past. He has done all that mortal man can do to atone. She is a free woman, thanks to him; she, too, will now seek to redeem the past by devoting her life to a fellow-sufferer.

There are scenes in the play that are very harrowing and grewsome, especially that of the prison at Moscow, with its hideous crowd of besotted, quarrelling harpies, a scene almost terrifying in its revolting realism—but it thrills and holds you because you know it is true, and life. The drama in its highest estate is not all pink teas and ping-pong parties. When the dramatist touches the deeper notes on the human keyboard, he must necessarily present phases of existence not always pleasant to contemplate. To pretend that such themes have no place on the stage is the worst kind of phariseism.

The play is admirably acted. Miss Blanche Walsh has been before the public for some years, but nothing she has heretofore done has given any hint of the powers she displays in the part of the unhappy Katusha. She struck the right note in the seduction scene at the start and made no error later in her truly remarkable portrayal of the wretched abandoned woman convict. She is terribly realistic where she uses all the wiles of the gutter courtesan in cajoling Nekludof to give her money, but it is all true and necessary for the faithful delineation of the character. Joseph Haworth makes a manly and sincere Nekludof. Every note, every line in the play, showing the deep remorse of the man, and his determination to atone is brought out by the actor with telling force. He is natural and earnest, and a character which in less competent hands might easily seem an insufferable prig stands boldly out as one of the most original and admirable characters ever seen on the stage. The drama, while gloomy enough, is not unenlivened with good comedy. The jury scene, with the jurors all talking at once, each anxious to get through with the trial so he can go home to dinner, is one of the most amusing we have ever witnessed and is admirably acted, Hugo Toland deserving special mention. Miss Beverly Sitgreaves, who played the fiancée, and the Misses Harriet Sterling and Florence Gerard, both of whom made hits as prison types, likewise deserve praise. Indeed, the entire cast was excellent and showed the guiding hand of a very capable and artistic stage director.

Augustus Thomas' latest piece, "The Earl of Pawtucket," at the Madison Square Theatre, is a success. Mr. Thomas' individuality and humor prevail where without them his bare plot would not stand analysis. Why? Because in the fulness of his gifts he entertains us without regard to the solidity of the structure of the play. Would it be less "life," and would it not be clearer and more enter-



Hall, N. Y.

DAN McAVOY as MR. BLUEBEARD



Hall, N. Y.

MISS NORMA KOPP

As Abdallah in "Mr. Bluebeard"

one. But while waiting for this dramatic millennium, THE THEATRE offers its readers an opportunity to test their talents in this direction. We start on March 1 a Prize Play Competition, and the prize offered is the one the ambitious playwright covets most—a metropolitan production, with a first-class cast. By arrangement with Charles Frohman, the winning play will be produced at a special matinée in one of Mr. Frohman's Broadway theatres next Fall. It is expected that a large number of plays will be submitted, but no matter how large the number may be, competitors may be sure of fair play. THE THEATRE pledges itself that the competition will be conducted honorably and honestly. THE BEST PLAY WILL WIN. The names of the judges will be announced in our next issue. We may recall here the fact that the successful career of Martha Morton, the author of "His Wife's Father," "A Bachelor's Romance," etc., began as the result of a competition of this kind. That was twelve years ago, when Miss Morton's drama, "The Merchant," was produced at the Union Square Theatre by the New York World. If THE THEATRE's competition succeeds in producing another American playwright as successful, we shall feel we have not labored in vain.

PROBLEMS

All Broadway shows are problem plays,
With seats that cost \$2 per —
The problem being, how to raise
The price,
And twice,
When you take *her*.

At the Princess Theatre, in "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," the external semblances of fashionable and pampered life have been brought to view with a completeness hitherto unknown to the stage. At one point in the action, in a tapestried room, oval at the back, and consequently pleasing in its novel form, with engravings, no doubt from the most distinguished artists, and pendant from pink ribbons, and with furniture gilded and shaped according to æsthetic designs, tea is served for two. Certainly no objection can be urged against tea as a dramatic device, or as a proof of an author's intimate knowledge of society as it is. In fact, tea may be justly regarded as essential to modern comedy. But the characteristic thing about this particular play is that Clyde Fitch has even surpassed himself in his love of detail. The salver is about three feet in circumference, with tea-pot, sugar-bowl, cream-pitcher, cups and saucers, sugar-tongs and spoons of proper proportion and exquisiteness of shape—all presumably of solid gold. One would naturally think the play had been staged by Ready Money Mortiboy, and we should not be surprised to see, on some coigne of vantage, a bale of greenbacks. And sure enough, when the cumulative troubles of Mrs. Johnson determine her to take flight from Paris to some southern resort, where the orange blossoms, denied to her by the exigencies of the drama, are in bloom, she sends a messenger for tickets for self and maid, first taking from her escritoire a



MISS GRACE GEORGE
Now appearing in the West in her new play, "Pretty Peggy"

Byron, N. Y.



Photo Byron

MRS. JOHNSON
(Miss Amelia Bingham)MRS. FRANK MORELY
(Miss Minnie Dupree)JIM MORELY
(Wilton Lackaye)

"THE FRISKY MRS. JOHNSON" AT THE PRINCESS

JIM MORELY: "We'll go home to America with you"

package of notes of the Bank of France. There can be no doubt that these are genuine bills!

The opening scene discloses the fact that Mrs. Frank Morely, Jim's sister-in-law, is the mistress of a little shrimp of an English lord, appropriately named Lord Bertie Heathcote. Lord Bertie has provided a "cozy flat" for her, and suggests that she come with him at once. We are asked to sympathize with this type of American woman living abroad. Is this truth? Is it satire? A telegram from the shrimp of a lord is intercepted by the husband, and the frisky Mrs. Johnson claims the message as her own, and so saves the day for the degenerate Mrs. Morely. In the dénouement the real facts come out. The wife confesses. The husband is naturally enraged, but after argument consents to let his wife get the divorce. The play is impossible. Mr. Fitch's qualities are fine and extraordinary; but the acceptance of plays is not always decided by fineness of detail. If, however, we consent to disregard what should be and essentially is the main action of the play, and accept the impossible in centring our attention upon the relations between Mrs. Johnson and Jim Morely as comedy, we must

praise the acting of Miss Amelia Bingham, as the sister of the wife, and of Wilton Lackaye, as the brother of the husband. Miss Bingham is charming. She is attractive in every way—sweet of voice, expressive of eye, with a visage that fits the ideal for the stage, equally telling in contour or in full front. She is graceful and, above all, she has that without which nothing else counts—a quick intelligence that guides every shadow of emotion. She and Mr. Lackaye alone will give the piece what vogue it may have. The sympathetic personality of Miss Minnie Dupree, the wife, was swamped in her mimic character. It was the misfortune of Mr. Gottschalk to be cast as Lord "Bertie." There is an odor about the play that will not do, and this opinion will be confirmed as soon as Lord Bertie Heathcote and his mistress, Mrs. Frank Morely, show their faces forty miles outside of New York.

As Mrs. Ryley's comedy, "Mice and Men," is presented at the Garrick Theatre it is not easy to understand the furore this piece created in England. It is a pretty little play, wholesome in motive, slight in structure, and bearing a cer-

taining, if, at the beginning of the action, we knew certain facts which, in a wrong sequence, are brought out later? We have explanation, whereas the action would be self-explanatory. By accident, the Earl has assumed the name of the divorced husband of the woman he hopes to marry in America. She discovers his ruse. We get situations in which he is "forced" to pay alimony, borrows money from a relative of the woman, and is accused of fraud, and is finally unmasked as the Earl of Pawtucket. The complications are cleared up and he wins at his game of hazard. Theoretically there is a plot, but that plot is too often in the air. The audience should never have to ask "Why?" once in a play. Here they are constantly asking it. However, Mr. Thomas has written a farce that is charming in its character drawing, and has vastly clever dialogue. Lawrence D'Orsay, for whom the part of the Earl was written, could hardly be described as playing it, for, while thoroughly artistic, he is the part itself. And this is a great deal better than the absurd imitations which we are constantly seeing of titled Englishmen. Miss Bessie Tyree is no less successful than Mr. D'Orsay.

Charles F. Nirdlinger has taken the measure of Louis Mann, and in "The Consul," recently seen at the Princess, has supplied him with something in the nature of a play which serves to divert audiences. Mr. Mann's part of the work is genuine, and truth marks all that he does, even in the most extravagant moments of a play which properly would be classed as extravaganza. Indeed, in outline and intent and possibilities, "The Consul" would

have been a welcome inspiration to the genius of Gilbert. The drollery of the character and the action consists in the assumption, under an error, of the consulship in an imaginary country by an Americanized German, who carries matters with a high hand. If "The Consul" were better worked out, actor and author would share in a distinct success of some permanence; but many changes will have to be made before the actor gets his full reward.



Otto Sarony Co.
ORRIN JOHNSON IN "MICE AND MEN"

The attempt to produce plays in the manner of the Elizabethan era was an inspiration that had an unsubstantial ground for a belief in its profitable result. Naturally, Frank Lea Short's essay at what was practically a novelty could be nothing more than an experiment. It was a very pleasing and instructive one. "Romeo and Juliet" was the first play presented. It was played unequally, some of the passages admirably, but this inequality made it difficult to assign praise. Miss Fernandu Eliscu is a young actress of well-directed ambition. Her Juliet lacked the traditional points, but she possesses a natural force and intelligence that should count in the end.

In "The Bold Soger Boy," by Theodore Burt Sayre, Andrew Mack finds a suitable medium for those qualities which he possesses as an actor for the entertainment of his particular following. The Irish singing comedian has usually been supplied with plays with an all-permeating emerald hue. In this case the bold soger boy wears the uniform of his country of adoption, and Staten Island is the scene of the action, which begins with comedy, passes into song, arrives at moments of



Byron, N. Y.

THE CYCLONE SCENE IN "THE WIZARD OF OZ" AT THE MAJESTIC THEATRE



Hall, N. Y.

One of the "sensations" in "Mr. Bluebeard" at the Knickerbocker Theatre comes at the end of the second act, when a young woman—Fraulein Heering of the Grigolatis flying ballet—starts in graceful flight from the stage and, soaring over the heads of the audience, almost touches the rail of the gallery, all the while scattering flowers over those below. The flying ballet consists of seven very beautiful women. The flight of the aerial dancers is governed by ropes, which are manipulated by judgment of weight. While the mechanical principle is the pendulum, by a secret mechanical device they can be sent through the air and made to light on any given spot on the stage in such a way as to appear as if the dancers entirely guided their own movements. To render possible the flight over the audience, a slot had to be cut in the great painting over the proscenium arch of the theatre, allowing for the play of the wire, which was made especially for this feat and will sustain, it is said, with absolute safety, a weight of one thousand pounds. As the dancer weighs only about 110 pounds, the factor of safety is ten.

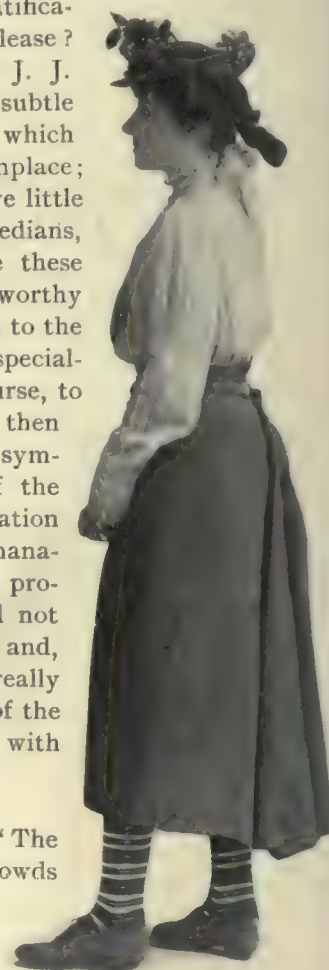
manages one or two situations of real dramatic force, and Mr. Mack's songs will find their way to many a heart.

The only trouble about "The Jewel of Asia," the new musical extravaganza at the Criterion, is that one sees too little of the jewel, otherwise known as Miss Blanche Ring. That this comely, clever girl will eventually blossom out into a musical or dramatic star of considerable magnitude, no one who has studied her can doubt. In the present piece she has practically nothing to do. Indeed, the only excuse for her presence at all would seem to be a laudable desire on the part of the management to bolster up what is a rather knock-kneed performance. James T. Powers, the titular star of the production, is a host in himself, and one of the very few genuinely funny comedians on the stage, but Mr. Powers cannot be expected to be the whole show in himself. There are pretty girls and costumes and Mr. Englander's music is tuneful, but, frankly, the piece will hardly do.

strenuous drama and ends in the vindication of the young lover at all points. The result of this partial Americanization of this form of drama is satisfactory, but if the demand is for entire loyalty to the romanticism of the actual Ireland, it is very certain that Mr. Mack demonstrated in his acting capabilities that would carry him to success in modern comedy of a less restricted kind. Mr. Sayre with good art

The growing popularity of that formless, vacuous kind of stage entertainment known as "musical comedy" is one of the most discouraging signs of the theatrical times, and a serious difficulty that promoters of the legitimate drama have to contend with. The great favor with which such pieces as "The Billionaire," "The Wizard of Oz," "The Silver Slipper," "A Chinese Honeymoon," "Mr. Bluebeard," etc., are received by a large class of paying theatre-goers cannot, of course, be ignored by the practical manager, whom no one can blame for giving the public what it seems to want. Every one will admit that extravaganza rightfully has its place on the stage. A changing kaleidoscope of color and movement, shapely girls and wondrous costumes, with (sometimes) pretty jingling music, the average show of this kind constitutes entertainment agreeable to the senses, requiring little intellectual effort to follow, and, therefore, as welcome to the weary man of business as to those parasites of society whose sluggish brain-cells discourage work at any time, and are particularly inactive during the process of digesting a rich dinner. But are these shows good of their kind? Are they not, for the most part, noise, tinsel and calcium? "Mr. Bluebeard," the spectacular piece from Drury Lane, London, and now being presented to crowded houses at the Knickerbocker, evidently cost a small fortune to put on. The people employed number several hundreds, and the principals include two of the cleverest low comedians in the country, Dan McAvoy and Eddie Foy. And as for the gorgeous costumes and the splendor of the stage settings, what pen could do justice to their beauty? But apart from these externals, apart from this mere gratification of the eye, what is there to please? Surely not the lyrics, into which J. J. McNally has injected his not very subtle humor; certainly not the music, which seldom rises above the commonplace; hardly the singers, who, frankly, have little voice to boast of, and as to the comedians, the librettists have failed to give these clever performers rôles in any way worthy of their ability, thus reducing them to the painful necessity of introducing their specialties, which are quite foreign, of course, to the story at issue. There remain, then only the graceful aerial ballet, the symmetrical and multi-colored limbs of the chorus and the dazzling transformation scenes. The natural query is why managers, when investing fortunes in productions of this importance, should not get singers who can really sing, and, above all, insist on books that are really witty. That is the real weakness of the modern musical comedy. The books, with rare exceptions, are worthless.

The same criticism applies to "The Wizard of Oz," which is drawing crowds nightly to the new Majestic Theatre, one of the handsomest and most comfortable playhouses in the metropolis. It is a wealth



Marceau

MRS. WILLIE COLLIER

As Mary MacLane, the Chicago novelist (Weber and Fields)

of excellent material wasted on a poor book. Fred A. Stone, as the animated scarecrow, and David C. Montgomery, as the rusty tin man, are, indeed, inimitable comedians, and as long as they hold the boards dull care is banished. Miss Annie Laughlin, too, is dainty, and Miss Bessie Wynn, a pretty woman with a sympathetic voice, is pleasing. The comical lion of Arthur Hill also makes a hit. Stone and Montgomery, however, are the soul of the performance. Apart from them the humor palls. The different stage pictures, it is true, are marvels of the scene painter's art. Especially beautiful is the field of poppies, with its changing colors. But it is only scenery, and after one gasp of admiration all is over. Where, oh where, are the dainty duos, the jolly trios, the incidental and interpolated songs which in W. S. Gilbert's day made pieces of this kind so delightful? It is a very old complaint, and is only accentuated now because the splendid series of Gilbertian lyrics linger in the critical memory. Before Gilbert's time the humorist lyrical output in England was very poor, consisting mostly of parodies and puns. H. J. Byron's were almost entirely such, and so of Byron's imitators. Gilbert struck out brilliantly for himself, and since his exhaustion we have had nothing from England but Gilbert and water. On this side of the Atlantic it has been much the same story—the Gilbert models without the Gilbert inspiration, or the fine technical Gilbert touch. The form, indeed, is more nearly approached than the spirit, and the sense is lost in labyrinthic rhymes that sound a little like the rattle of birdshot on the barn door. Until some one with Gilbert's wit and mirthful spirit strikes out a new verse scheme, we may expect the complaint about the lyrics to recur, and scenery, ballet and calcium will be the only excuse for the existence of these huge spectacular productions.



Photo Byron, N. Y.

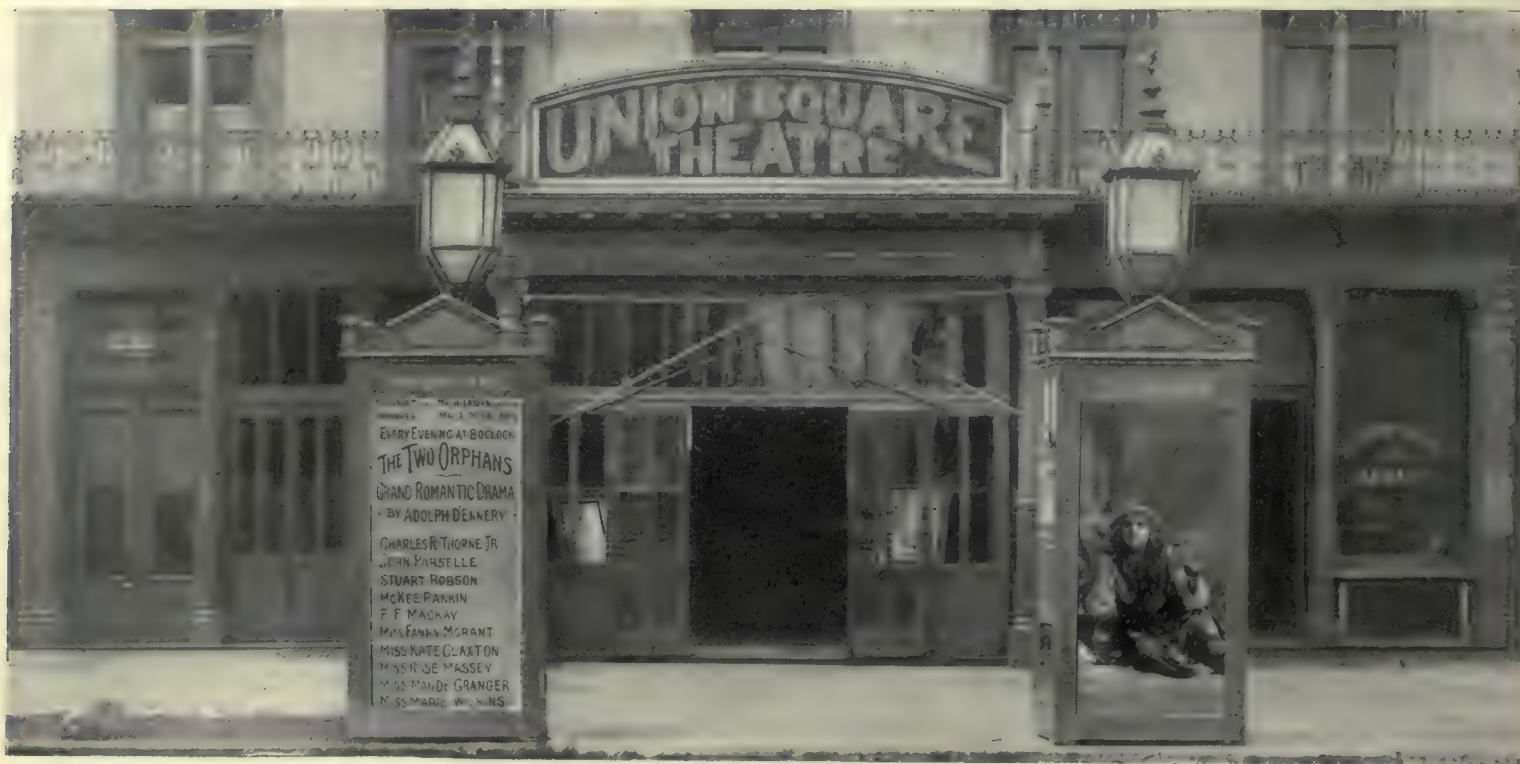
WILLIAM SEYMOUR

MISS MARLOWE

MISS JULIA MARLOWE AT REHEARSAL ON THE STAGE OF THE CRITERION THEATRE, NEW YORK

The above picture shows Miss Marlowe on the stage of the Criterion Theatre, New York, making suggestions regarding the production of "The Cavalier," while her manager, William Seymour, goes over the manuscript. When Miss Marlowe is preparing a new play she directs all the rehearsals herself. Not only does she study and work out her own rôle, but also those of her supporting players. Her attention to the morning's work is distracted a dozen times by carpenters, costumers and others who consult her upon details concerning their work. She is fortunate if it is all over by 12:30 and she can go to luncheon. Sometimes she becomes so absorbed in her work that she ignores hunger entirely, and fails to notice the frantic beckonings of her executive staff, who try to induce her to take some refreshment. One day, when busy with rehearsals of "The Cavalier," she so far forgot time that it was four o'clock in the afternoon before she released the famished players, who had eaten nothing since breakfast. Nor had she, for that matter, but she did not mind it until she reached her hotel and was wondering why she felt so faint. After luncheon the work of the afternoon is taken up. The anxious young women of the company group themselves around the star, each declaring she looks perfectly horrid in the gowns selected for her, asking if the dresses can't be changed in this or that detail, and if not, why not, for if not the wearer will be broken-hearted. Miss Marlowe smooths away these difficulties and the rehearsal begins again. When there are no matinées, rehearsals continue until 5 o'clock. Now and again the star will be interrupted by interviewers. One wants to know what she thinks of the present-day tendency towards the dramatization of novels. Another desires her opinion on a possible revival of the fashions women wore during the Civil War; a third wishes her to give advice to young women who aspire to a dramatic career, and still another wants her formula for the care of the complexion. Is it a wonder that our actresses sometimes give way under the strain?

A.M. Palmer and the Union Square Theatre



EXTERIOR OF THE OLD UNION SQUARE AS IT APPEARED DURING THE MANAGEMENT OF A. M. PALMER. THIS BUILDING WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE IN 1888

The theatre managers of New York, following the initiative of Charles Frohman, are preparing to tender a great testimonial to Albert M. Palmer, to take place at the Metropolitan Opera House early in May, in recognition of that veteran manager's long and valuable services to the American stage. One play will be presented with an all-star cast, and as our most prominent players will probably seek the honor of appearing, the performance promises to be as memorable a one as the famous Lester Wallack testimonial in 1881. The following article gives an interesting account of Mr. Palmer's managerial career, one of the most brilliant and fruitful periods the American stage has ever known:

THE playhouse which, for more than a generation, has been known as the Union Square Theatre, was built by Sheridan Shook in 1870. It was erected on the site occupied by the dining-room of what was the Union Square Hotel but is now the Morton House. It was first opened in September, 1871, and devoted to vaudeville and operetta; but the box-office not flourishing, Albert M. Palmer—then acting as librarian of the Mercantile Library—was invited to become partner and manager. Mr. Palmer accepted, and in May, 1872, began the work which made the Union Square Theatre and himself famous throughout the world.

But how to make a theatre succeed that had not a play in its locker, and whose stage door was cheek-by-jowl with the stage door of Wallack's, the most celebrated theatre in America? How rival the prestige of Lester Wallack himself, and persuade the refined portion of the public there were plays as interesting as the "fine old English comedies" and without their coarseness? Luck helped Mr. Palmer. He knew Col. Olcott, who had not yet become a theosophist, and Col. Olcott was acquainted with Miss Agnes Ethel, for whom Sardou was writing "Andrea." A contract was thus effected between actress and manager. So far so good. But meanwhile the theatre was to be opened

Sept. 17, 1872; August's last week had arrived, and "Andrea" had *not*! Suppose it shouldn't? But it did, just three weeks before the opening. Everything was at once in commotion. Marston put lightning into his brush and painted the scenery. Olcott and Hart Jackson did the translating. Then it was found, to the general consternation, that the ending was tragic, and Charles Fechter was requested to call the lovers back to life, and contrive a happy dénouement. Wonders of work were done in those three weeks, and on

the evening of Sept. 17, 1872, "Andrea," re-christened "Agnes," was triumphantly presented with a cast that included Agnes Ethel, Plessy Mordaunt, Phillis Glover, Emily Mestayer, D. H. Harkins, Mark Smith, E. Lamb, George Parkes, Welsh Edwards, F. F. Mackay, not to mention others.

This was the beginning of a series of successes, seldom interrupted by failure, during the eleven years that Mr. Palmer remained manager of the Union Square. This instantaneousness of action so as to reverse unfavorable conditions, this securing of the right persons to do the right thing, this amalgamation of his whole soul, so to speak, with the imperative interests of the hour, are the explanation of the triumphs that trod on one another's heels. To these qualities were added a refinement of feeling, a cultivation of the intellect, a love of art for



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ALBERT M. PALMER



From collection of A.M. Palmer
J. H. STODDART
As Pierre Michel in "Rose Michel"

"Frou-Frou," "Fernande," "Caste," "Jane Eyre," "The Geneva Cross," "The Wicked World," until finally Octave Feuillet's "L'Éclair," translated and adapted by Dion Boucicault, was produced early in December, 1873, and ran until May 14, 1874, being then withdrawn to make place for Clara Morris' "Camille," at once recognized as original and powerful.

After the close of Miss Morris' engagement, in June, 1874, the weeks from that date until December 17 of the same year were filled up with a miscellaneous selection of old plays, with the exception of Bartley Campbell's "Peril," which accomplished a success, subsequently completely eclipsed by his "My Partner." But on the date just specified, after much tribulation, one of the greatest plays of its kind, if not the great-

est, "The Two Orphans," was produced, with a result so brilliant that its run closed only with June 15th of the following year. Adolph d'Ennery, its author, in consequence of a former misunderstanding, promised the Hart Jackson, Mr. Palmer's agent, to let him have this play in compensation. Jackson, on receiving the play, glanced through it, and told Mr. Palmer that it would never do for the Union Square, as it was a Bowery melodrama. Mr. Palmer, who had not examined it, told Jackson

to get it translated and sell it to J. B. Booth for \$1,500, if no more could be got. Jackson set off to find Booth, and meanwhile Mr. Palmer thought it would do no harm to take a look at the play. By chance he picked up, at the translator's, the fifth tableau, which deals with Henrietta and the Nun and Marianne in the prison of La Salpêtrière. He was so entranced by this scene that his eyes filled with tears, while, at the same instant, his heart gave an almost deadly jump at the thought that this treasure had passed

from him for the paltry sum of \$1,500. Enter Hart Jackson. "Have you sold the play?" "No; Booth went to sleep over it." If Palmer never danced before he danced then, for he was hugging a treasure such as seldom comes to any manager more than once in a lifetime. "The Two Orphans" was produced with a cast that included Thorne, Parselle, Robson, Rankin, Mackay, Rose Eytinge, Fanny Morant, Kate Claxton, Kitty Blanchard, Marie Wilkins and Ida Vernon. Subsequently Kate Claxton made an arrangement with Mr. Palmer whereby she became its exclusive possessor, and played in it almost continuously for twenty years.

Mr. Palmer has doubtless been anathematized by many American dramatists for producing so few plays written by Americans. Yet he has produced "A Business Woman," by Olive Logan; "Peril" and "My Partner," by Bartley Campbell; "The Gilded Age," dramatized from Mark Twain's story; "Conscience," in which an American and an Englishman collaborated; "The Two Men of Sandy Bar," by Bret Harte; "The Banker's Daughter," by Bronson Howard; "The False Friend," by Edgar Fawcett; "Two Nights in Rome," by A. C. Gunter; "Deacon Crankett," by John Habberton; "Alabama," by Augustus Thomas; "Chimmie



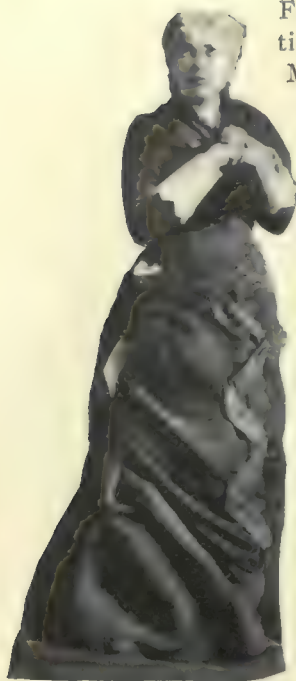
From collection of Evert Jansen Wendell
SARA JEWETT
As Henriette in "The Two Orphans"



From collection of Evert Jansen Wendell
KATE CLAXTON
As Louise in "The Two Orphans"



From collection of A.M. Palmer
JOHN PARSELLE
In "Rose Michel"



Collection of Evert J. Wendell
CLARA MORRIS as Miss Multon

Fadden," by E. Townsend; "Sealed Instructions," by Mrs. Verplanck, and a few others. Mr. Palmer did more for unknown American dramatists than any other manager has done since. He was a manager who trusted his own judgment, and one of his guiding mottoes was, "I had rather make a failure after using my judgment than because I hadn't used it."

Among plays produced during the years intervening from February, 1877, to May, 1883, were "Miss Multon," whose story is a refined version of "East Lynne"; "The Danicheffs," "Smike," "Poor Jo," "Pink Dominoes," "Struck Oil," "The Mother's Secret," "The Man of Success," "A Celebrated Case," on the eve of producing which the House of Palmer and the House of Wallack, the latter instigated by Dion Boucicault, were at war with each other, the House of Wallack claiming the right to produce a version which was to have

been prepared by Boucicault; "Olivia," "Mother and Son," "Lost Children," which might better, perhaps, have been named "Stolen Children," bearing in mind the sources of supply; "French Flats," "A False Friend," "Daniel Rochat," in which Charles Thorne surprised every one by the polish of his manner; "Felicia," "Forget-Me-Not," "The Doctor of Lima," in which the great Janauschek had little to do but to exclaim: "I am so hungry," with a hundred different inflections; "A Parisian Romance," wherein Mansfield laid the cornerstone of his career by splendidly acting Baron Chevrial, for which Mr. Stoddart had been cast, but to which he deplored his inability to do justice; "The Lights o' London," and "Far from the Madding Crowd." The last plays produced at the Union Square Theatre under Mr. Palmer's management were "Arkwright's Wife" and "The

Ladies' Battle," filling up the time from May 15 to May 26, 1883. The reasons for Mr. Palmer's retirement were numerous. The restlessness of Sara Jewett, the defection and subsequent death of Charles Thorne, the trend of theatrical enterprises in an uptown direction, Mr. Wallack having already abandoned his old post at 13th Street and Broadway, the conviction that the Union Square was out of the fashionable, tone-giving and paying circuit, and the need of rest after so long a period of unrelaxed activity—all these contrived to bring about the change which, in May, 1883, placed the Union Square Theatre in the hands of Sheridan Shook and J. W. Collier.

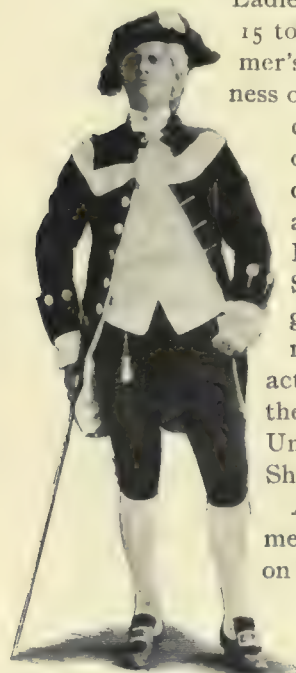
After leaving the Union Square Mr. Palmer enjoyed a year of travel in Europe, and on his return considered various propositions, which ended in his becoming manager of the little Madison Square Theatre, jointly with the Mallory brothers, one of whom was a clergyman. Never was

a closer union of stage and church, for while Dr. Mallory was an Episcopal clergyman, Mr. Palmer came of Puritan stock, and is the son of Rev. A. G. Palmer, D. D., of the Baptist Church. The Mallorys presently retired, however, and the new manager brought out "Saints and Sinners," Jones' first great success; "Jim the Penman," "Sealed Instructions," "Elaine," in which Annie Russell made her first noteworthy triumph; and "Alabama," wherein Augustus Thomas proved himself an exquisite delineator of life in the sunny South. Mr. Palmer remained here ten years, before this being interested in the Brooklyn Theatre, where the terrific fire occurred, through no fault of the management, but according to the pronouncement of fate. He was also interested in the Garden Theatre, where Paul Potter's dramatization of "Trilby," an excellent piece of dramatic work and highly successful, gave a start to the dramatizing impulse that has gone on ever since. Before leaving the Madison Square, however, Mr. Palmer, assisted by Mr. Boucicault, had endeavored to set up a dramatic school. But the school didn't flourish, and was dropped. The attraction uptown for Mr. Palmer was the theatre now known as Wallack's, the genial, handsome, fascinating and most popular manager of which had recently passed away.

It was at this playhouse, which now became known as Palmer's Theatre, that "The Broken Seal" was produced, Mrs. D. P. Bowers and Agnes Booth both appearing in a cast remarkable throughout for its strength. "Lady Windermere's Fan" was also first produced here, and so was Bronson Howard's "Aristocracy," wonderfully neat and deft in its construction, though it has never ranked among Mr. Howard's highest efforts. But one of the principal facts to be remembered in connection with the Union Square Theatre, Madison Square Theatre and Palmer's Theatre is the remarkable array of talent to be found in the company at each. At the Union Square were Clara Morris, Agnes Ethel, Agnes Booth, Charlotte Thompson, Kitty Blanchard, Fanny Morant, Mrs. Wilkins, Maude Harrison, Ida Jeffreys, Jennie Lee, Mrs. Phillips, Kate Claxton, Sara Jewett, Maude Granger, Nina Varian, Ida Vernon, Mary Wells, Charles R. Thorne, Jr., McKee Rankin, John Parselle, F. F. Mackay, Richard Mansfield, George Parkes, Eben Plympton, Edward Lamb, Stuart Robson, W. J. Le Moyne, J. B. Polk, Charles Stevenson, J. W. Collier, D. H. Harkins and Charles Coghlan. At the Madison Square were conjoined Maurice Barrymore, E. J. Henley, E. M. Holland, Frederick Robinson, Alexander Salvini, Louis Massen,



Collection of A. M. Palmer
STUART ROBSON in "Rose Michel"



Collection of Evert J. Wendell
CHARLES R. THORNE, JR.
In "The Two Orphans"



Collection of Evert Jansen Wendell
ROSE EYTINGE as Rose Michel



Collection of Evert Jansen Wendell

AGNES ETHEL

Charles Harris, Walden Ramsey, E. M. Holland, Herbert Millward, Reuben Fax, Arthur Forrest, J. G. Saville, E. M. Bell, Louis Massen, Virginia Harned, Rose Coghlan, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Agnes Booth, Julia Arthur, Maude Harrison, May Brookyn, Marie Burroughs and Annie Russell. Charles Coghlan and Frederick de Belleville were also, from time to time, attached to one or the other of these companies, and the great Tommaso Salvini made his final tour of this country under Mr. Palmer's management.

There is no need to comment on these facts. They are eloquent of themselves. No account of Mr. Palmer's career would be complete without some mention of his labors connected with that important and worthy charity, the

J. H. Stoddard, Henry Woodruff, Charles Harris, Wm. Davidge, Walden Ramsey, Annie Russell, May Brookyn, Mrs. Phillips, May Robson, Marie Burroughs, Mrs. Whiffin, Maude Harrison, Olga Brandon and Agnes Booth. Nor was there any falling off at Palmer's Theatre, where were to be found Maurice Barrymore, Wilton Lackaye, Frederick Robinson, J. H. Stoddard,

Actors' Fund of America. The idea of the Fund originated with Mr. Palmer. He called the first meeting of managers to consider this subject in March, 1882; and his plan was adopted, Lester Wallack being elected President. Benefits were given at all the theatres and the sum of \$40,000 was raised. On his return from Europe in 1884, Mr. Palmer was elected President and for

twelve consecutive years was re-elected to the same office. The sum of \$175,000 was raised during Mr. Palmer's administration by means of the Actors' Fund Fair and constitutes to-day the bulk of the Fund's invested wealth.

The foregoing review is necessarily brief, but it may perhaps be accepted as a prelude to the pending testimonial which is presently to be proffered to this intellectual creator of both artistic and financial success, of whom, inspired by a noble ambition, it may be said, reviewing the fruition of his aspirations:

"True hope is swift and flies with swallows' wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings!"

A. E. LANCASTER.



Collection of A. M. Palmer

MARIE WILKINS

Who played Mother Frochard in "The Two Orphans"



Byron, N.Y.

"ROMEO AND JULIET" AS PERFORMED IN SHAKESPEARE'S DAY

A quaint and curious performance was given recently at Mrs. Osborn's Playhouse in New York, "Romeo and Juliet" being presented exactly as it might have been "plaid pummely" in London in the year 1597 by "the Right Honourable the Lord of Hunador, his servants." The stage scenery and surroundings were a reproduction of the theatre as it was known in Shakespeare's time. In the background was a barnlike two-story structure. The higher story consisted of a primitive balcony used sometimes by the musicians and sometimes by Juliet. Beneath, on a level with the stage itself, were two doors that opened inward to allow of the exits and the entrances of the actors. A green baize curtain worked on old-fashioned rings divided the back of the stage from the front thereof, and sitting in the boxes and in the front row of the orchestra stalls a number of actors, impersonating typical theatregoers of Shakespeare's day, sat and chatted during the performance, cheering or jeering at the players on the stage.



Burr McIntosh, N. Y.

"THE SORT OF ROOM THAT SUGGESTS THE MAN WHO THINKS"

Edward H. Sothern—An Actor with Ideals

Illustrated with Flashlight Photographs by Burr McIntosh

Chats with Players, No. 16



IT IS encouraging to see a young and ambitious actor the owner of his own house, especially when that home is a handsomely appointed residence in New York. It is proof enough that the player's earnest labors to advance in his art and give his hearers something qualified to stir their mentality have not gone unrewarded, even in these days when the popular cry is that the public only cares to be amused.

The latest and youngest Hamlet of his times is one of these. Edward H. Sothern is the happy possessor of a charming town house, in which the not least interesting feature is the library. Not a set, formal room, with books arrayed in mathematical precision on rows and rows of shelves, with a fixed, formal desk here and chairs set about with a rigid regard for conventional form, but rather the den and workshop of a busy man of inquiring mind and persistent research.

In keeping with its owner's calling, the walls are liberally decorated with pictures and souvenirs of the theatre, many of them recalling the brilliant professional and social career of Mr. Sothern's father, the immortal Dundreary. The books are by no means limited to the drama, but most of

them have an allied interest. The poets are all represented, and works on costume and archæology are liberally strewn about; and strewn is the proper word, for almost every chair is utilized with its burden of manuscripts and authorities, as if just tossed over after a hurried perusal. It is the sort of a room that suggests the man who does because he thinks, and is not afraid to work because the labor is considerable. It recalls:

There studious let me sit
And hold high converse with the mighty dead.

For Mr. Sothern is distinctly a studious actor. What he has accomplished, and no one will deny that he has achieved a great deal during his professional career, has been secured only by unrelenting labor and untiring devotion to the highest ideals. It is not a long while since his stellar career began, and from Jack Hammerton in "The Highest Bidder" to the Melancholy Dane in Shakespeare's tragedy is a jump that requires prodigious training, if the result is to terminate in other than failure.

It was late one afternoon recently that the writer saw him at his home. The actor had just come in after a long rehearsal of "If I Were King," at the Garden Theatre, and in

In this series have already appeared illustrated interviews with John Drew, Annie Russell, Kylie Bellew, Effie Shannon and Herbert Kelcey, Mary Mannering, Mary Shaw, Louis James, Robert Edeson, Ethel Barrymore, Mrs. Leslie Carter, E. S. Willard, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Margaret Anglin, Viola Allen and Francis Wilson.

the cordial greeting of the courteous host one sensed a note of inward satisfaction at having done a good day's work, as, with a weary smile, he said:

"The old story of breaking a new player into an old part. Not," he added, quickly, "that I've much to complain of, for I've been singularly fortunate in keeping about me, for many years, a certain number of the responsible actors and actresses who form the main stability of any company. These days we've got to lose our leading men and women from time to time, as opportunities for further advancement continually present themselves, and we must all take advantage of them, for time, alas! fails to wait for the poor player!"

"As for all of us," I murmured.

"Ah, that is the sad feature of the game! The time is too short for us to accomplish all that we would. We find ourselves daily growing older, and, oh, so much yet to be done! Who doesn't echo with Richard II. the refrain: 'Oh, call back yesterday; bid time return!' for I don't suppose I ever acted a scene that I didn't wish I could at once repeat it, feeling 'I could do it so much better the second time.'"

"You are not a believer, then, that the outcome of an inspired moment is incapable of improvement?"

"No, I'm rather a believer in hard work. Perhaps it sometimes shows and robs the result of some of its spontaneity, but after all the line between a competent and a great performance is often very fine. We, of course, all have our ideals, and know what we are striving for, but how hard it is to attain that something we seek, and which ever seems to be a little beyond our accomplishment.

"In this respect," he went on, "I often envy the impressionists and their school. They select a subject, and then paint it in the way they feel it, leaving it to you to interpret. It doesn't matter if they give a woman a purple face—they see it as such, and therefore you must accept it. Now, if the actor could only get his public to accept what he feels and is striving fittingly to present, how happy we'd all be!"

A flush of boyish enthusiasm lighted up his face, almost stern in its set seriousness, as he spoke thus frankly of his aspirations and ideals. Then, dropping into reminiscent mood, he told of his early days on the stage, and referred to the novitiate he spent as a member of John McCullough's company.

"It was certainly a capital experience I had with that fine actor. There was plenty of work to do and many opportunities to learn that we had in playing the tragedian's varied repertoire. Rosencrantz and the Priest were the rôles I played in his production of 'Hamlet.' I confess I little dreamed at the time that I should later be playing the central figure in New York."

Here we were touching on the actor's most recent and most ambitious effort. I was curious to know what he thought of the reception accorded his interpretation by the critics and the public.

"What a study the part is!" he murmured, as if to himself. Then, as if divining the question I would put, he continued: "Every person you discuss the character with seems to have a different thought concerning its meaning and interpretation. This, of course, is very interesting, but you will admit it is somewhat unsettling. After all, one must conform to the conception one has

thought and worked out. The other day a young man came to see me on a matter of business. The business suffered, for, somehow or other, we got started on 'Hamlet,' and until I had to dash off for the performance we never stopped discussing the thousand and one points that invite argument."

Pursuing the same theme, as though the subject were a favorite one, he continued:

"It is astonishing how people will insist that you are wrong on a certain reading when you can instantly back it up with a quotation that sustains you at every point. I am the last one to pose as being other than amenable to criticism, but when one insists that an intimate and analytical knowledge of the character in the original story, on which Shakespeare based his Prince of Denmark, is necessary before one can properly interpret the later text, is, I think, rather carrying the argument too far. You might just as well insist that we cite all the physical and mental peculiarities of Lear's father and mother before attempting to enact the poor, old



Burr McIntosh, N. Y.

"MODERN CIVILIZATION HAS NOT KILLED POETRY AND ROMANCE"



Burr McIntosh, N. Y.

MR. SOTHERN AT BREAKFAST WITH JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY, AUTHOR OF "IF I WERE KING"

King. In almost every case it was a mere suggestion that Shakespeare availed himself of. The Bard always knew what he was writing about, and 'Hamlet,' as advanced by him, doesn't require to be read by the light of possible suggesters."

"Did you not produce 'The Sunken Bell' as a sort of stepping-stone to 'Hamlet'?"

"Absolutely so. I wanted, as all ambitious actors do, to play the Dane, and it seemed to me an excellent idea to make a start in the field of the romantic and poetic drama in a character that had something in common with Hamlet. And we met with much discouragement when we determined to make the venture. But my wife (Miss Virginia Harned) and I were resolute, and in our determination we found a most generous and hearty support on the part of the public. We were constantly told that theatregoers didn't want the poetical, and we were further assured that we were making great mistakes in deviating from the characters in which we had made our greatest successes."

He made a gesture of impatience, as if in protest against that unauthoritative and vacuous kind of criticism which impedes rather than helps the legitimate ambition of the player.

"It does seem to me as if there were almost a disposition, on the part of some critics, to keep an actor in one line of work, and never allow his artistic nature to expand. Versatility they do their best to curb. Nor is it alone confined to critics. The public is somewhat positive on this point, and so, too, are the managers."

"Do you agree that the managers are entirely commercial?"

"No, I do not. They are often as enthusiastic over artistic ventures as any player. But naturally they are brought into closer touch with what is wanted by the patrons of the playhouse, and their first enthusiasm is often cooled off by a careful and unprejudiced view of the real situation."

"Fortunately," he went on, "my Hamlet has been most generously received, and I need hardly say that to play such a part is a personal treat and, for that reason—no matter what my future repertoires may be—I shall always give at least one performance a week of this part. And for three reasons: I wish to become identified with it; I want

to play it for the instruction it gives—you learn something from each repetition of it; and, thirdly, for the selfish reason, I like to play it."

"Do you further intend to extend your Shakespearean repertoire?"

"Yes. Next season I shall, in all probability, make a production of 'Romeo and Juliet,' but I do not mean to neglect the works of living authors. I have several under consideration, and a number are being written with a view to my own particular needs."

"Then you have not suffered from the so-called dearth of new and original plays?"

"I have more on hand than I can possibly produce. I firmly believe that the future of the serious drama in this country rests with the American school teacher. Almost every play which has been submitted to me, and which I have found desirable, was from the pen of some one connected with a school or college. It is astonishing, too, to find how exceptionally clever

most of the authors are in their technique. But, of course, I am the recipient also of many weird and queer effusions. The extremes of this character generally suggest an unsettled mind."

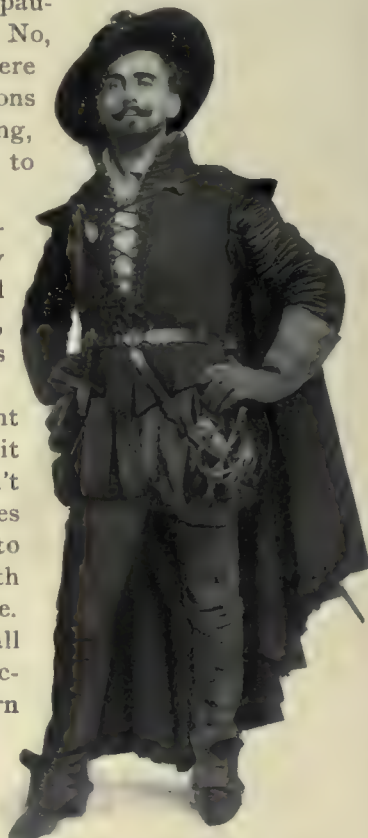
Mr. Sothorn has little patience with literary pose, or with the notion entertained by some authors that the American theatre-going public is of too inferior mentality to appreciate their efforts. He said:

"Talking to a playwright the other day, he remarked: 'Oh, I must write down to them,' indicating in a most lofty tone his utter contempt for the intelligence of the public. 'From what altitude do you address them?' I asked. 'It is absurd the stand some of you take. It suggests a disposition to apologize for your own paucity of thought and expression.' No, that pose has got to give way. There are too many gifted and able persons writing, or who are capable of writing, for the stage for merit not soon to make itself felt."

"But does not the money-grubbing, strenuous life of to-day fatally tend to discourage the writer and flood the stage with noise and tinsel, at the expense of more serious work?"

"Some spirit of poetry is latent in every man. He may not know it is there, and perhaps he doesn't realize what it is within that causes him to unconsciously respond to some sound and philosophical truth expressed with beauty and force. I am not to be persuaded that all love of poetry and romance have succumbed to the pressure of modern civilization, and as such I shall humbly try to do my best in contributing to the stage what is worthy, dignified and instructive."

EDWARD FALES COWARD.



Mr. Sothorn in "An Enemy to the King"



MRS. LESLIE CARTER AS MME. DU BARRY

The Player's Rubáiyát

I.

Who called the Actor's Trade ungodly knew
Naught of the Truth, or knowing, spoke untrue—
To prove our high connection, I but ask:
Who loves an "Angel" as the Actors do?

II.

Babbie, alas! is gone where no one knows,
And in an international Repose
Juliet is veiled—let Rosalind step forth
To pay the public Debt the "Eaglet" owes.

III.

Life holds, they say, much of the Sweet and Grand,
And in our Sugar, too, we find much Sand;
So, all in all, Life's pictured best, I think,
By calling it a monstrous One-Night Stand.

IV.

The Loom of Time, alas! is never still,
As changeful as the Managerial Will;
Yet one thing's certain: though To-day you be
A Star, you'll end at last in Vaudeville.

WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK.



HENRIK IBSEN

Ibsen's First Nora



Royal Danish Theatre at Copenhagen, where Ibsen's "Doll's House" was first produced

IT is the night of the first performance of Ibsen's "Doll's House." Before the Royal Danish Theatre, hundreds of carriages come and go. The entrance of the House of Holberg is brilliant in its array of light and color. A stream of people keeps pouring past the statues of Ohlenschlaeger and the "Danish Molière."

The play begins. For one brief moment the audience is busy with itself. In the Royal box sits the King and the members of the Royal family. The diplomatic corps is present, resplendent in its gold and lace. Women of fashion, men distinguished in literature, in art, in science; the merchant princes and those of lesser means; the city of Copenhagen, in fact, has come to witness this latest drama by the Norwegian.

The play progresses. Scene by scene, act by act, Nora reveals her woman nature, her sacrifice. Leading gradually upward the dramatist now calls a sudden halt. The psychological moment has arrived. Out of that doll's house steps a woman who has come face to face with selfishness. A door closes with a heavy bang. The audience sits transfixed. The triumph of Henrik Ibsen and Betty Hennings is complete.

Since that memorable December evening of twenty-three years ago, great honors have come to the Norwegian dramatist and the one actress whose interpretation of the Ibsen feminine has been absolutely flawless, then and afterwards. Linked with Bernhardt and Duse, the name of Betty Hennings is as familiar to-day to the theatregoers of Berlin and Paris as this northern actress is loved and treasured in her native Denmark. Fru Hennings' remarkable contributions to dramatic art stretch over a period of more than forty years. Her range of character delineation covers almost every age and every kind. She is more than clever as the ingénue, wonderfully true to the rôle that calls for faltering steps and the mask of years, greatest when impersonating Nora and her sisters in the game of matrimony. Fru Betty Hennings has run the gamut, so to speak, of the ever-varying repertoire of the Danish Royal Theatre. She is a pillar of the Danish national stage.

Fru Hennings, the first actress to impersonate Nora Helmer and the leading Ibsen actress of to-day, is now fifty years of age. Still in the zenith of her dramatic powers, her

past record has no counterpart in the history of the stage. She began her eventful career more than forty years ago as a member of the ballet at the Royal Danish Theatre. She was not quite eight years old when she was first admitted to the dancing school attached to the National Theatre, and at twenty she won her first victory as ingénue. Her teacher declared he never had a pupil more apt, and he tells how that indefinable something which early in life shed its lustrous halo over Jenny Lind repeated itself even more conspicuously in the case of the Danish prodigy. Her graceful dancing and rhythmic swing were as the physical precursors to that high degree of mental elasticity which made possible the portrayal of a character like that of

Silvia in D'Annunzio's "Gioconda." Between her début as a dancer and her appearance as the Irene of "When We Dead Awaken" extends a period fraught with more than years. In the memory of a quarter of a century ago there lingers fondly the captivating picture of a lithe and charming figure. As Ibsen's latest heroine she strikes a note as different as night is different from day.

And yet, who shall say but that this transition from gayety to drama was other than a natural evolution where everything conspired toward an artistic end? Merriment and sadness, reckless abandon and serious concern, the mask of each of these Fru Hennings dons, as witness Nora, Hedda Gabler, Hilde and all the others. Where need we look for greater contrast than between the Princess in Holger Drachmann's "Once Upon a Time" and D'Annunzio's sacrificial Silvia? Or the Beatrice in "Dante" as

compared with Hedvig of "The Wild Duck"? Or the majestic Yrsa, whose veins run red with viking blood, as contrasted to the one or other Leonora of Ludvig Holberg's satirical fancy? Nor should there be omitted her striking characterization of Maria Stuart in Schiller's tragedy of that name. Then consider her wonderful versatility, her powers of assimilation, which makes possible a vengeful Queen, a gentle, trusting Ophelia, an unsophisticated Marguerite. To enumerate all the rôles she is ready to assume on but a moment's notice, would necessitate telling just how each part differs from the other. Enough has been told already to show her capacity for work. Every character she assumes is perfect in its workmanship.



FRU HENNINGS

Celebrated Danish actress chosen by Ibsen himself to play the role of "Nora Helmer"

Ibsen himself proclaimed her the one actress whose mind and method are as one with his own conception of the characters he has created. But that she has been termed the Ibsen actress is a distinction which does not limit her versatility. Her conquest in "The Doll's House" came as a surprise to many; and those who had followed closely her career till then knew that Nora marked the way, merely, to even greater efforts. Her interpretation of Ellida in "The Lady from the Sea" proved the climax in the Ibsen trilogy that included the two dramas mentioned, with "Ghosts" as the center play.

The unprecedented reception given Betty Hennings in Berlin, recently, was but a natural tribute to her reputation as the foremost of Scandinavian actresses. True, Frau Conrad-Ramlo, in 1880, had played Nora so well that even the dramatist hailed her as perfection. But the ad-

vent of the woman whom Ibsen himself had chosen for Nora was not unlike that of some high priestess on whom devolved the sacred task of proclaiming broadcast the mysticisms of the Ibsen cult. While Marie Conrad-Ramlo had already many years before given her magnificent rendering of Nora and followed up the rôle with others no less striking, while Dr. Karl Heine's players had presented nine of Ibsen's dramas 551 times in 101 German towns and cities, notwithstanding the German public knew its Ibsen from both book and platform, fresh interest was aroused on the announcement that Fru Hennings was about to show her northern conception of the rôles. The result is known. The German critics had nothing but the highest praise for the actress's characterization of the Ibsen feminine, and for once the Dane had made conquest of her southern neighbor.

JULIUS MORITZEN.

Confessions of a Dramatic Critic

ARE dramatic critics of any use? This is an old but still vexed question, which, even at the present writing, is a subject of much public and printed discussion. Probably no such query would suggest itself if all critics resembled the late "Uncle" Francisque Sarcey, of the Paris *Temps*, probably the most influential and successful critic the modern drama has known. Sarcey began life as a provincial college professor, and when he was first invited to write on theatrical matters in a Paris newspaper (*l'Opinion Nationale*) he ingenuously told the editor that, while he had studied Sophocles, Aristophanes, Plautus, Shakespeare, Rabelais and Voltaire, he knew next to nothing of the contemporaneous theatre. No matter! the editor assured him, the naïve and unsophisticated impressions of a non-professional critic might prove a pleasing novelty to the public. So Sarcey allowed himself to be persuaded, and took up the pen—never to lay it down until his life ended.

"I thought nothing could be easier," he tells us in his "Forty Years of Theatregoing," "than to spend the evening at the theatre, and then write: 'This piece is a good one—go and see it,' or, 'That one bored me—it is not worth your while.' What could be more simple? Everybody in Paris is more or less of a critic, in that way, and without being paid for it.

"Very soon, however, I found that the thing was infinitely more difficult than I had suspected; that, with the liveliest desire to be wholly sincere and always truthful, one succeeded but rarely in either, and then only as the result of severe reflection and painstaking toil. The trouble is not, as most lay people imagine, in withdrawing one's self from

the personal influences which press upon all sides—that, for my own part, I could ever readily do. I should feel very much ashamed if I had spoken ill of a work through animosity toward its author, and none the less so if I had yielded to sentiments of comradeship or favor. Impartiality of this sort seems to be quite natural, and need not be a source of any special pride in the critic who practices it—any more than the roofer should consider himself a hero because he daily risks his neck working on high and steep buildings. 'Tis a trade, like any other. The critic, in writing the plain

truth, is liable to make himself almost as many enemies as he criticizes different individuals; but such is the task he is hired to perform, and honesty becomes a simple duty.

"No! if the critic's path of rectitude be beset with obstacles, these rarely spring from motives of interest or partiality, but have their origin in reasons more obscure, more delicate and of complicated analysis. A music-loving friend of mine, whose admiration for Beethoven and Mozart verges upon fanaticism, accompanies me now and again to the lyric theatres, and favors me with his passing impressions of modern productions. But, notwithstanding his unquestioned taste and sincerity, I have little profit in his opinions, which I can always forecast: things run generally from bad to execrable, with only an occasional spurt of mediocrity. He may be just, from his viewpoint; but why take so high a stand of comparison?

"In next year's Salon, I fancy our contemporary artists would cut a poor figure if we should place them alongside the great masters of the past. Would it be fair to crush a single year under the weight of five centuries? To what good purpose should we inform the public that Paul Baudry



From the Evening World

WILLIAM WINTER
Dean of the New York Dramatic Critics, as Kate Carew, the
caricaturist, sees him



Byron, N. Y.

INTERIOR OF THE NEW MAJESTIC THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY

The new Majestic Theatre, which is one of the handsomest in Manhattan, will be conducted as a high-class house. The location, at the entrance to Central Park, is central and convenient. The decorative scheme is green and gold, with an occasional use of white; panels of green watered silk above the marble wainscoting and a handsome curtain of gold-fringed velour enhance the general artistic effect. A notable feature of the new house is the entire absence of pillars, which in many theatres make certain seats valueless. The cantilever system has been effectively utilized, steel girders and concrete arches supporting the gallery and balcony. Monstrous girders support the stage, and no wood work that could be dispensed with has been used. The ventilating system is also claimed to be perfect. Messrs. E. D. Stair and A. L. Wilbur, the owners of this new metropolitan playhouse, have hitherto been identified with theatres usually denominated as popular-price houses. Mr. Stair controls a circuit of theatres throughout the West where there is a weekly change of bill.

is a long way behind Correggio, that Theodore Rousseau isn't a bit like Poussin? Truisms of this sort discourage the artistes, and in no wise educate the multitude. It is well to remember the old masters, without throwing their shadow upon the works of our own day. Nor is it wrong that Théophile Gautier, after having said that Rembrandt was an admirable colorist, should use the same epithet to characterize the talent of an up-to-date Parisian painter. Evidently that epithet is neither employed nor to be understood in the same signification or force in the two instances. The scale of proportion has changed.

"It is not merely that the critic shall follow his impression—he must be able to regulate that impression, to verify it with reference to some precise standard. 'We have been here two hours,' says the friend on my right. 'No,' declares the other on my left, 'it is four hours, at least.' I consult my watch, and say to the first, 'The time passes lightly with you'; to the second, 'You must have been bored. It is just three hours that we are together.' My statement is sure and accurate, because I have a watch. The first pre-occupation of the critic is to wind up his watch, and to set it right. Even then the question arises, where to find the correct time by which to set your watch?

"Here is another difficulty: Behold yourself, let us say, an honest, influential and incorruptible critic, bent upon giving the public your actual, personal appreciation, planted in an aisle seat in the fifth row of the orchestra, on the first night of a new production. You are charmed with the performance, or else you quit in disgust at the end of the third

act. Do you think, then, you have only to write the piece is bright and successful, or dull and a failure? But to just what extent is the piece itself responsible for your pleasure or your ennui? that is the point. What purely adventitious circumstances have biased your judgment? How did your dinner agree with you? Perhaps there was a cold draught circulating about the lower part of the house, and your feet got cold? or a disagreeable bit of news, during the day, put you in an ill humor. If we search a little beneath the surface of human sentiments, we find a thousand invisible springs of motive. The business of criticism is to analyze these hidden springs, and strike out from the judicial summing-up all points either for or against, which do not revert directly to the play itself. The audience, the public as a whole, have come to the theatre, possibly, in quite different spirit and conditions from yours. If they read your article, it is to get a verdict, not a reflection of your individual mood.

"Nor is this all. If—as happens only too often—you find yourself in opposition to what is obviously the public taste, shall your sole opinion be set up against that of the vast majority? Remember, O critic, that neither the manager nor the authors are working so much for your approval as for that of the paying public. It is but just that those upon whose patronage the theatre depends should have a voice in the matter.

"Our dramatic criticisms are scanned at the breakfast table, over the matutinal cup of coffee, when, as likely as not, the thoughts of the reader are far elsewhere. Evidently this is no time for philosophy. What is sought is simply an expert's impression, struck off hot, of the events of the preceding night. We are the voice of the throng, its first impulsive cry. In our dashed-off critique lingers some echo of the emotions which we ourselves have shared. We are like sheep in the general flock—whichever way the public jumps we jump; only we have the advantage of knowing *why* it jumps. and of telling why.

"That is what I have always tried to do. Success is the regulation of my criticism. Not that success proves the absolute merit of a piece, but it does show that between the work in question and the actual public taste certain affinities exist. To seek out these affinities, and to register them in writing, from day to day, is my function. The fashions change every few years, in the theatre as elsewhere. Ten years from now, perhaps sooner, my judgments of to-day may be falsified, but the reasons on which I based them remain sound—even though plays and criticisms alike shall have fallen into profound oblivion."



Sardou's New Drama, "Dante"



VICTORIEN SARDOU

THE dramatic sensation of London, this Spring, will undoubtedly be Sir Henry Irving's production of "Dante," the great spectacular-poetic play written for him by Victorien Sardou, in collaboration with Emile Moreau, and translated into English by the actor's son, Lawrence Irving. A staff correspondent of *Gil Blas* (Paris)

has obtained, in an interview with Lawrence Irving, an outline or scenario of the drama.

The piece is in four acts, with a prologue. The period of this prologue is at the close of the thirteenth century, and its action passes at Pisa, where Count Ugolino and his sons are imprisoned and starving in the historic Tower of Famine. The tyrannical captain guarding the tower, and who is the terror of the Pisans, is a certain Corso, son of Pope Clement V. Among the personages who come to Pisa at this time are the poet Dante, his lady love, Pia de Tolomei, and Bernardino da Polenta of Ravenna, brother of Francesca da Rimini. Pia is the mother of Dante's natural daughter, Gemma, who has been spirited away, and whom the Poet is seeking throughout the entire play. While Count Ugolino, in his dungeon, is begging a crust of bread from passers-by, the Archbishop Ruggieri arrives on the scene, takes the keys of the securely-locked Tower of Famine and throws them into the Arno. Dante, enraged at this act of fiendish cruelty, rushes upon the Archbishop and tears away his crucifix. For this the Poet is excommunicated, while at the same time launching his own memorable curse upon all Pisa: "Ahi Pisa, vitupero delle genti!"

Act I. brings us to Florence, eleven years later, where more historical characters are introduced. Giovanni Malatesta is here, accompanied by his bride, Francesca da Rimini, and, naturally, his younger brother, Paolo. Giotto, the painter, and Casella, the musician, are in evidence, as is also the brutal Corso, from Pisa. Corso, in his drunken insolence, offers an affront to Francesca da Rimini, and is slain by her brother, Bernardino. Dante, who has been banished from Florence, returns there disguised as a monk, and is known only to his friends, Giotto and Casella. He announces that the Grand Master of the Templars has predicted the ignominious death of Pope Clement V. and of Philippe le Bel of France. "And what of my daughter Gemma?" the Poet asks. He

learns that Gemma is under the protection of Francesca da Rimini. Subsequently Gemma herself appears, and has a scene with Dante; but father and daughter do not know each other, having been parted since the girl's infancy. She disappears, whereupon enter Nello della Pietra, who has put away his wife in the Maremma, and designs to make Gemma her successor. This plan Dante discovers, and he goes to the Malatesta palace to save his daughter from Nello. He arrives there just as the guilty liaison of Paolo and Francesca culminates in their slaughter by Malatesta. Nello has shut Gemma up in the palace, and, recognizing Dante, attempts to denounce him from the windows to the Florentine populace, but the Poet succeeds in making his escape.

In the second act, which passes in the Maremma, Dante rescues Pia from the soldiers of Nello della Pietra, who have



Burr McIntosh, N. Y.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MRS. LANGTRY

held her in captivity, so that her daughter, Gemma, should be deprived of her protection.

Act III. opens in the Campo Santo of the church of San Miniato, where Dante sees the ghost of his sainted Beatrice, and asks her for tidings of Gemma. "I know not," responds the shade, "but if thou wouldst learn, descend with me into hell." From this point the drama is projected into the Inferno of "The Divine Comedy," where amidst the terrors of the dim gulf may be recognized Virgil, Charon, Pope Nicholas III., Count Ugolino, the cruel Archbishop Ruggieri and the incorrigible Corso, and, finally, the dolorous spirits of Paolo and Francesca. In Purgatory Dante meets Pia

de Tolomei, who tells him that their daughter, Gemma, together with her lover, Bernardino da Polenta (Francesca's brother), is a prisoner of Pope Clement V. at Avignon.

The fourth and final act sees Dante returned to terrestrial scenes, and arriving at Avignon at a moment when Bernardino and Gemma are about to be put to torture by the vindictive Clement. Dante, who has been presented by his friend, Giotto, as a doctor, warns the Pontiff that his end is near, which prediction is promptly verified.

It would appear from this account of the "Dante" play that extraordinary liberties have been taken with historical facts, chronology and characters.

E. B. S.

First Step Toward a National Theatre

THE National Theatre project has begun to assume tangible form. The American Dramatists' Club has appointed a committee to inquire into the matter, and if the present active movement in its favor be carried to its logical conclusion, next year should see the opening of an Endowed Theatre in this city.

At a special meeting of the American Dramatists' Club, held on February 7, the following resolution was adopted:

RESOLVED, That a preliminary committee be appointed by the acting President to discuss and formulate a plan for presenting the Endowed National Theatre project to the public, and bringing it to the consideration of potential subscribers; and that such committee be empowered to invite the co-operation of an equal number of persons not members of the American Dramatists' Club, interested in the said project.

The following is the committee appointed under the resolution by Joseph I. C. Clarke, First Vice-President and Chairman of the meeting:

CHARLES BARNARD,
CHAS. T. DAZEY,
WILLIAM GILLETTE,
JOSEPH R. GRISMER,
CLAY M. GREENE,
ARTHUR HORNBLow,

CHARLES KLEIN,
HENRY P. MAWSON,
CLINTON STUART,
AUGUSTUS THOMAS,
HENRY TYRRELL,
B. B. VALENTINE.

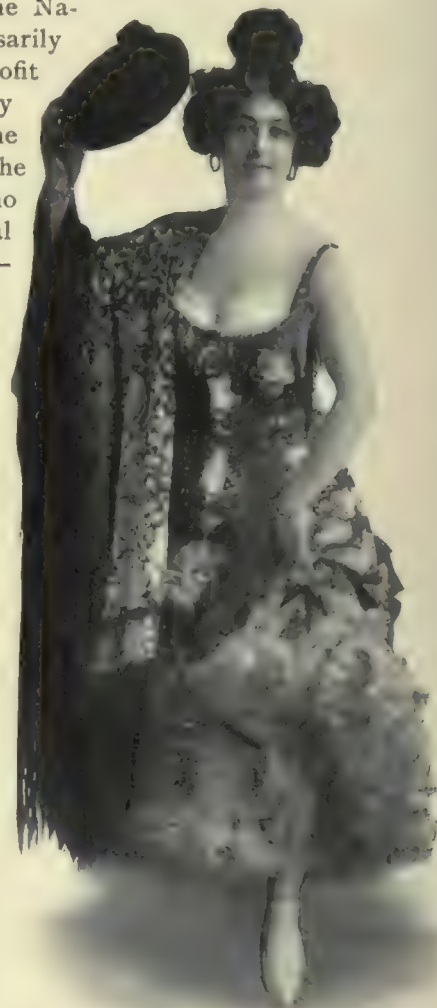
There seems to be misapprehension in some quarters as to the significance of the term "National" Theatre. It does not mean a State-aided theatre. That, of course, would be impossible under our system of government, and undesirable, if it were possible, for politics would at once become a mischievous element in the management. The theatre advocated should be entirely independent of the State. It should be privately endowed and supported by public subscription. It should be simply a Repertory Theatre, where the classic and standard plays, as well as new plays, might be performed in the best possible manner. It would be a National Theatre only in the sense that the productions made would represent the best this country can achieve in the dramatic art. There is nothing very revolutionary about this programme, and the good—educational and artistic—that would come of it is incalculable. Most important of all, it would give the native playwright a better opportunity than he has ever had.

It should also be clearly understood that the projected theatre would be in no way antagonistic to the existing playhouses. On the contrary, it would eventually help the lat-

ter, inasmuch as it would cultivate public taste and foster interest in the dramatic art. Ever presenting and striving after the best, the productions of such a theatre would soon set a standard for the entire country! There is always room for another theatre in a metropolis, with its large floating population, and the National Theatre would at no time consider itself in competition with the other playhouses, which are deservedly prosperous. But it must be remembered that most of these theatres are conducted as private business enterprises, with no object save that of enriching their owners and managers. It is with them purely a business, like selling shoes or potatoes. The National Theatre would necessarily seek a profit, too, but profit would not be the only beacon or incentive, and the profit would not go into the pocket of the director—who should be a salaried official appointed by the trustees—but would go to create a reserve fund in view of possible deficits in bad years. In brief, with the opening of a National Theatre, theatricals in this country would cease to be a mere business, as at present, and for the first time would acquire the dignity of an art.

Letters endorsing the movement, from members unable to attend, were read at the last meeting of the American Dramatists' Club. William Gillette wrote:

"Although I do not think a National Theatre can be maintained in this country, the effort to have one established is certainly most laudable, and I shall be very glad to join in it, to the extent of my influence or ability."



Marceau
SAHARET, THE FRENCH DANSEUSE
Now appearing with Anna Held in "The Little Duchess"

C. T. Dazey, author of "In Old Kentucky," wrote:

"I believe that a National Theatre would be of incalculable benefit to the drama. Properly conducted it would set a higher standard for both acting and plays. Any play departing from conventional methods now has small chance of acceptance. A National Theatre would afford an incentive to write the best plays possible, not those simply that will play the best. What the Comédie Française has done for France, the proposed theatre should do for our country. I sincerely hope it may not remain a dream, but become an actuality."

Clinton Stuart wrote:

"The project of a National Theatre suggests a ball that has already been rolling so long as to need only a fresh impetus to send it up Capitol Hill, there to be crystalized in an American institution. This Golden Age of Prosperity ought to be its psychological moment, for never were so many diverse citizens interested in the drama as now, from our theatre-going President of the United States, through the Cabinet and Congress, to the great body of gallery gods, who could easily be taught to appreciate the survival of what is purest and best. Indeed, the time is ripe for such a scheme, from both the sentimental and practical standpoint, and there is a widespread desire that dramatic art should be enshrined within a high temple of its own. That this temple should be unique and confined to a single great community of playgoers is obvious; it should be situated, too, in an all-the-year-round city, such as our metropolis. Later on, the mother may breed lusty progeny elsewhere, say Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, New Orleans and more especially Washington, but the beginning should be made and the focus formed in New York, which is open for business as well as Art the entire twelvemonth.

"The National Theatre must be largely a self-supporting institution, and to that end the ceaseless floating population of the metropolis is essential in her quality, alike of seaport, summer watering place and commercial centre. Such an institution should be both university and shrine—the mecca of students and lovers of the drama from every section of our continent.

"Care should be taken to make our National Theatre as original and non-imitative in its conduct as in its architecture. The Théâtre Français may well serve as an object lesson in the matter of mistakes as of merits. What we demand is not an American edition of the House of Molière, but a cradle of Columbian dramatic literature and art smacking of our soil. The National Theatre should be no bastard of dubious origin, but the legitimate child of the Republic, American in every fibre."

The only dissentient voice was that of Franklin Fyles, dramatic critic of the *Mail and Express*, who wrote:

"I wish to cast my vote against our Club connecting itself in any way with the project of a National Theatre. We have only to look back to the Theatre of Arts and Letters and the Criterion Theatre to see how absurd the failures of such well-meant ventures can be; and I can perceive no reason to expect that a National Theatre would not be a fiasco on a larger scale. It would, in my judgment, work no possible good for American dramatists, at the best, and would bring them damagingly into ridicule, at the worst. If the proposed institution is capitalized by the people's money it would be open to just condemnation at the outset. If honestly conducted, it would still try in vain to discover better plays than the commercial theatres produce, or to employ abler actors, or to practice finer stagecraft, or to in any way raise the average of dramatic art. On the other hand, if such a pretentious theatre were controlled selfishly by men who sought a distinction which they have striven in vain to get by the ordinary theatrical processes, there would be scandal as well as disappointment in the outcome. I urge that our Club keep clear of the National Theatre by declining to appoint a committee to consider the subject. But if one is set at it, don't let it be composed of visionists. Let it include a representation of common sense. I would like well enough to see an Independent Theatre undertaken, but I would not like to see the American Dramatists' Club associated with it."

The article in the last issue of *THE THEATRE*, by J. I. C. Clarke, Vice-President of the American Dramatists' Club, spurring American playwrights to action in this matter, has been widely quoted and commented upon. The *New York Times* says:

"The movement in behalf of a repertory theatre may not be a very rapid movement, but to the eye of those skilled in such matters it is distinctly perceptible, and it is a movement in the right direction. One of the most promising signs of progress is a well-reasoned article by J. I. C. Clarke in the current number of *THE THEATRE*. The line of Mr.



HURT BACINLOSH, N. Y.

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MISS BLANCHE BATES

Clarke's argument is not essentially different from that several times pursued in these columns. It is not proposed that the theatre shall be under either national or municipal direction. The building should be erected and the stock subscribed by public-spirited individuals, after which the enterprise would, in nine years out of ten, be self-supporting. In case of a deficit the recourse would be again to individual aid. A repertory theatre is one of the strongest of all engines for the dissemination of literary taste, of good manners and of good morals. To anyone who realizes the generosity of the American citizen, in all worthy charitable and educational enterprises, there can be no doubt that when the right time comes the money will not be lacking. We have the best of authorities for saying that, on several occasions of late years, it has only been necessary to produce a manager demonstrably capable of attending to the artistic and financial direction of such an institution. It is a world-old problem, this as to which comes first, the hen or the egg. The millionaires think the managers should come first, and the rest of the world does not quite see how the manager can signalize himself without a theatre."

The *New York Sun* says:

"J. I. C. Clarke has a convincing article on the National Theatre in the current issue of *THE THEATRE*. As a veteran critic and dramatist Mr. Clarke knows whereof he speaks. There is one thing to be said of the projected enterprise—it is as yet an untried experiment here."

The *Dramatic Mirror* says:

"The discussion of a National Theatre continues, and just at present there is a movement looking to a practical solution of the subject—a movement in which J. I. C. Clarke, in *THE THEATRE*, is taking a prominent part. Millionaires who are willing to found museums, art galleries and libraries are coy where the theatre is concerned. No doubt the empiricism mingled with much that is called dramatic art and the peculiarly commercial tendency of the stage repel them, and seem to raise insuperable difficulties in the way of establishing and maintaining a theatre devoted to the best forms of drama. But these conditions are the best reason why the experiment should be made. There is no doubt that if a proper plan of organization and operation could be devised, and the endowment secured, it would not be long before such a theatre would be self-sustaining. Its influence upon the stage and public taste would be of incalculable benefit."

The *Washington Post* says:

"*THE THEATRE* for February contains an important article by J. I. C. Clarke, Vice-President of the American Dramatists' Club, in which he urges that immediate steps be taken by our native playwrights to bring about the establishment in this country of a National Theatre, conducted on purely artistic lines. Mr. Clarke thinks that wealthy men would advance the capital necessary—estimated at \$150,000 for the first year—if a committee prepared a practical scheme which they could consider, and he advocates putting the idea to the test. *THE THEATRE*, which has been indefatigable in its efforts to keep up public interest in the matter, says the American Dramatists' Club will call a meeting soon to consider some plan of action."

The *Chicago Inter-Ocean* says:

"In the February *THEATRE*, which is as well printed and as well illustrated as usual, J. I. C. Clarke discusses at some length and to some purpose the establishment in this country of a National Theatre, a movement which the magazine has taken up with considerable thoroughness. Mr. Clarke's deductions are not only readable, but, in the main, practicable."

A Repertory for an Endowed Theatre

WHAT should be the repertory of a National Theatre?

If we say that the repertory, to start with, shall consist mainly, or perhaps entirely, of the English classics and standard representative American plays, both of these questions are answered at once. A list of fifty available works—or a hundred, for that matter—may be compiled, every one of which already has been "selected," tried and unequivocally approved by a generation at least of the theatre-going public, either in England or America, or in both countries.

The list of available American plays is as obvious as it is brief. It begins with "The Contrast," by Royall Tyler, to be followed by William Dunlap's "The Father, or American Shandyism," and "André," James Nelson Barker's "Marmion," G. W. P. Custis' "Pocahontas, or the Settlers of Virginia," and John Howard Payne's "Brutus," and "Charles the Second, or The Merry Monarch." Then come Dr. Bird's "Gladiator," John Augustus Stone's "Metamora," and George Boker's "Francesca da Rimini." Dion Boucicault's two American plays, "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Octoroon," belong in the list. Coming down to the last quarter of the nineteenth century, we are on sure ground with Wolff's "Mighty Dollar," Mark Twain's "Gilded Age," Joaquin Miller's "Danites," Bartley Campbell's "My Partner," Bronson Howard's "Saratoga" and "Greenroom Fun," William Gillette's "Held by the Enemy," Herne's "Shore Acres," Augustus Thomas' "Alabama," Lloyd and Rosenfeld's "The Senator," Clyde Fitch's "Girl and The Judge," Wescott's "David Harum," Charles Klein's "Hon. John Grigsby," "Winston Churchill's "The Crisis," and the late Charles Hoyt's "A Contented Woman," and other later plays equally meritorious.

The English classics are our own, by race and inheritance. The present vogue of "Everyman," a pre-Elizabethan Morality of the sixteenth century, furnishes a conspicuous example of the rich material in store, even before Shakespeare. Of the well-known Moralities of the reign of Henry VII.—the period to which "Everyman" belongs—here are half a dozen



Marceau, N. Y.

MISS MILLICENT JAMES

Miss James is 23 years old. This shows her as she appears made up as little Sara Crewe in Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's play for children, "The Little Princess"

which fully equal in effectiveness and interest the one so successfully revived: "The World and the Child," "The Castle of Perseverance," "Lusty Juventus," "Mind, Will and Understanding," "Nature," and "Mankind." Nicholas Udall's "Ralph Roister Doister," played about the middle of the sixteenth century, is the earliest original English comedy, and might well merit modern representation. Lyly, the court dramatist of Elizabeth; Greene, Peele, Nash and Lodge, all famous men of the same period, are represented each by works of intrinsic as well as historical value. Marlowe, the father of the English blank-verse romantic drama, should have a prominent place in the repertory of any national English-speaking theatre. His "Tamburlaine," which revolutionized the Elizabethan stage; his "Edward II.," which Shakespeare copied in "Richard II.," but failed to surpass, and his "Doctor Faustus," replete with purple passages and gorgeous lines—these three masterpieces alone would give fame and distinction to the house in which they should be adequately reproduced.

Shakespeare, of course, we should have always with us. An Endowed National Theatre would assure our seeing his best-known dramas regularly, and doubtless his seldom-enacted ones once in a while. We might have a performance of rare Ben Jonson's "Every Man in His Humor," and per-

haps find out what Beaumont and Fletcher really were like. John Webster and Philip Massinger would ably represent the later Elizabethans, and Shirley the first half of the seventeenth century. Dryden and Otway, Mrs. Aphro Behn and Mrs. Centlivre, Wycherly, Congreve, Farquhar, Vanburgh and Cibber are all first-class lights of the Restoration period, each good for one or more choice contributions to our repertory. The late Augustin Daly's highly successful experiments with the comedies of the last five named, proved that, with judicious adaptation, these brilliant by-gones have still a sparkle and seduction which we can by no means count

upon with certainty in the average new and original offering. Oliver Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The Good-Natured Man," Home's "Douglas," the elder Colman's "Polly Honeycombe," and "The Jealous Wife," the younger Colman's "Heir-at-Law," O'Keefe's "Wild Oats," and Tobin's "Honeymoon" would probably find place in their order. Sheridan in his entirety, Sheridan Knowles for the greater part, Bulwer Lytton, Dean Milman ("Fazio"), Byron, Robertson, W. S. Gilbert, Oscar Wilde and Pinero bring to date this random and tentative list.

HENRY TYRRELL.



Hall, N. Y.

Sara and her playmates in the garret



Transformation of the attic into a place of Oriental beauty

SCENES FROM MRS. FRANCES HODGESON BURNETT'S PLAY, "THE LITTLE PRINCESS"

MUSIC and MUSICIANS

HENRICH CONRIED will in future fill the responsible position of director of the Metropolitan Opera House, left vacant by the retirement of Maurice Grau.

The statement is simple, but a world of musical significance is contained therein. At last our operatic ideals seem near of fulfillment, and the absurdities, too long emanating from the Metropolitan Opera House, will become untuneful spectres of the past. Mr. Conried is a man of culture. He has a sincere love of art in all its forms. His knowledge of music, of opera, as it should be, was gleaned from the fountains of Europe, and he will give out this knowledge for the benefit of our long-suffering public. At last New York will cease to be a training school for untried talent, which, as in many conspicuous cases, has learned its routine before our public while orchestra seats were selling at five dollars. Mr. Conried has such wide influence in Europe that he is able to secure singers of whom we have never even heard, and this, too, without continuing the pernicious "star" system, which he promises to abolish in favor of a thoroughly rational, artistic régime. He will give us the *ensemble*, good orchestra, renowned directors, efficient stage management and adequate rehearsals heretofore lacking at the Metropolitan Opera House. He will not place so much money at

the feet of a few petted singers, that everything else must be of cheapest order. A uniform, artistic excellence will be maintained, and he will bring over routinized artistes with many, not three or four, rôles in their repertoire, and we shall hear other operas besides the possible fifteen or twenty presented to us for years. In fact, with Mr. Conried's advent in this field, one feels that the operatic millennium has dawned.

There have been several important débuts in the music world during the past month, for we have musically shaken hands with Mme. Roger-Miclos, the celebrated French pianist; with Hugo Heermann, the equally well-known German violinist, and with Miss Ada Crossley, the superfine Australian contralto.

Herr Heermann made his American entrée at the fourth Wetzler concert, February 5th. THE THEATRE has paid tribute to Mr. Wetzler's growing ability as a director, so we can rest the orchestral portion of the programme upon the words "general excellence," and turn at once to Herr Heermann, who plays a gorgeous specimen of Stradivarius violin and gave one of the healthiest, most direct interpretations of the great Beethoven Concerto we have heard here for



Pach

HEINRICH CONRIED

seasons past. Such solid musicianship, controlled technique, and intelligent interpretation are only too rare. He secures tone of the best quality without that fearful rasp of the too resinous horse hairs upon the strings. It is not violin virtuosity, it is violin playing.

The other instrumentalist who made her first appearance here recently was Madame Roger-Miclos, the French pianist. Her initiatory appearance was made at the Waldorf-Astoria, when, assisted by the Damrosch orchestra, she played the Beethoven Concerto in C minor, and the Saint-Saëns Concerto in G minor. Mme. Roger-Miclos had to overcome the critical reserve of a fashionable New York audience, which listened with conflicting emotions. At the subsequent recital, on February 11, there were given numbers by Schumann, Chopin, Haydn, Borodin, Liszt, etc., all calling for a vastly varying quality of moods and tenses, as well as for phases of technical skill. Mme. Roger-Miclos presents a well-studied picture on the concert stage. She seems peculiarly able to combine the *chic* of the Parisienne with the classical outlines of the ancients, and this is also the atmosphere she seems to impart.

The other débutante of interest was Miss Ada Crossley, the Australian contralto, who sang in recital here on February 6, at Mendelssohn Hall. Her programme was comprehensive, embracing selections from Cestito Nevin. Miss Crossley has the technique of concert singing well in hand. The voice is warm, rich and full of vitality, and the musical perception is unusually keen. For once, as in the case of Mme. Kirkby-Lunn, a well-heralded artiste has maintained her preceding reputation.

Mme. Kirkby-Lunn, by the bye, after a legitimate success in America, both in the operatic and concert fields, sailed on February 5 for England, where she is to fill many important engagements. The Dolmetsches also have departed, archaic instruments and all. It is hoped they will return to us next season, for intelligences like these are exceptional.

An event of pleasurable interest occurred at the Waldorf-Astoria during the month, when Gounod's early work, "Philemon et Baucis," was given for a leading charity. The cast included M. Salignac as Philemon, Mme. Camille Seygard as Baucis, M. Journet as Jupiter, and Heathe

Gregory as Vulcain. The record is made because of its being one of the earliest appearances of the last named artiste, a youth indigenous to this soil in opera. Mr. Gregory sustained his rôle with authority and aplomb, which promised much for the future, especially as he is now to go abroad for several years of study in various countries.

While great and wealthy New York is struggling with her chaotic and precarious orchestral

and operatic conditions, Boston continues upon the even tenor of her musical highway, and she flings her orchestra men into our midst with the charity of the good Samaritan.

The dignity of the programmes is only equaled by the interpretation they receive. Naturally, for Boston has seen to it, that if difficult scoring occurs for the wood-winds, capable men are there to execute the passages. If the brasses have, by any chance arising from the unconstrained thoughts of an ambitious composer, occasion to emerge into the high light of unassisted moments, the Boston Symphony men accomplish the feat without shattering the auditory nerves of the listeners. This is a change of grace from much of the work done by the wood-wind and brass players playing in Manhattan.

New York, outside of the visits made by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is at present but a large place where young and ambitious men are able to practice their orchestral scales in public. This is well enough for the young men, but not exactly a pleasing situation for those who unfortunately possess a love, reverence and actual need for the best of best-given symphonic music. A great director can impart the message of music, even through the medium of a somewhat limping or halting orchestra, but the world has never heard of a successful case of the blind leading the blind. We need men like Mr. Higginson, Mr. Comee, Mr. Ellis and a director like Nikisch, Paur, or Weingartner, and then from much of the orchestral material at hand our permanent orchestra would become an established fact. These are the lessons taught by Boston's band.

There was an interesting concert at Carnegie Hall recently, when Alexander Lambert, director of the New York College of Music, presented some of his advanced pupils. An orchestra conducted by Walter Damrosch assisted, and a large and fashionable audience listened to the young pianists, who gave every evidence of admirable training. All the performers showed good technique. Those who distinguished themselves were Augusta Zuckerman, Elsa Breidt, Mercedes O'Leary, Bertha Jacobson, Josephine Hartman and Marion Luyster.

EMILY GRANT VON TETZEL.



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MME. CAMILLE SEYGARD AS CARMEN



Burr McIntosh, N. Y.

HEATHE GREGORY IN "PHILEMON ET BAUCIS"

THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LIFE



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MISS BLANCHE WALSH in "Resurrection"

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Object
of the
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The
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The Theatre's Prize Play Competition

Anxious to test the truth of the argument frequently advanced that there are in this country many dramatists of talent whose plays have never been produced, owing to keen foreign competition, and to the alleged unwillingness of American theatre managers to experiment with unknown quantities, THE THEATRE has started a COMPETITION FOR AN AMERICAN MADE PLAY, open to all. This vast country, with its teeming millions, its gigantic interests, and widely diversified modes of life and manners, affords an unparalleled field to inspire the imagination of the playwright, and, with the object of encouraging our native writers to turn their talent in this direction, THE THEATRE offers

A METROPOLITAN PRODUCTION WITH A FIRST-CLASS CAST

free of cost, to the author of the best play submitted in this competition, which opened March 1st and will close August 1st, 1903.

By arrangement with Charles Frohman the winning play will be produced at a Special Matinee in one of Mr. Frohman's New York Theatres next November

Each play must be submitted anonymously, but should be inscribed with a motto or pseudonym to identify it. As soon as possible after the closing of this competition, the title of the winning play will be announced and the author will be invited to send his name and address to the editor. The non-successful plays will be returned to their owners directly the latter claim and identify their manuscripts and furnish the editor with their address.

The plays will be read in the order they are received by the editor and his assistants. This will be only in the nature of a preliminary process of elimination. Plays submitted that are manifestly unsuitable, that is, plays which deal with subjects unfit (according to all the canons of good taste and common sense) for stage treatment, or plays which call for anomalous stage scenery, or extraordinarily long casts, or which are divided into an excessive number of acts—all such impossible plays (showing their authors to be ignorant of the most rudimentary knowledge of the technique of their art) will be weeded out and the plays that remain will be placed in the hands of an expert jury, who will decide, in last resort, which of them is entitled to the prize.

Two men whose names represent the highest in literature and the stage have consented to act as judges. These men are **F. Marion Crawford**, author of "In the Palace of the King," "A Cigarette Maker's Romance," "Francesca Da Rimini," etc., etc., and **William Seymour**, one of the best known and most able stage directors in this country. The winning play will be staged by **JOHN BLAIR**. Plays of one or more acts may be submitted. It is desirable that a long play win the prize but if no long play is found to be good enough the prize will be awarded to the three best one act plays and a triple bill will be presented.

The only conditions attaching to the competition are: (1) That the competitor be an American. (2) That he or she be a subscriber to THE THEATRE. (3) That Charles Frohman, having courteously placed one of his theatres at the disposal of THE THEATRE for this competition, shall have the first option to purchase the winning play. This does not mean, of course, that the owner of the play is forced to accept Mr. Frohman's terms, but only that Mr. Frohman has the right to make the first bid. In order to comply with Condition 2, each intending competitor, if not already a subscriber to THE THEATRE, should at once send in his subscription to the publishers without stating his or her intention to compete. Each new subscriber, from March 1 and until the competition is closed, will receive from the publishers a special card bearing no name or mark of identification, but the possession of which will prove the holder to be a subscriber. On sending in his play anonymously the competitor will enclose this special card in his manuscript and this will satisfy the publishers that the competitor is a bona fide subscriber. Those intending competitors who are already subscribers may procure this special card on application to the publishers. It is distinctly understood that this special card is not transferable and may be used only by the applicant. Manuscripts may be sent by mail or delivered at the office of **THE THEATRE, 26 W. 33d Street, New York City, Addressed "Prize Play Editor."** Manuscripts will be entered as received and every reasonable care will be taken with them, but THE THEATRE will not accept any pecuniary responsibility for them.

(1) Have your play typewritten. (2) Keep down the number of your characters; try to have them not exceed ten men and ten women. (3) Avoid intricate or unusual stage settings. (4) Indicate clearly and underscore in red ink all stage directions and business. (5) Send in your play as soon as possible.

THE THEATRE

VOL. III., NO. 26

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1903

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Arnold Genthe, San Francisco

MISS MARGARET ANGLIN AS CAMILLE

Miss Anglin, who, according to report, will be starred by Mr. Frohman next season, essayed the part of the "lady with the Camellias" in San Francisco last Summer, and received no fewer than 18 curtain calls. This talented young actress may be seen in the part in New York this Spring at a special matinee performance of the Dumas play.



Byron, N. Y.

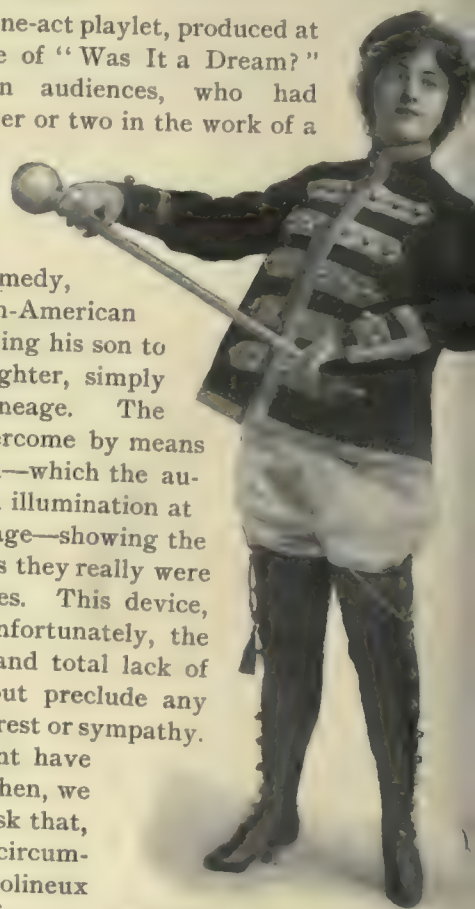
MISS MARIE CAHILL IN "NANCY BROWN"

Melodramas and Farces and Comic Operas—forms of the drama in which the characters are drawn from the air or copied from conventional designs or impressed from foreign lands—and another thing to write truly with reference to the things about us. The scene of "Cynthia" is laid in London. It could just as well have been laid in New York. Of course, such an impossible, although lovely creature as a young married woman who has not the slightest idea of the nature of money exists nowhere; but we have metropolitan girls who marry young men as extravagant as they are themselves, who keep a dozen horses, servants for every need, and who summon the pawnbroker when difficulties arise. Cynthia's luxuries of life, a scene of manicuring, a scene or two of excellent quality with the pawnbroker, a moment or two of sentiment with the husband, and a number of touches which accord with life of to-day, bring the piece up to date, not in the deft manner of Mr. Fitch, perhaps, but agreeably and truly. The last act represents Cynthia living with her husband in lodgings. She must pay the loan of the pawnbroker, who, in despair in dealing with such an artless creature and not being able to get his money back, suggests an engage-

ment as a public dancer. Of course, there is nothing in all this but a pretext by the artless borrower for a dance in lime light and color. Miss De Wolfe, once in a while, provided taking business, and very often gave expression in a sure method of artistic acting. Without making a close criticism of her acting, it may be said that she has merits and qualities of her own which, in this play, will win her favor for the remnant of the season. Max Freeman as the pawnbroker played the part very effectively. He is an actor of his own mind and manner, and it is but a simple record to say that no other actor could have done it better.

The revival, recently seen at the Columbia Theatre in Brooklyn, of so important yet seldom-enacted a classic as Shakespeare's "King John," by two such well-deserving artistes as R. D. MacLean and Odette Tyler, calls for a passing word of commendation. The exigencies of circuit travel have compelled an unsparing abridgment of the play, so that practically nothing remains but King John and his nephew, the pathetic little Prince Arthur, and the formidable but noble-hearted Hubert de Burgh. These three, however, stand out in vivid projection, with their contrasted scenes of craft and tenderness, of love and fear, of courage and death. Mr. MacLean's King John is a truly notable and striking portraiture of this fierce and wily, semi-barbaric French-English monarch, seeming to emerge visibly in the sinister outlines of the historic Dark Ages. Miss Odette Tyler has the slight and graceful figure, the appealing, childlike face and sympathetic voice which impress Arthur's sad fate indelibly upon the hearts of audiences; while Robert Elliott's Hubert is rendered with the artistic proportion of rude strength required to make it an effective foil.

Roland B. Molineux's one-act playlet, produced at Proctor's under the title of "Was It a Dream?" disappointed Manhattan audiences, who had expected at least a shudder or two in the work of a man but lately emerged from the shadow of the death-house. Instead, the author attempted a "pretty" bit of comedy, on the distinctively un-American theme of a father forbidding his son to marry a mechanic's daughter, simply because of pride of lineage. The father's opposition is overcome by means of a crystal-gazing vision—which the audience also sees in calcium illumination at the back of a darkened stage—showing the much-vaunted ancestors as they really were in the bad old colony times. This device, in itself, is excellent. Unfortunately, the amateurish development and total lack of characterization throughout preclude any possibility of dramatic interest or sympathy. A farcical treatment might have been more effective—but, then, we have perhaps no right to ask that, considering the peculiar circumstances under which Mr. Molineux essayed dramatic authorship.



Burr McIntosh

MISS BONNIE MAGINN IN "MR. BLUEBEAR"



Byron, N. Y.

THE SUPPER SCENE—PEG WOFFINGTON (Miss Grace George) offers the toast: "Here's to the men, God bless 'em!"

"PRETTY PEGGY" AT THE HERALD SQUARE THEATRE

If there existed in this strenuous city of New York a Society for the Suppression of Bad Plays (and what a field of usefulness at once presents itself!), its officers would surely have felt it their painful duty to raid "The Bishop's Move," an alleged comedy in three acts, by John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie) and Murray Carson, recently inflicted upon us at the Manhattan, and as hopeless a specimen of stagecraft as ever sent an audience to sleep. How James K. Hackett, a successful actor, who also seeks managerial laurels, could father such a weakling as this, certainly transcends all understanding. With some of Mrs. Craigie's work we were already familiar—long, weary stretches of talk, with here and there oases of clever dialogue, but all of it leading nowhere, and without an atom of dramatic or human interest.

"The Bishop's Move" is in this class, only more so. The story is trite to the point of childishness. The scene is laid in Dinan, France, where the Bishop, a jolly old soul, is seen working as a printer, to encourage his parishioners. This worthy priest has a snip of a nephew, named Francis, an aspirant for the priesthood, without, however, having a taste for the calling. The Bishop discovers that this youngster is being run after by two women, brazenly by the showy Duchess of Quenten, timidly by the demure Barbara, a local society "bud." The Duchess, who looks old enough to be the lad's mother, presses her suit ardently, much to the alarm of the tender Barbara, and the indignation of her friends. The Bishop is appealed to and there follow oceans of talk, which is happily cut short by the fall of the curtain. In the succeeding acts the Bishop makes his move, thus justifying the title, if nothing else, and takes the tearful Barbara under his picturesque wing. The brazen

Duchess is checkmated and the anæmic-looking youth, who has innocently caused all this pother, is restored to the virgin who loves him. Such, good reader, is the soul-stirring problem which the authors of "The Bishop's Move" felt impelled to present to a twentieth-century audience.

William H. Thompson, who was starred in the rôle of the good Bishop, certainly deserved a better part. That he did full justice to the rôle, such as it was, goes without saying, for Mr. Thompson is an artiste and it would be impossible for any part to entirely fail in his hands. For this reason, and also for the picturesque figure he made in his clerical robes, the piece was not utterly intolerable. But apart from Mr. Thompson the cast was not an unalloyed joy. Miss Dorothy Dorr was artificial and stagey as the Duchess, and Wallace Worsley, as the much-loved youth, was amateurish. The others struggled with hopeless parts.

ADVICE TO A PLAYWRIGHT

This truth unto thyself, all unaghost,
Whisper, young playwright, nor its wisdom spurn:
Thy play upon the waters duly cast,—
And after many days it shall return!

Marie Cahill, who is a demure delight, created "Nancy Brown," the song. Simultaneously, that song made Marie Cahill. It confirmed, in one positive demonstration, what Broadway had previously but half surmised—the rising of a new star of mirth. Here was the irrepressible feminine humor of a May Irwin, blended with the dainty refinement of a—well, several proud names suggest themselves, yet none would exactly represent the witchery of a Marie Cahill. So far, so good. But, alas! now the trouble begins. Nancy

Brown having arrived, she must be provided with a play, new if not original, more or less musico-farcical, perhaps even affording scope for the characteristic talents of the star. With the piquant hints of the song to build upon,

such a play might reasonably have been hoped for; and indeed it seemed forthcoming, when first the announcement was made of Miss Cahill's appearance, at the Bijou Theatre, in a musical comedy called "Nancy Brown." Such hopes were short-lived, and their betrayal is as sad as it is complete. The show might as well be called "Nancy Lee," or "Nancy Sykes," for all relation it bears to the soubrettish young person who invited her provincial admirer to come and visit her in Town, where her uncle owned the Waldorf-Astoria, and such things. What an opportunity for a librettist! Instead of which, Messrs. Broadhurst and Ranken, authors of what are by courtesy termed the book and lyrics, affront the public taste and intelligence with a mass of drivel, too nonsensical for critical comment, and not funny enough even to excite the laughter of the unthinking crowd. What is worse, it dulls the natural vivacity of Miss Cahill herself, to say nothing of a number of persons in her company whose previously known talents are here hopelessly eclipsed. The music of the piece is credited to Henry K. Hadley; but it is not made clear whether or not that composer is responsible for the "song hits" dragged in at frequent intervals, with no more relevancy than a church-choir quartette would have in a circus performance. Of these interpolated numbers, two of the "coon" persuasion, entitled respectively "You Can't Fool All the People All the Time," and "Congo Love Song," are so exquisitely sung by Miss Cahill as to seem really clever, by contrast with other things in the piece. The songs are mostly cheap and brazen imitations of popular bits as old as "The Runaway Girl," and as recent as Williams and Walker. A very few "Nancy Browns" will suffice to kill off the (managerial) craze for musical plays which at the present moment is ravaging Broadway.

LINES TO A LOST PLAY

The sense of justice fate displays
Your author's heart with grief has swollen;
'Tis whispered that he steals his plays,—
And now to think his own is stolen!

Miss Amelia Bingham announces that in future, when making a production, she will give a dress rehearsal, to which will be invited the dramatic critics, the contention of the actress-manager being that actual newspaper conditions make it impossible for the critic to do justice to the play he goes to review. A first-night performance does not usually end until after 11 o'clock and the newspapers go to press at 1 o'clock. Within these two hours the criticism must be written, sent down-town and set up and corrected—an impossible feat. The result is that the critic seldom waits to see all the play, but bases his opinion on what he has had time to see. Miss Bingham claims that this is unfair to the author, the actor and the manager. Public dress rehearsals were instituted in Paris some years ago for the same reason advanced by Miss



Burr McIntosh

MISS. EDNA WALLACE HOPPER AS SHE LOOKS IN "THE SILVER SLIPPER"



Hall, N. Y.

THE DRINKING CHORUS IN "THE PRINCE OF PILSEN" AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE

Bingham, but far from having proved a success, there is a great outcry against them. The late Francisque Sarcey, the famous French critic, denounced the practice and gives his reasons: "It was a foregone conclusion," he says, "that all the regular first-nighters would flock in a body to the dress rehearsals. The drawbacks to the scheme were already apparent. It meant not only the sacrifice of two nights' receipts, but the moral effect was still more disastrous. Theatre-going for the critic is not an amusement, but a business, and he is apt to regard a first night as a nuisance, since it takes him from a comfortable fireside. Also, we critics, constantly meeting and each bound on the same errand, unconsciously become a clique. We do not view a new play from the same standpoint as the paying public. We go into raptures over a piece which is really tiresome, we take a fancy to this novel situation or that clever dialogue which the general public barely notices, and, on the other hand, we pay scant attention to what really pleases the average audience—the action, the plot, the character drawing. We think we are sincere, but when we praise a piece to the skies or leave the theatre in disgust, the chances are that the paying public will take quite the contrary view. What is the result? We leave the dress rehearsal, saying: Idiotic! Rotten! The report of the failure spreads in restaurants and clubs, and the next evening, when the curtain rises on the first performance, half the orchestra and balcony are empty. The usual first-nighters linger over their dinners and arriving at the beginning of the second act, lean over and whisper to a neighbor: 'How's it going? I was bored to death last night!' A deadly chill spreads over the entire house, the actors are discouraged. A play must be very robust to survive it. I am convinced that theatre managers would benefit by abolishing not only the public dress rehearsal, but also all free invitations to the critics. If the

interests of the managers only were at stake, I would say nothing. Whether they succeed or fail is their business and not mine. But there is a principle of art involved here. The managers, trying to please two publics—one of which does not pay, but is noisy and formidable, and another which brings or withholds his money in silence—find themselves placed between two fires. There is only one remedy. The managers should turn us critics out, and pay no more attention to us than if we did not exist. The first performance should be given before the general public, and no free seats should be reserved for me or anyone else. If it is my business to keep the public informed as to what is going on in the theatres, I should soon find the price for my seats."



Burr McIntosh

TYRONE POWER

Reported to be engaged by Charles Frohman to play the title role in Stephen Phillips' tragedy "Ulysses" next season

"Consuelo," a comedy drama in four acts, by Willis Steell, was produced recently at the Madison Square Theatre by students of the Stanhope-Wheatcroft School. The play is an up-to-date transcript of some phases of social life in the "upper" (Fifth Avenue) circles of Manhattan, and perhaps no better compliment can be paid it than to say it revealed a distinct Clyde-Fitchiness in its qualities as well as in its defects. Consuelo Haverstraw is the ingénue daughter of a selfish and worldly widowed mother, who is bent upon the child's marriage with one Von Ulmer, a decent fellow, though a multi-millionaire. This eligible match might be consummated but for the untimely return from Europe of Herbert Pomeroy, the ideal of Consuelo's girlhood. But Herbert is married—to the wrong woman, of course, who has scandalously eloped with a prince. The injured husband rashly seeks consolation in giving Consuelo good advice. Upon this equivocal situation his wife suddenly appears, having come home repentant and dying. Here is Von Ulmer's opportunity—he renews his proposal to Consuelo, she accepts him. But he thinks better of it when Herbert is freed by his wife's death, and gives back Consuelo to the man she loves. Allowing for the immaturity of the young players, the piece was interpreted with intelligence, as a whole. Miss Estelle Weir gave an effective portrayal of the truant wife. The one palpable hit, however, was Miss Grace Whiting's Mrs. Smith Arnold, a part that might have been written for Mrs. Clara Bloodgood.

The committee appointed by the American Dramatists' Club to inquire into the matter of establishing a National Theatre is making good progress, and before very long some practical result may be expected. At the last meeting of the committee the following interesting letter from Dr. Appleton Morgan, the veteran President of the New York Shakespeare Society, was read:

ROOMS OF THE NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE
SOCIETY, March 4, 1903.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE:

As the project for the National Theatre is outlined in your editorial in the March THEATRE, the plan meets my hearty concurrence, and I shall extend to it every assistance within my power.

Hitherto the objection to a National, or in anywise Endowed, Theatre had seemed to me insuperable, for the reasons urged by the late Augustin Daly, viz.: That the only theatre which could be relied upon to give people what they wanted was one controlled as to its repertoire by the people—that most capricious, no doubt, but still most contemporaneous and imperious of managers—which by giving their attendance or withholding it will always very speedily pronounce what plays are worthy or unworthy of presentation.

I was inclined to oppose the project myself, for what I suppose was a more academical or, perhaps, sentimental, consideration. It had always seemed to me a palter to the threadbare cry about the "deterioration of the stage," and the proposition of somebody not educated to it to condescend to "elevate" it. I have never believed in either. In a somewhat long life I have derived the larger share of my pleasure and relaxation from the stage. I could hardly name another pleasure so entirely without alloy. The stage, as everything else, being ruled by the law of betterment, which makes the stage of to-day better than the stage of yesterday, and which persists to make the stage of to-morrow better than the stage of to-day, can be relied on, I fancy, to attend to its "elevation" when necessary!

I have, I think, traced the cry of the "deterioration" of the stage to the first man who ever raised it—Ben Jonson, who raised it when he found that his sixteenth-century London public deserted his stuffy old plays because a certain new-comer, William Shakespeare by name, drew the public to his plays, and left poor Ben without the wherewithal for a sea-coal fire! And I think I can show that every outclassed and disappointed manager and actor since, dissatisfied with the public's appreciation of his own peculiar virtues, or with the results of the performance he gave them, has invariably had recourse to jeremiad about the "deterioration" and "degeneration" of the stage. I am, yours faithfully,

APPLETON MORGAN,
President of the New York Shakespeare Society.

The *Brooklyn Citizen*, referring to the letter of Franklin Fyles published in the last issue of THE THEATRE, and arguing against the movement, says:

Why should Mr. Fyles "like well enough to see an Independent Theatre undertaken" if he is so firmly convinced that, "if honestly conducted, it would still try in vain to discover better plays than the commercial theatres produce, or to employ abler actors, or to practice finer stagecraft, or in any way raise the average of dramatic art"? Does that mean that he would like to see the Independent Theatre project undertaken only to see it fail?



Schloss, N. Y.

MISS BLANCHE RING



MISS BLANCHE RING

As the Mechanical Doll in "The Jewel of Asia"



Byron, N. Y.

MISS JULIA MARLOWE IN "THE CAVALIER"



Hall, N. Y.

BARBARA
(Miss Deronda Mayo)

THE BISHOP
(W. H. Thompson)

THE DUCHESS OF QUENTIN
(Miss Dorothy Dorr)

"THE BISHOP'S MOVE" AT THE MANHATTAN THEATRE

THE BISHOP: "It is my move!"

Reflections Upon Uncritical Critics

The Editor wishes it to be understood that he does not necessarily endorse the opinions expressed in the following article, which is from the pen of a well-known local critic and author, but who, for obvious reasons, conceals his identity behind a pseudonym. In opening its columns to the communication THE THEATRE serves merely as a public tribune, where all matters relating to the drama may be freely discussed.

WHEN a dramatic criticism two columns long appears in one of the New York morning papers, whose columns are exceedingly broad and long, and when that criticism treats of a play that was acted here the previous night, for the first time, no one who has the least knowledge of the conditions governing newspaper work supposes that the whole of the article in question was written between the moment the play was over and the moment the newspaper went to press.

Arithmetic proves that it would be quite impossible for any writer to perform such a feat, and perform it well, no matter how fluent his expression, or how rapid his pen. But in order to do justice to the critic, and absolve him from the blame which the thoughtless and the ignorant might heap upon him for having written at least half his article before seeing the play, it must be borne in mind that this pre-written portion may have related solely to the dramatic and literary merit of the play considered in itself, independent of the acting.

The knowledge displayed in that portion may have been gathered from a perusal of the play, and that portion was probably already in type before its author went to the theatre to spy out the merit and the defects of the acting, and to dovetail his comments thereon with those previously prepared.

Here is an instance in which a very large portion of a criticism may appropriately be pre-written, provided it contains no remarks that anticipate what the author, rightly or wrongly, expects will occur in the acting. The critic who is critical in the best sense of that term may go as far as this without injustice to himself, the author, the public, or any one concerned in the production of the play.

But when a critic, previous to the production of a play, announces his intention to do all in his power to damn it, he is very much of a fool and something of a rascal. He is a fool for not knowing that not all the critics combined have it in their power to ruin the future of a play which the public want to see; and he is a rascal for being willing to damn anything which, for aught he knows to the contrary, may be worthy of salvation, and even of immortality. Some years ago a very pretty but not ambitious play, by Sardou, was produced in New York. For a wonder, the critics were unanimous in their condemnation. If critics could conspire, it might have been thought they had conspired to make the play go to pieces when their respective newspapers went to press. Did they do the least harm to Mr. Sardou and his pretty play? Not at all! The play ran the whole season, for no other reason than that the public liked it.

The universal condemnation of the critics was due to their inability to view the play from its own standpoint. We do

not approach a play, which we can see from the outset does not profess to be other than a pretty play, in the same spirit as that in which we have a right to demand the mask and the cothurnus. We have no right to blame Thalia for not being Melpomene. When we go to enjoy a rural drama we are not privileged to curse the author because he does not present us with heroic types. We ought to be satisfied to know that the *dramatis personæ* have horny hands and do not indulge in facial massage.

Some time ago a certain newspaper editor announced in private his intention to "go" for the author of a play that was about to be produced. As the journal in question advertised itself as being governed by the highest principles, it is pertinent to ask of what material the conscience of such an editor, an important constituent in the policy of the newspaper, was composed?

A thoroughly good critic is at least as rare as a thoroughly good dramatist, and not a few sages contend that he is rarer; for there are certain moral qualities he must have which the ordinary critic never has, and the most accomplished dramatist need not have—at least as far as his excellence as a dramatist is concerned. Foremost among these moral qualities is the ability to judge impartially of all that takes place upon the stage, whether the manager, the actor, or the playwright be his friend or his foe, or neither, remembering, too, that it takes more courage to speak ill of a friend's work than well of an enemy's.

How many critics come up to this standard, or even nearly approximate it? Much correct and thoughtful, and some brilliant, writing is found among the dramatic critics of New York; but this is offset by too much that is shallow, ignorant, conceited, flippant, spiteful, and tawdry, the desire of the writer being to display what he deems his smartness, rather than to arrive at the truth, with no obtrusion of those tricks of style which he thinks justify his salary and delight the public. One wonders which does the less good—the really witty and brilliant writer, who showers adjectives like hailstones and coals of fire, and bewilders with the forked lightning of his syntax, but is victimized by his own stupendous prejudices, and the malevolence of his bitter misanthropy, or the self-satisfied trifler, who laughs even more at what he doesn't understand than at what he does, and has no more comprehension of the truly noble and beautiful than a



Hall, N. Y.

W. H. THOMPSON IN "THE BISHOP'S MOVE"

hippopotamus has of the spiritual nature of the possible inhabitants of Saturn. Between these two extremes comes the quasi-conscientious critic, whose self-appointed and self-applauded mission is to exaggerate the flaws, to magnify the rift within the lute, and to ignore the lute that has no rift whatever.

EDOUARD LENORMANT.

The Actor's Prayer

BY COUNT ROBERT DE MONTESQUIOU-FEZENSAC—TRANSLATION BY HENRY TYRRELL

Le fard s'est épaissi sur ma joue, et moi-même
A peine je connais mon visage: je suis
Celui qui dort, le jour, et se réveille, blême,
Pour devenir un autre au cours brûlant des nuits.

Travestissant mon sexe et déguisant mon âge
Je dois jouer un rôle aux soirs du plus grand deuil;
La grimace fait rire en mon triste visage
Et ce n'est pas pour moi qu'est le pleur de mon oeil

J'ai lu la comédie—et j'ai vécu le drame:
Ce qui reste de moi, je ne le sais plus bien;
Vous seul pourrez, Seigneur, reconnaître mon âme
Dans tous ces corps d'emprunt qui se sont faits le mien.

With paint and pencilled line my face is covered deep;
Hidden behind the mask, myself I scarcely know.
For me, the day is night; I rise from pallid sleep,
And in my nightly play another man I show.

To travesty my sex, my age to falsify,
To act a smiling rôle with mourning in my heart,
Is mine; or else, to weep—oh, saddest irony!—
Tears that are not for me, but only in my part.

Life's comedy I've read, its melodrama played,
Till what of me remains I may not well divine:
Thou, Lord, canst recognize, no matter how arrayed,
In all its borrowed shapes, the soul that still is mine.



COUNT ROBERT DE MONTESQUIOU-FEZENSAC
The French poet-conferencier now visiting the
United States



Amelia Bingham—An Actress with Ambition

Chats with Players, No. 17



IF, as some critics have insisted, Miss Amelia Bingham is not "frisky," she is at least breezy.

Her temperament is an assertive one, and when she jumps into a subject it is with the crisp dramatic incisiveness of a blast from the Northwest.

Miss Bingham, too, is ambitious. She has declared herself to that effect, and what brings greater force to her words is the positive record of her deeds.

"I am ambitious!" she said to me the other day, and with a flash of her eye and a commanding sweep of gesture she launched into a clear and logical expression of her views with a volubility that would have taxed the efforts of the most expert of stenographers.

For Miss Bingham is not alone dramatic on the stage. She knows also how to express herself to the best effect in private life, and, in that respect, her conversational powers possess a rich and potent charm.

It was in her home that I saw her, and a very beautiful home it is, too. For not only is richness and luxury represented there, but splendid artistic refinement and admirable taste. She had just returned from a drive, and the influence of the bracing atmosphere had evidently had its effect, for it needed no leading on to get her to talk. In an instant she was in *medias res*.

"At present," she said, "I suppose the attitude I took on the critics when 'The Frisky Mrs. Johnson' was produced is the subject of which people would hear more from me. Perhaps I did not make myself clear. It was no attack upon the individual, but a criticism upon a system which distinctly works to the great disadvantage of the producer. Of course, we realize that 'copy' must be in at a certain time if newspaper mails and trains are to be caught, but strive as we may, and no matter how exhaustive our preparations are, it is not always possible to run off our first nights on schedule time. The present system, therefore,

works harm both ways. The critic, perhaps, is not able to do the justice he would, and we suffer from his inability to convey to the public the praise that later might be ours."

"Then it is true that you approve of the French idea of a special performance for the critics, and that you intend to put it into practical effect?"

"I shall most decidedly do so," she replied, with a sharpness and rapidity that betokened the fact that no further discussion on that point was needed. Decision, too, seems to be another one of Miss Bingham's strong points.

"I'd give a special evening performance. Nor would I limit such a première to the critics alone. Perhaps they might ask their friends, for I should want some of mine to be present on such an occasion. A first night is trying enough, but without a certain amount of animated interest and approval in front it would be more than deadly; it would be unendurable.

"But what we'd like still more would be to have the critics themselves laugh and applaud a little."

A small, mischievous twinkle gleamed in her eyes, which are very expressive in one as blonde as she.

"Under such private conditions," she went on, "they might feel it possible to relax a little without suffering any loss of dignity. But whatever I have said I wish it to be perfectly understood that I am no objector to serious criticism, and if we do well how sweet is praise, however faint."

I referred then to an address which Pinero once made in England, in which he stated that one of the chief provinces of criticism was to praise! praise! praise! "Do you agree in that?" I asked.

There was no doubt that she did.

"Of course I do," she answered. "There's everything in encouragement. This afternoon I was driving a spirited pair in a heavy cart. One wheel sank into a hole in the ice-covered street. The horses instantly stopped. I didn't use my whip. I simply talked to them, assured them, encouraged them, and when I'd spoken a few words, on they went with perfect enthusiasm. We actors are just like those dumb beasts. We need encouragement to pull us over the



Byron, N. Y.

"SHE PAUSED A MOMENT, TRYING TO ARRANGE SOME FLOWERS IN A VASE"

hard places, and goodness knows that the theatrical path is not paved with primroses. Encouragement is the real incentive to positive accomplishment and artistic achievement. I work hard to produce artistic results, and if I succeed I like to have the satisfaction of knowing they are appreciated."

She paused a moment, trying to arrange some flowers artistically in a vase. Then she continued:

"I try to surround myself with the best company and

have the best plays, scenery and appointments that time, money and intelligence can secure. My aim is to make my scenes on the stage look as they do in real life. I try to gown my actresses so that they may serve as models for their social sisters. I am trying in every way to make my productions so complete and rounded that they will be regarded as standards of theatrical accomplishment. In other words, I am ambitious!"

As she uttered the word "ambitious" her hands clenched and her form fairly shook with the intensity she imparted to it. Then she went on:

"In trying to make a name for myself, I want to leave something that will find a place somewhere in the pages of theatrical history. What can a player do but leave a recollection, a memory? His work dies with him, but his influence can go down to histrionic posterity. Yes, I'm distinctly ambitious. I could retire now and live comfortably on what my labors have netted me, but that doesn't suffice for Amelia Bingham. When I was traveling abroad a few years ago and saw Bernhardt in her own theatre in Paris and the English actors presiding over the destinies of their own playhouses in London, I resolved that I too would become an actress-manager. I haven't my own theatre yet, but I think I'll get it eventually."

This was all said with such assurance that you almost expected the architect to appear with the announcement that the cornerstone was ready to be laid.

"One's own theatre," continued the actress, "like one's own house, is a great comfort. When the surroundings are all your own, you work with greater enthusiasm and with better results."

She became strangely silent, and, sinking back in the chair on which she was sitting, a far-away look came into her eyes as if in fancy she saw the realization of the dream her ambition evoked. Then, as though conscious of her absent-mindedness, she sat up abruptly and chatted on.

"The critics lately seem to be rather severe on Mr. Clyde Fitch and his work," she said. "I myself have not lost confidence in Mr. Fitch. He has certainly accomplished wonders and is destined to do still greater things. Only give him time; he's young. He has already turned out some splendid plays, and in my estimation he'll yet turn out masterpieces. My faith in him continues so fixed that I shall later present Mr. Henry E. Dixey in 'The Last of the Dandies.' I shall bring over the entire production which Mr. Beerbohm Tree used at Her Majesty's, and I shall surround him with a strong company."

"I am patriotic, you know," she smiled, "and when I see an American playwright or player succeed I applaud and say 'Good! he's one of us; he's an American. Another

child of Uncle Sam is coming into his own.' And the American playwright, too, is becoming stronger and more important all the time. They've all done well, but we needn't grudge them the encouragement they sometimes need. I naturally prefer to favor the native dramatist, but if you are going to be a successful manager you must buy of authors of all nationalities.

"You are not worried, then, that the syndicate will get all the available material?"

"Not in the least. Of course they do practically control the output of many of the best writers. But sometimes they cannot make use of a certain play or do not care for it, and then it naturally comes to us. I am never discouraged in advance when I hear a play has been rejected by any particular manager, and I'm further always glad to consider the work of an unknown writer. The name of an established author is undoubtedly a good asset, but give me a good play and I'll trust to the public to do recognition to the writer."

I told Miss Bingham that I had recently heard Wilton Lackaye of her company in a speech extol in the most complimentary and enthusiastic terms the value of the actor-manager.

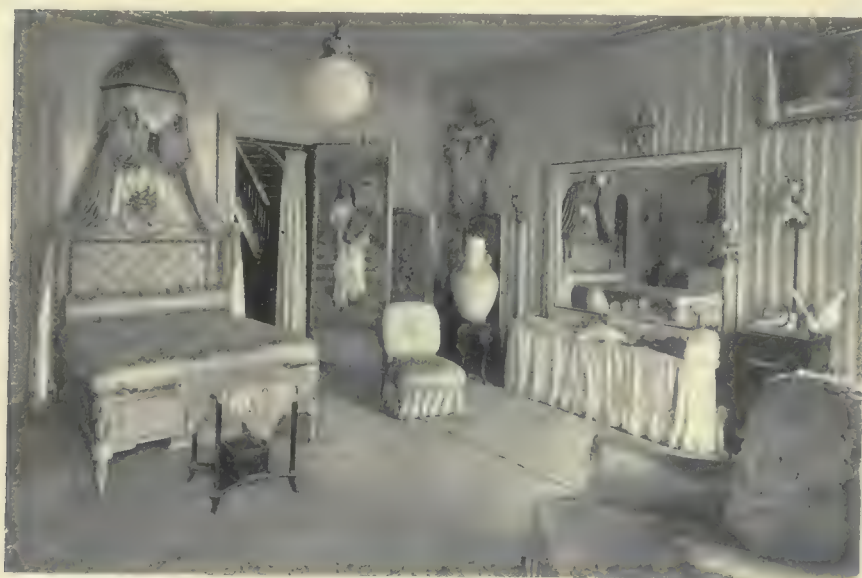
"I'm glad to hear that, and it's particularly pleasing to find one of my own players satisfied and contented with the system. It does seem to me that the logical head of a playhouse should be one who acts. Who can be in greater sympathy with the player than the one who himself performs? He must understand better their aims, ambitions and weaknesses than the one who has not been through the mill. And sometimes, too, women understand these things better than men, and know how to humor, cajole and sympathize in a way calculated to bring about the happiest results. When I organized my company I had practically five leading men, some of whom had



Byron, N. Y.

MISS BINGHAM

As Katinka in "A Modern Magdalen" Leaving Her Home



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MISS BINGHAM'S BEDROOM



Copyright, Byron

MISS BINGHAM IS FOND OF PAINTING IN HER LEISURE MOMENTS

been stars. Everyone said, 'You'll never hold them,' but I have, and what is more, I couldn't ask for a more willing, devoted and loyal band of players than those who are at present associated with me. They are deeply interested in my success, which in a way is theirs, and so we work hand in hand together like the members of a devoted family circle."

She spoke with enthusiasm, and with all the authority that comes from a thorough belief in one's self.

"Theatrically," she said, "I am an expansionist. As you know, I have several companies on the road, and I mean to have more. I've now gotten my printing to read so that the public will understand that every organization that goes out under my name doesn't imply that I am with it, but I am

building up a reputation, and the public is now disposed to recognize that a company with my imprint means that it will be able to see an interesting play, perfectly mounted and acted by efficient, popular and well-known players. It is something to accomplish that, and when I have decided that the public is tired of Amelia Bingham"—

"That day is surely far distant," I ventured, gallantly; but the star was too interested in her schemes to be disturbed by a banal compliment—

"When they have tired of me," she smiled, "I can sit back comfortably, take my ease, and realize that at the end of each week there will be something nice in a substantial way for one who has ever tried to please the generous public."

EDWARD FALES COWARD.

The Player's Rubáiyát

V.

Behold the Fragments of the Passion I
As Zaza madly scattered far and nigh,
And as Du Barry, too—the Passion which
I lay my Hands on it is doomed to die.

VI.

The Playwright swiftly writes, and having writ,
He turns it over to the Man who's IT;
And later, when he sees his play performed,
He says: "I recognize my drama—*nit!*"



Copyright, B. J. Falk
MISS BERTHA GALLAND AS ROSALIND

VII.

Some for a Part in Comic Opera pitch
Their Voice, and some their high Ambition hitch
To Tragedy and Problem Plays—but I
Prefer a Comedy by Mister Fitch.

VIII.

For I remember stopping once to see
A Potter whose first Name begins with P
At Work upon a Play, and murmured he:
"Will this turn out a Farce or Tragedy?"

WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK.

RESURRECTION



COUNT LEO TOLSTOI

Powerful and absorbing drama, as potent in its moral lesson as any sermon, founded upon the great Russian philosopher's novel, and now being presented at the Victoria Theatre, New York.

STORY OF THE PLAY TOLD IN
SIX PICTURES

By Byron



(1) Prince Nekludof (Joseph Haworth) takes advantage of the innocence of Katusha (Miss Blanche Walsh), a dependent in his household, and ruins her.



NEKLUDOF.

(2) Ten years have passed. Katusha is now known as Maslova, a disreputable woman. While the inmate of a house of ill-fame she is wrongfully accused of poisoning one of the frequenters of the place. She is on trial for her life and the jury is deliberating. One of the jurors is Prince Nekludof, who, to his horror, recognizes in Maslova the girl he betrayed. Despite his efforts to save her, Maslova is condemned to Siberia.



MASLOVA

(3) The female prison at Moscow. Maslova has fallen as low as woman can fall. She has forgotten her happy girlhood days and her only solace is the brandy bottle. Surrounded by a hideous crowd of besotted, shrieking haridans, she presents a truly terrifying spectacle of abandoned and wretched humanity.



NEKLUDOF

MASLOVA

(4) Prince Nekludof, the author of all this misery, has devoted his life to save the woman he has wronged. He follows her to Moscow and seeks an interview in the prison. Maslova fails to recognize him, and, thinking him merely a new admirer, employs all the wiles of the gutter courtesan to cajole him into giving her money. Later she recognizes her visitor and curses him for her misfortunes.



MASLOVA

(5) The Resurrection. Thanks to Nekludof's influence, Maslova has been given work in the prison infirmary. She has given up drinking and her spiritual redemption has gradually taken place, unsuspected even by Nekludof.



NEKLUDOF MASLOVA

(6) The halt on the road to Siberia. Nekludof arrives bearing the Czar's pardon. He asks Maslova to let him atone by making her his wife. She appreciates the sacrifice, but although she loves Nekludof she is ready to make even a greater sacrifice than he. She realizes their union would result only in misery to them both, and she tells Nekludof she will marry Simonson, a political prisoner, and help him serve out his sentence in Siberia. The curtain falls as Maslova, on her knees in the snow, bids the Prince an eternal farewell.



Hall, N. Y.

MRS. HATTIE MCINTOSH

GEO. W. WALKER

ADA OVERTON WALKER

BERT A. WILLIAMS

MRS. LOTTIE WILLIAMS

PRINCIPALS IN THE NEGRO PRODUCTION OF "IN DAHOMEY" AT THE NEW YORK THEATRE

The Negro on the Stage

WITH Booker Washington pleading eloquently as the educator of the twentieth-century negro; with Paul Lawrence Dunbar asking, in the sweet voice of the poet, for a place among the lyrists; with Henry O. Tanner, whose brush has gained him a name among the painters, and with Charles Chestnutt presenting a fine bit of literature in his strong racial problem, "The Marrow of Tradition," a few others have now joined this distinguished colored galaxy, and to oratory, poetry, literature and painting added the sister arts—drama and music.

The recent production of "In Dahomey," at the New York Theatre, was largely in the nature of an experiment, since it was the first time a piece written by negroes and performed by negroes had been admitted to the boards of a Broadway theatre, and the unquestionable success of the enterprise is likely to result in renewed and more ambitious efforts in this direction. Messrs. Williams and Walker, the comedians who head the "In Dahomey" organization, have been popular performers in the cheaper class houses for several years, and Bert Williams has long enjoyed the reputation of being a vastly funnier man than any white comedian now on the American stage. He is spontaneously and genuinely humorous. Nature has endowed him with a comic mask, and he succeeds in obtaining, with voice and gesture, ludicrous effects that are irresistible. He made his success in vaudeville, and it does not occur to many people that he can do anything else. As a matter of fact, Bert Williams is not only a

funny man, he can also act, and it is his ambition to appear one day in a serious part. Despite our twentieth-century enlightenment, probably we should never accept seriously a negro tragedian, but those who know what Mr. Williams can do are convinced that in a part combining comedy and pathos this colored thespian would score a great triumph and soon attain as prominent a place on the dramatic stage as Booker Washington has attained in politics.

Meantime, "In Dahomey" is put forward by its promoters as a feeler. The piece presented an opportunity for a hearing on Broadway, and now the road is made easy for more ambitious work. There is nothing very artistic or remarkable about "In Dahomey." It is about on the same level as the average Broadway "musical comedy," but, thanks to

Mr. Williams, it is a good deal more diverting. Unusual interest in it arises chiefly from the fact that everybody concerned in the production, from principals to the ballet, are of negro blood. The men are amusing, the women sing and dance well, and the negro melodies of William Marion Cook introduce to the public a colored composer of conspicuous ability.

Mr. Cook was born in Washington, D. C., in 1869, and both his father and grandfather were musicians, the latter being the plantation fiddler on a Virginia plantation before the war. He studied the violin in this country, and later spent three years in Germany, part of the time under Joachim. Returning to America, he became interested in composition, and, giving up the violin,



BERT A. WILLIAMS

The colored low comedian who may one day essay a serious part. Mr. Williams is not really as black as he is painted here, being compelled to "cork up" for stage purposes owing to his light complexion.



Marceau
WILLIAM MARION COOK
Composer of "In Dahomey"

studied harmony and counterpoint. His first work to attract attention was "Clorinde, or the Origin of the Cake-Walk," which had a successful run on the Casino Roof Garden, the songs "Who Dot Say Chicken in Dis Crowd?" "Jump Back, Honey, Jump Back" becoming very popular. More recent successful songs are "Lovers' Lane" in "The Casino Girl," and "The Little Gipsy Maid" in "The Wild Rose."

Mr. Cook is not proud of "In Dahomey," but thinks that his new opera, "The Cannibal King," on

which he has been at work for several years, will entitle him to serious critical consideration. The libretto, written by a colored man, is said to be exceedingly clever and the score to contain some fine bits of composition. This opera will be presented early next season with a company composed entirely of colored singers. In the cast will be Miss Abbie Mitchell, the pretty young colored soprano who recently sang at one of the Vanderbilt musicales, and Harry T. Burleigh, the colored baritone. He is also at work in collaboration with Harry B. Smith on a musical play in which one act is laid in the South.

Mr. Burleigh's deep-toned baritone voice may be heard every Sunday among the surpliced choir in one of the downtown churches, and he, too, is a composer of considerable talent. To many, no doubt, the name of the man who has written a number of the songs of the day may be familiar, but to few is it known that "Harry T. Burleigh" is a negro. These songs, while frequently classed under the title of "coon songs," are erroneously so called, as they are of an

entirely different order, being pure, natural negro melodies, a much higher type of music than the ordinary rag-time coon song.

Mr. Cook does not believe the popular coon songs of the day in any sense represent the true poetic feeling of the southern negro, as exemplified in the old slave songs. He thinks that in the higher opera comique, or musical melodrama, some negro will give to the public a true exposition of real negro feelings, characteristics and melodies.

The music of all races which have been in bondage is full of a sweet, deep pathos, mixed with a certain dignity and power. It is usually written, or sung rather, in the minor key, in a scale of a few notes, and with a rhythm and swing unique as compared with the music of other races. It is a singular and undisputed fact that the song of the bondsman in the Northland, or the South, the Slav, or the slave, is always tuned to the same sad, pathetic, minor key. In the work of Mr. Burleigh this note sounds throughout, and, united to a classic quality of composition, lends to all his songs a rare effect.

Among the most ambitious of Mr. Burleigh's efforts, the setting to music of Kipling's famous war poem, "The Absent-Minded Beggar," is a wonderfully dramatic musical recitative and chorus, and when given in Mr. Burleigh's magnificent voice produces a most impressive effect. Unfortunately, on account of some complication of copyright law, he has been unable to publish this fine bit of composition, and can only use it in his private repertoire.



Marceau
HARRY T. BURLEIGH
Colored Baritone and Song Writer



Marceau
MISS ABBIE MITCHELL
Young Colored Soprano who sang recently at one of the Vanderbilt Musicales



Hall, N. Y.

ACT I.—"IN DAHOMEY"—MEDICINE MAN SHOWING HIS PREPARATION TO TURN COLORED FOLKS WHITE



MISS JENNIE EUSTACE
As the Queen in Mr. Sothorn's Production of "Hamlet"

Among many songs written by Mr. Burleigh the one of which he appears to be most fond is one to which his wife, a colored woman versifier, has written the words, which are as follows:

No tears are shed, although my heart is breaking,
No words are spoken in this last good-bye,
My heart throbs not, yet silently is aching,
It does not break, I can but wonder why!
Mine eyes are dry, yet bitterly I'm weeping,
And cold and stolid hath my body grown;
My heart has ceased to beat, or am I sleeping?
Oh, no! my wretched heart has turned to stone!

A pupil of the great modern composer, Dvorak, under whose guidance Mr. Burleigh's musical education, taste and ideas were directed, the two men were thrown together in a close companionship. It was during the period of Mr. Burleigh's studies in "harmony and thorough bass" that Dvorak obtained from him valuable material for his wonderful "Symphony of the New World." Believing that in the pure negro melody there lies the foundation of an American

racial music, the composer selected from these ditties, as sung by his boy pupil, the themes which he interwove in his American symphony.

Mr. Burleigh is an ardent student, possessing the genius for hard work, and has, in this way, made himself familiar with the various languages in which he sings. In rendering a selection from English oratorios, an Italian aria or a German lied, his voice seems to absorb and give out the correct national spirit and quality, and immediately after he will give you a plantation melody or a coon song, and the voice seems to mellow and soften to the well-known, indescribable natural negro quality—the true, wild, racial tone. Received in the homes of some of the best of New York society, and upon one occasion the guest of Governor Roosevelt, Mr. Burleigh is a modest, unpretentious man, his highest desire and ambition that of endeavoring to uplift his race, as well as himself, in all that is cultivated and artistic.

Miss Abbie Mitchell, who will sing the leading soprano rôle in Mr. Cook's new opera, is the wife of that composer. Her voice is pure, sweet, clear, with a bird-like freshness and flexibility, and with just a suspicion of the mellow *race* note in its quality. She is a capital actress, refined and charming in manner, with a youthful, airy grace, soft, pale, terra-cotta coloring, and a slender, perfect form. Miss Mitchell is a diligent and devoted student in her love for her art, and, with her colored brethren, has elevated ideas for the uplifting of her race, and believes, with them, that by earnest endeavor it is possible for the negro to prove his capabilities for the higher education and culture of to-day.

With but a dim, slender line of heredity in art to look back upon, the negro still has a few bright names to lend the light of encouragement to his aims. Among those names a few of the "eternal feminine" stand out vividly. In the early colonial days one recalls the little colored poetess, Phyllis Wheatley, whose verses called forth praise from even General Washington. Later on Edmonia Lewis carved her black name in white marble, and more than one "Colored Patti" have sang to enthusiastic audiences in the last generation.

AUGUSTA DA BUBNA.

Maeterlinck to Visit America

MAURICE MAETERLINCK may visit America next season with a company trained to act his plays in accordance with his own ideas and headed by his wife, formerly known to the operatic stage as Georgette Leblanc. Madame Maeterlinck is of Italian parentage, but was born in France, Leblanc being the Gallic form of her father's Venetian name, Bianconi. She was a prima donna soprano at the Opéra Comique, Paris, where she succeeded Mme. Calvé in the title rôle of Massenet's "Sapho." When the operatic version of "Pelléas et Mélisande" was produced at the same house a year ago, Maeterlinck desired and expected that his wife should create the part of Mélisande. Carr, the director, had another prima donna in view. Thereupon Maeterlinck disavowed all responsibility for the opera, and Georgette Leblanc retired from the lyric stage. "Monna Vanna" was written expressly for her début as an actress and her immediate success in the rôle fully justified the flattering opinion which her histrionic talents had previously inspired.

During the past Winter the Maeterlincks have been making an extensive tour of the German and Austrian cities,

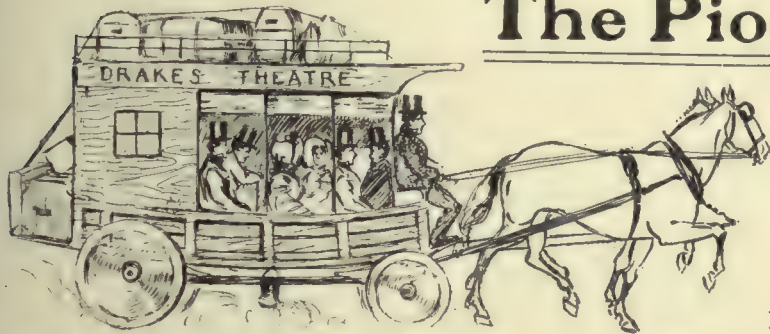
presenting "Monna Vanna," which seems to be more to the taste of Continental audiences than it was to those of London. In a recent newspaper interview in Vienna, Mme. Maeterlinck said that next season her husband would organize and rehearse a company of French actors to introduce his plays in various foreign countries, including the United States of America. The repertoire will then consist of the more re-

cent dramas of the Belgian author, including "Pelléas et Mélisande," "Monna Vanna," and a new piece shortly to be produced in Paris, entitled "Joyzelle." According to the meagre advices furnished, "Joyzelle" will mark a return to Maeterlinck's earlier idyllic and symbolistic manner. It is described as "a story showing how true love will survive all tests—tragic in character, yet with a happy ending."

The Pioneers of the Drama

Theatricals in America During the Early Forties

Described and Illustrated by a Veteran Showman



Manager Drake and his dramatic family traveling across country

ONLY the very oldest persons living to-day can remember the old wagon days of the drama. The actors who traveled about the country in this way and catered to the last generation have nearly all passed away, and are now mostly forgotten.

All who have witnessed a performance of "The Lights o' London" will remember the celebrated Jarvis Family, and the manner in which they traveled about the country in a gipsy-like vehicle, stopping here and there to give their unexcelled interpretations of the tragic and comic creations of the day. In the same manner the drama was first presented in the small towns throughout the United States. The manager and his actors traveled and slept in their covered wagon in much the same manner as did the Jarvis Family of fiction. These companies were generally made up of English actors, for in those days very few Americans aspired to histrionic honors. The actors and the plays were a good deal like those described by Dickens in his various works. As was the custom in England, these players appeared in a first piece full of strong situations, broadsword combats and rantings of the leading man, all of which pleased the audience. Every act had a good, strong death scene at the end, and the audience was never appeased until all the dead appeared before the curtain, in response to the encores. The drama was followed by a short farce.

Very few towns had any halls for the players to act in, and they had to take any empty room they could find, which was generally the dining-room of the tavern. Sometimes they had to take the blacksmith shop, utilizing soap boxes, barrels, pails, etc., for seats.

In the early days of my traveling I used to meet frequently a curious old theatrical manager, John S. Potter. He was always in hard luck, but he could not be kept under, always bobbing up again. He and a few brother thespians used to put on such pieces as "Othello" and "Virginius," but the people of those days did not take kindly to the classics. Potter never had a streak of good luck in his life. His audiences were proverbially small, and when John came to settle his bills for the use of the hall and tavern he was always

short. However, he had a good faculty of conjuring up a handy tear, which, by rolling down his cheek on timely occasions, when he was pouring his tale of woe into the hall owner's or the landlord's ear, often caused that worthy to relent and reduce his bill to within range of Potter's means!

One of the most successful, best-known and popular of the pioneer managers was O. W. Drake. He, too, came from England with his dramatic family—wife, sons and daughters—and brought with him the English custom of traveling across country in covered vans. Along in the forties his stamping-ground was up and down the Mohawk Valley, in York State. As the West opened up he drifted to Ohio, Michigan and Indiana. He presented such plays as "Macbeth," "Damon and Pythias," "Love's Sacrifice," etc.

The elder Drake was a Christian gentleman. He said grace before each meal, conducted family prayers, and lived a life that thespians of to-day would do well to pattern after. There was always a Bible in the old covered wagon. As soon as they arrived in the town where they were to play, each man of the company took a bunch of handbills and would start out in different directions, stopping at each house to hand the person coming to the door one of his handbills, and then proceed to give a brief lecture on the surpassing merits of the show. That sort of work was a part of the regular duties of every masculine member of a theatrical company in those days.

After touring Ohio, Michigan and Indiana for a number of years, Manager Drake finally began to hunger for a field further west, so he moved on with his old, covered wagon and his actors' company towards the setting sun, to the region of the scalping knife and the tomahawk, where they broke the histrionic ice, and, like the proverbial early bird, caught the meandering worm and filled their coffers. Their fame did not perish with them, as to-day they are known in the dramatic profession as the pioneers of the drama on the upper Mississippi.



The thespian stopped at each house with handbills

George W. Stevens, Sr., better known in the amusement world as "Doctor Judd," is an old-time showman. He was connected with many of the leading show enterprises in the third and fourth quarter of the last century.—EDITOR.

"Ghosts" and Other Problem Plays



GEORGE FAWCETT, who has organized an excellent stock company at Baltimore, headed by that admirable actress, Miss Mary Shaw, recently came to New York to demonstrate to us that Ibsen is a good thing, even as a commercial proposition. First, Mr. Fawcett gave a series of matinées at the Manhattan Theatre, and the patronage he enjoyed encouraged him to lease Mrs. Osborn's playhouse and continue further his experiments with the pessimistic drama.

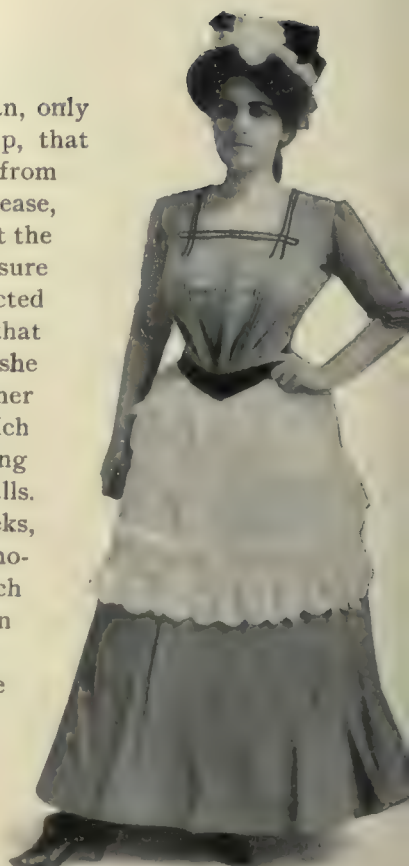
Now, an Ibsen programme is unlike any other, unless, possibly, a Björnson one; but whoever attended a clinic of Dr. Lorenz, during the recent visit of that great Viennese surgeon, experienced a close parallel to this most grewsome of theatrical operations. A master dramatist undertakes, by a "bloodless" but sickening method, to wrench into place some of the dislocated moral and ethical bones of modern society. We watch his procedure with a horrible fascination, and after it is all over a disquieting doubt remains as to whether time will prove a cure to have been effected or not.

The "ghosts" in the Ibsen play under consideration are metaphorical ones—the sins of a dead father visited upon his son, and the surviving influence of false and bigoted conventions that cling like a blight upon the soul of a noble-hearted woman struggling for moral freedom. This is the "case," as vividly presented by the Scandinavian philosopher. But in what a disheartening, what an inconclusive manner, does he develop it! Mrs. Alving endured martyrdom with her dissolute husband while he lived, and after his death devoted the remainder of her tortured existence to rearing her son Oswald in the delusion that his father

was a good and honorable man, only to find, as that son grows up, that the unhappy youth is doomed from his birth by inherited disease, reaching manhood and idiocy at the same time. Oswald, with a sure premonition of his end, has exacted from his mother an oath that "when it becomes necessary" she will administer to him, with her own hands, a lethal poison—which promise she is evidently preparing to fulfil as the final curtain falls. This out-horrors the tragic Greeks, without the excuse of their motive of overestimating fate, which was a cardinal point of the pagan creed.

"Ghosts" may be taken as the typical Ibsen play, illustrative alike of that dramatist's genius and limitations. He is deep, but narrow, like the Norwegian fjords. His reputation for technical mastery, his alleged primacy in sheer dramatic construction, appear, upon strict analysis, to be mainly owing to his ingenuity in providing plausible pretexts and motives for exceptional situations and abnormal dramatis personæ. By arbitrarily combining a series of incidents, each one realistic and commonplace enough in itself, he contrives to give verisimilitude to propositions which, as a whole, are neither logical nor likely.

Miss Shaw, ably supported by members of Mr. Fawcett's stock company, gave the most acceptable individual, as well as ensemble, interpretation of "Ghosts" that New York has ever seen. It is difficult to judge of this actress's real powers in a rôle so peculiar as that of Mrs. Alving, to which accustomed standards of criticism and comparison can not be applied; but her denotement of the dignity of suffering was broad and sure, as her culminating expression of horror was thrillingly effective. Frederick Lewis, as Oswald, deservedly shared the honors with her, in softening, as he did, the repulsive character of Oswald without diminishing its nervous and artistic force. Maurice Wilkinson gave due unction to the maundering Pastor Manders, while Charles Gay, as the hypocritical carpenter, Engstrand, made the house warm to him by his unobtrusive felicity in those occasional grimly eccentric bits which pass for humor in Ibsen. The Regina, the maid, of Miss Virginia Kline, was a well-nigh perfect portrayal of that part, both in physical exuberance and intelligent suggestiveness of acting.



Burr McIntosh

MISS VIRGINIA KLINE
As Regina in "Ghosts"

Photo McIntosh

MRS. ALVING
(Miss Mary Shaw)OSWALD
(Frederick Lewis)

Terrible scene at the end of "Ghosts," when Oswald, "honeycombed with disease," closes his eyes, gasping convulsively, "The sun! the sun!"

Four such *recherché* pieces as W. D. Howells' "The Mother," Björnson's two-act problem play called "A Gauntlet" (En Hanske), Calderon's Spanish comedy

of intrigue, "Guardate de la Agna Mansa" (Beware of Smooth Water), and Max Nordau's "Right to Love" constituted the bills of recent matinée performances of the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts.

The Howells production is not in any sense a play, nor even dramatic dialogue. Such a composition is in dubious taste for magazine publication; assuredly it ought never to be staged. "The Mother" simply reproduces the silly vaporings of a young woman a few hours after accouchement, when, instead of sleeping, she awakens her husband at 3 A. M. to discuss at length such questions as "Where do you suppose baby came from?" We cannot suspect Mr. Sargent of putting on this piece as a joke, so are forced to the reluctant conclusion that he meant it for a decisive argument against the establishment of a Theatre of Arts and Letters, as showing what such an institution might come to under the tutelage of nice, literary gentlemen.

Björnson's "Gauntlet" is at least what it purports to be—a problem play, and a challenge. The problem is, Shall a young girl about to be married to the man she loves demand of this fiancé a past record strictly conforming to her own spotless standard of moral purity? Yes! she shall and must, is the very decided answer of Svava Ries, the girl heroine of this play (prettily portrayed by Miss Isabel Nordyke). But it is really Björnson himself answering through this character of his own creation. There is the great trouble with your problem dramatist. He selects a theme advancing a proposition which is distasteful to the average contemporaneous audience, or at least with which they do not

cordially sympathize or agree. They are confronted with a disturbing but unsettled question, and their interest in the

play is that of roused internal strife. They are moved neither to laughter, tears nor applause. How should they be so moved when the author, speaking in his own person, has usurped the natural dramatic functions of the persons of the play?

Calderon's "Beware of Smooth Water" provides first-rate entertainment. It is the typical artificial comedy of manners of the seventeenth century Spanish school, in which a number of broadly distinctive types of character are, at some sacrifice of consistency, conducted through an elaborate intrigue, abounding in gay encounters and piquant situations.

Mr. Nordau's "The Right to Love" treats of a discontented young wife's conviction that she has a right to leave a loving husband and marry another man to whom she has given her heart. Her faithlessness is finally revealed to her husband, the worthlessness of the other man is disclosed to her, and she decides to remain in the home she has wronged, with the ban of perpetual unforgiveness hanging over her. The first three acts consist of long and uninteresting conversations. Nothing like dramatic movement is arrived at till the fourth, where the husband discovers, resents and punishes his wife's perfidy, and where the wife realizes the moral cowardice and selfish insensibility of her lover. Max Simon Nordau would do better to stick to works like "Degeneration" than endeavor to put that theme into a problem play. He is now fifty-three years old, and ought to know better. His Bertha is simply an ignorant, imprudent and heartless minx; her mother, Madame Fridorp, a poor, old, commonplace soul, without brains enough to understand that there is such a thing as intense, unbroken love between man and wife, lasting unto death; and Bertha's husband is a fool for not being able to divine what is the matter with an insolent and ungrateful wife.



GUSTAV LUDERS

Composer of "The Prince of Pilsen," "The Burgomaster," etc.

Gustav Luders was born in Bremen in 1865. He studied the violin from early childhood, and at the age of eleven composed his first song. He came to this country in 1885, and traveled with several operatic companies, writing songs and conducting the orchestra. He finally formed an orchestra and gave popular concerts at the Schiller Theatre, Chicago. He composed several orchestral numbers, among the most popular being "The Cavalry Charge." His first theatrical work was "The Burgomaster," produced at the Dearborn Theatre, Chicago, three years ago; "King Dodo," and the "Prince of Pilsen," all of which proved successful.



Byron

AUBREY BOUCICAULT AS PRINCE KARL IN "HEIDELBERG"



PETER F. DAILEY

WM. COLLIER

MISS FAY TEMPLETON

BURLESQUE OF "THE LITTLE PRINCESS" AT WEBER AND FIELDS'

Letters of an Actress

UNDER the above title the Frederick A. Stokes Co. have issued a clever book dealing with life on the stage. That the anonymous author is an actress, as alleged, is open to considerable doubt, for, while there is nothing in the letters to betray the writer as not being entirely familiar with the scenes described, they show greater literary skill and keener powers of observation than one would look for in a young woman acting in musical comedies in the English provinces. They are letters such as one might expect from a Duse, a Mrs. Patrick Campbell, a Mrs. Fiske, a Mary Shaw, or any other brainy actress, but, as a matter of fact, they bear every ear-mark of the professional author. This, however, does not detract from the interest of an artistic and delightful book. Gladys Luttrell—the writer of the letters—is an attractive and interesting personality, highly intelligent and possessing a ready wit. Her correspondence begins with her mother, when she is a child actress on the road, playing Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Here is a specimen of these childish epistles:

It was all true what they put in the paper about me. The people applauded me very much indeed, and when the piece was over and I went in front of the curtain, they applauded ever so much, and I heard a lady say, "What a pretty child!" I do wish you were here, so as I could tell you instead of writing—which I can't do fast—and Aunt Gertie says I must write neatly. An actress, Aunt Gertie says, has much correspondence. I am always going to be an actress. The leader of the orkester said I looked simply lovely going up to heaven between the angels. The angels we got in the town they aren't actresses, and their golden hair is wigs. My likeness will be in both the papers on Friday. Alice may have all my dolls—all but the big one—and she and Gerald may use my other things. I will lend Nigel my steam fire-engine, if he mends the wheels *so as they'll keep on*. If they're constantly coming off, please take them and the engine away, and lock them up till I come back. How is father and the pony?

Again, a few days later:

How is Gracie and her legs? What a pity they did not make her well at that doctor's! One old gentleman in the audience has been every

night, and has sent me a box of sweets each night, because I am like his little girl which died. My love to all the children; I did not say they were to *have* my toys—I *lended* them. Please, mamma, lock my big doll up, and don't let Nigel burn wood in my engine. I hope Tom likes his work in the sitty. Love to my dear papa and my darling mother. Isn't this wrote well? Sometimes I dream of you.

To her little friend Gracie the youthful actress unbosoms herself more freely:

It is very nice being an actress, and I have many things to tell you. One of the girls who are my angels here said she had never seen a brown-haired Eva before. She has yellow hair and calls it golden, and she's jealous of me. Wasn't it nasty of her? Fancy me being an actress and you, nearly two years older, having to lay down all day! When I come back I'll stay with you for hours and hours, and tell you my adventures. I think we love each other because we both have dark hair. Yellow-haired girls are beasts. We are rehearsing, and shall shortly produce a new melodrama, entitled "The Wanderers." I have a beautiful part—a boy—and am stolen by gipsies, who treat me awfully; one of them beats me with a whip, but I am padded. Aunt Gertie has taught me my part, and Mr. Constantine says I shall be a great success if I can only forget how clever I am. But what do you think? There is another child in it, and it is Mrs. Palmer's little girl, Estelle, a white, fat, waxy thing, with hair like barley sugar in ringlets and a tiny nose and blue eyes—such a blue! I believe she's older than she says, and her mother's fed her on gin to keep her little.

Time passes, and Gladys has matured rapidly. She writes to her agent:

You are a very good agent to get me an offer so soon, and I will pay you in esteem and respect, which are rarer than fine gold and cheaper. Mother wants me to get into a repertoire company, where the other ladies are sickly, so I shall get practice sooner. Aunt Gertie's going with a Shakespearian company, and I'm going to see her as Rosalind and Portia. Her manager has much improved Shakespeare, and arranged the play differently, because a great deal of water has passed under the bridge since Shakespeare lived, and the managers know how he ought to have written his plays, which is lucky for the public, isn't it?

Here is her first mention of the man whose wife she ultimately becomes:

We had a grand circle proscenium box—they were playing "The Merchant"—and during the second entr'acte in walked the Hon. Oscar,

très soigné, and looking very classy in spite of his sallow complexion and undecided features. He talked more to mother than to me, which was good manners. He likes Aunt Gertie immensely, and has seen every piece twice at least, and says there's a lot more in Shakespeare than he'd any idea of, and he thinks of reading Shakespeare.

She becomes discouraged with her chosen career, and writes to her friend Grace:

I'm getting so tired of it all! Drama, melodrama, farce, comedy and pantomime—I've played them all. Truly I've had practice, and what's the result, when I want to come to London?—an offer to walk on and understudy a ten-line part! In two years I've got the practice of five, and at the end of five years I shall get the same offer. I'm tired of the life; the shifting from town to town each week, of the managers' impertinence and conceit, of playing bad parts with good companies and good parts in bad companies. It's horrible, hideous, disgusting, only its better than being something in a private hotel. After all, an actress is a lady. So I shall go on, as we all do, hoping for the best of luck, which works out at 500 to 3 against each of us. Heavens! what a life!

No, dear, Belle is not a great friend; she is only a convenient acquaintance for me, as I am for her. Theatrical life makes such acquaintances seem more intimate than they really are. They don't last,—they're not meant to last,—but if you can hit it off with a lady in a panto co. (which is hard) you're much more comfortable. Of course, these friendships are all on the surface, and not very sincere, so they're good training for society.

How you believe in the public! I don't; and the managers' talk about "public" taste, "public judgment," "public" appreciation of the best, strikes me as bluff and piffle. I don't think that the theatre public care about acting as the musical public care about music. Our people go for the excitement of the piece and situations; they don't care how you get your effects, and they don't know whether the effects are right or wrong, but they do know when they have sensations down their backs!

Two years later the actress meets Conrad Fletcher, a rather self-satisfied leading man, who becomes engaged to her, and afterwards jilts her. Her first estimate of him seems to be the correct one:

Most certainly he's un-English. I don't admire morbidezza and thick, crisp, black hair which curls when it gets a chance. He looks ten years older than he really is, and has less modesty than most actors. He has one odious quality in an actor. He pretends not to care about applause, and affects not to be jealous, and all the time he's working quietly and secretly for his own hand.

But love is blind, and here is one of the ardent love letters she writes him later:

Your letter is very sweet, and I was glad to have it, and imagine you saying those things to me! Your voice is with me always; it seems to possess me and, thinking of it, I thrill as when you told me that you loved me. As you spoke—how you speak, Conrad!—each note of your voice was repeated in me, and I felt as if I were being shaped to the cadence and rhythm of your speech. I was surprised. I had never thought of your loving me. I put it all down to "Othello." When you said those things it seemed that I ought not to hear them, that they should not be said, that one could not listen to such speech. You went on, and my fear and shame dropped away, and I loved to hear you speak of me as no one has spoken to me. Conrad, I've never been in love. I'm glad of that. No man has made me feel as you have. Was I very white when you made me walk to that seat? You spoke softly, as if you were stroking me to sleep, and I remember thinking how pretty the country looked, and really it's ugly! How angry that man made me when he got into our carriage! You willed him out, and actually he got out at the next station. Of course, he'd have got out in any case, but I believe in your strong will. . . . I have been drawing your head, and got the *boucles* of your hair right at last. *Boucles* is the word, not curls, which suggest only ringlets, or a nigger's black moss. Do you know that the lower part of your face isn't right? There's too much will and character in it. I have drawn it as it should be, and you must learn to grow like it; if you do, I'll never speak to you again.

But the dream did not last, and the rude awakening breaks her heart:

It's hard to write to you now, Conrad. The words I am used to come of themselves, and I have to stop myself from using them. A formal dignity is the becoming style for a woman in my position—it strikes me as theatrical—we have had enough theatricals. . . . You were astonished at my patience; you expected some outburst; you seemed to wait your cues. The wrong you have done me could not speak.



THE MOTO-GIRL AT KEITH'S THEATRE

A sensational attraction at Keith's Theatre recently has been the Moto-Girl, whose first appearance aroused considerable curiosity. Mechanical toy or human being? No one was quite sure which, and many people were inclined to take it for a wonderful bit of mechanism until the Moto-Girl herself, at the end of the act, solves the mystery by relaxing her muscles, bowing to the audience, and tripping gaily off the stage. It is a clever performance, and while resembling that of Phroso, is superior to it. Phroso was a grewsome object; the Moto-Girl is a pretty little girl barely sixteen, and possesses a command over her nerves and muscles that is truly remarkable. Her make-up is perfect. Her features are those of a waxen figure, her limbs and arms are straight and stiff, her body is encased in a metal waist, copper-soled shoes are upon her feet, her hands are gloved, and about her calves there is a heavy padding of electric batteries, which are connected by wires with her finger tips, where two pieces of steel protrude. These, when placed together, give forth brilliant sparks of electricity, which further impress the audience with the belief that the figure before them is only a clever mechanical device. In the middle of her back is a clocklike arrangement of springs and cog wheels, and when these are wound up the figure stirs and leaps into animation. She has absolute control over her nervous system, and nothing can startle or frighten her into betraying herself, although sometimes she has been severely tried. One day her manager detected in the audience a man who had brought a revolver with the intention of firing it close to her head. "She wouldn't have budged if he had!" exclaimed her manager, proudly; "she's a marvel!"



Schloss, N. Y.
MISS NELL HAWTHORNE

One of the famous Hawthorne Sisters and a favorite performer in Vaudeville

I was aghast at what I saw. Layer by layer, the sheath of your soul was stripped away. You don't know how it hurts me to see you as you are. You have not left me a shred of comfort, nor any hope of illusion. . . . We are both actors. You needn't have acted to me. I wished that I did not see through it all so clearly. Did you not know that a woman who has loved a man would give anything rather than see him falsify and bemean all her impressions, all her memories of him? You should not have made that mistake, Conrad. . . . Very likely, you are not worth loving or regretting. Conrad, I have seen your nature, and still I love you, and could forgive you and be your wife, and forget, or pre-

tend to forget, and shut off the truth with the veil of illusion. I would put together the Conrad of my dreams. I would build up a false and beautiful Conrad, and should be very careful only to look at him through the veils of illusion. I should be happy then, not as I hoped to be when I believed in you, but happier than I shall be without you.

These extracts, necessarily brief and disconnected, afford only the merest outline of a book that must be read in its entirety to be fully appreciated.

The Ferenczy Opera Company

ON Monday, March 9, the Ferenczy Opera Company, from the Central Theater in Berlin, opened at the Irving Place Theatre with an operetta called "Das Süsse Mädel," in three acts; book by Alexander Landsberg and Leo Stein; music by Heinrich Reinhardt.

It is neither the book nor the music which insures the success of this work, but the thoroughly comical manner in which the fun is projected by Fraulein Mia Werber, comedienne *en chef*, and her associates. The argument is far from unusual, dealing with an old and would-be dissipated Count, a gay nephew, the sweetheart of the latter, a young artist, with an attachment for a masseuse, a secretary to the Count, a gardener and the usual coterie of persons necessary to carry the slender plot interwoven with these main characters. It is a typical German play, in which love and domesticity triumph, and all that is wrong is righted.

The character of the fun would not exactly appeal to the sense of humor possessed by a Connecticut parson, but it goes unchallenged by the happy audiences who are not given to dwelling upon or magnifying risqué situations or speeches. To the American mind, and the American mind is less naïve than the Teutonic, some of the jests are hair-raising, and others have no other *raison d'être* than their suggestiveness. We are accustomed to certain stage formulæ, ideas of gesture, dignity and grace of bearing, costuming, etc., by which it will be seen we lay great stress upon those externals which affect the mind through the eye. These Germans reverse this, as they care only to affect the eye through the mind, but artists tell us beauty is in the eye of the beholder. A somewhat lumbering style of humor, which appears from time to time, is the serving up on the altar of jest such staid old pedants as Sudermann, Hauptmann and Nietzsche! It seems but a step farther when the festive modern German librettist will convulse his audiences by introducing Bach in ballet-skirts, or Kant as an up-to-date journalist.

Among the principals participating, Fraulein Mia Werber is the command-

er-in-chief. She is very small, piquant and vivacious, and approximates American ideas of grace. The voice is a regular light-opera voice—clear, thin and telling. The other voices are inconsiderable, both in quantity and quality, but they are sufficient for the demands made upon them.

These visiting Germans, just like almost all foreign artistes, possess that clear diction whereby every syllable reaches the auditor, which, as in the instance of those improper jests, leaves no doubt in the mind of the listener as to what is transpiring. But the gestures are of such ungraceful vigor that words are not really needed anyway.

The audiences of the Irving Place Theatre go there prepared to enjoy the smallest thing of worth; the average American audience attends the theatre with a mind prepared to be bored, to criticise and to be disappointed. The Ferenczy Opera Company teaches one how much actual enjoyment can be had through a somewhat slender medium.

and it seems as though the presence of such a wholesome stock company in every city of America would do much to ease the strain of American life and to get us back into the paths of legitimate enjoyment.

Special mention should be made of Rudolf Ander as the Graf, Fraulein Theresa Delma as Sizzi, Siegmund Kunstadt as the nephew, Edmund Loewe as Florian, Fraulein Henny Wildner as Fritzl, Carl Knaack as the secretary, and Emil Albes as the servant.

Another lesson taught by these visitors was the joy of ensemble. We had an even scale of excellence, both vocal and histrionic, and not one great star which made his or her associates pale in the distance.

While one would like more beauty to appeal to the æsthetic sense and a higher plane of refinement, one must admit that "Das Süsse Mädel," fresh from Vienna and Berlin successes, is far more palatable and wholesome than the majority of Broadway productions. The laughs it provokes and the sanitary domestic lessons it openly inculcates rival all spring tonics.



FRAULEIN MIA WERBER

EMILY G. VON TETZEL.

THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LIFE



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THE THEATRE

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ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



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THE SCHOOL MA'AM CHORUS IN THE "SULTAN OF SULU," AT WALLACK'S THEATRE



THE RACE SCENE IN "THE SUBURBAN" AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

PLAYS and PLAYERS

Have you seen the announcement regarding The Theatre Magazine's Prize Play Competition providing for a production of the winning play at one of Charles Frohman's New York Theatres next Fall? The competition is now open, and plays are arriving at this office in great numbers. Send in yours. See page 131 for full particulars.

EVEN though she had conquered Brooklyn, it was a bold step on the part of Mrs. Edith Ellis Baker to assume the management of Mrs. Osborn's Play House for the purpose of exploiting herself as a metropolitan star in a play of her own composition. The conditions under which she opened were far from propitious. The night was fearful, the audience sparse. Yet this frail, fragile-looking woman achieved under forbidding circumstances a distinct success as a playwright. Her temperamental comedy drama in 4 acts, as she pleased to term "The Point of View," gave evidence of a writer who, should she be disposed to devote herself to that phase of theatrical endeavor, would soon make herself a positive element in a field too little occupied by those who see and think and are still capable of giving the results proper expression. "The Point of View" is a study in family pride against common merit with a purpose marked out on lines suggested more or less by "Le Maitre

de Forges." The first act was a model of technical exploitation. Not only was the story begun and the characters limned with adroit skill and the individual characteristics deftly outlined by words and deeds, but the interest was sustained and the audience carried over to the succeeding act with no straining of the imagination.

Mrs. Baker has all the alertness of the late James A. Herne in sketching the little incidents of life that strike home and carry conviction, but she has also his weakness in that she

will at times intrude the expression of her own personal ideas, producing a pedantic effect that mars the continuity of the main story. With certain slight changes both in text and stage management "The Point of View" would please and interest the public as have few of the serious plays of the present season. But Mrs. Baker, simple and unaffected as she is as a player, is not equal to the leading female rôle. Conscious of her limitations she never tries to do too much, and the part suffered by her want of force and authority. In the really admirably drawn character of the uncouth westerner, who wins the hand of the heroine, Alphonz Ethier displayed a manly charm and grace that was well-nigh perfect. Bertram Yost showed emotional talent of a high order as a musical enthusiast who failed, and as



DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
(Stuart Robson)

DROMIO OF EPHESE
(Clifford Leigh)

"Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother."

ACT IV.—"THE COMEDY OF ERRORS."

the disappointed lover George Probert was engagingly sincere. Edward M. Ellis who evidently has E. M. Holland in mind as a histrionic model gave homely truth and conviction to the rôle of an irresponsible father, and Miss Ann Warrington brought a breezy personality to bear with becoming effect on the part of a good-hearted independent woman of to-day.

The moment that you step upon the stage
 Applause informs you that you're still the rage;
 O surely this should silence those who scoff,
 Because you're mostly *in* a rage when *off*!

The sudden appearance on Broadway of so breezy a character drama as Opie Reid's "The Starbucks," caused Manhattan playgoers to rub their eyes. What! a new native American play, and a Tennessee play at that, in triumphant exploitation at Daly's? Coming after a trying season of idiotic music-farce, "The Starbucks," which is a play at first hand and not a dramatization of a book, could hardly have missed a popular welcome. Its plot is rudimentary and innocuous. It turns upon the "moon-shining" habit, or surreptitious distillation of corn liquor, which, like patriotism, religion, and the vendetta, is hereditary in the Starbuck family. Jasper Starbuck, one of those genial rugged characters in which Theodore Roberts delights, is a sturdy mountaineer, who was a Union Soldier in his youth, and now lives in contentment, if not peace, with his second wife, Margaret (Miss Louise Rial) and their daughter, Lou (Miss Mary Ryan). Among the United States marshals appointed to ferret out illicit stills, is one Lije Peters (Thomas Coleman) whose family is at feud with the Starbucks. Of course, Lije starts in promptly to make trouble for Jasper Starbuck; and after failing to get either his daughter Lou in marriage, or a thousand dollars blackmail money, undertakes to have the old man railroaded to the penitentiary. Sentiment and humor abound, and of a fresh, spontaneous, hearty flavor, while three separate and distinct love stories are in harmonious progress throughout, like the three rings at the circus. Character parts that help out the piece wonderfully are William Dills' Lag Spencer, a shiftless fellow who borrows things, and plays the jewsharp; William Evarts' Moze Blake, who has been cured of stuttering; and Kintchin, a wheedling, lazy old negro, portrayed to the life by William Vischer.

The sudden death, on April 9 last, of Hillary Bell removes a familiar face among the regular first nighters at the theatres. As dramatic critic of the New York *Press*, Mr. Bell wrote about the stage and its doings with a facile and generous pen. He was never very profound, usually preferring the lighter topics of the theatre to its more serious questions, and writing of them in an entertaining dilettante vein. But he had the reputation of being honest and accurate, and he counted in the dramatic profession a host of friends.

In "A Fool and His Money," at the Madison Square Theatre, George H. Broadhurst shows himself a practical mechanic with a keen sense for the effective in comical episodes. With an act devoted to the attempt of two young men to prepare a breakfast in a room in which the landlady forbids cooking, and where the trunk is the invention of



MISS BEVERLY SITGREAVES
 Otto Sarony Co.
 A talented and artistic actress whose work as Princess Marie in "Resurrection" was much praised. Miss Sitgreaves has had an unusual and varied experience and during her career on the stage has played almost everything. She went to Paris at the invitation of Sarah Bernhardt, and for some time she was leading woman of the short lived English Theatre in the French Capital. An interesting feature of Miss Beverly's work is her imitation of Duse.



Copyright Burr McIntosh.

MISS MARIE DORO

Daughter of a Kansas City lawyer and now appearing successfully in an ingenue soubrette part in "The Billionaire." Miss Doro has a good voice and is a clever dancer.

one of them whereby it is really a refrigerator and larder, the violin case the depository of plates, and the hat box the receptacle for the spirit stove, and with a comic slavey making comments on the two lodgers up and down the elevator shaft to her neighbors, there is a reasonable chance to amuse, and the act in which all this happens is entirely successful. Otherwise the story is not of much moment, the action is indefinite and not worked out with sufficient plan.

A useless young man who has been squandering his father's money is discovered by him as he opens a game of roulette for the entertainment of his companions in his father's house. The guests are dismissed, and the young man agrees with his father that he is to make a living for a year, with the public understanding that he has been disinherited. This gives occasion for the inventions and their use in the scene described. There is also a good scene for that excellent actress, Mrs. E. A. Eberle, who, with great dignity, repels the enthusiastic greetings of a young Frenchman whom she does not understand. Jameson Lee Finney is the inventive and independent young man, and carries out his functions with a light and engaging spirit. This young man is very much beloved by a beautiful young lady without any particular reason, but Mr. Broadhurst probably considers this in the very nature of love, and he may be right. Arnold Daly is the other young man. He is much more of a Frenchman than one usually sees, but he did very well. The great hit, however, of the piece was scored by Miss May Vokes as the comic servant girl. Miss Vokes was a host in herself and irresistibly funny. Beauty was contributed by a bevy of pretty girls, the greater share of the beauty being possessed by Miss Mabel Dixey. Sidney Herbert and Miss Brandon Douglas were also successful in their respective rôles. Miss Brandon Douglas did not have many lines to speak, but she wore a stunning gown.

When one sees on the posters of one theatre the announcement of a new play by an author whose name appears this size, RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, and at another theatre the announcement of a play by an author whose name appears this size, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, one is apt to form great expectations regarding the first piece. All the keener, therefore, was the disappointment when "The Taming of Helen," the maiden play of a fashionable author, was first presented to a New York audience. Glowing accounts of the piece had previously come from Philadelphia, probably from an enthusiastic press agent, for as a matter of fact, the play was a very amateurish effort, and entirely unworthy of the performers concerned in the production. The scene is laid in London. Philip Carroll, a young American, has written a play, and is badly in need of a manager. He has made the acquaintance of a London actress who has faith in his piece, and helps him to secure a production, and it also transpires that he is in love with an American heiress. The complication is thus readily seen. The heiress becomes jealous of the actress and remains estranged from the young man until the last act, when everything is smoothed out. This last act, occurring in the green-room of a London theatre with the manager, actors and stage hands contributing good comedy, is the best in the play, but, unfortunately, it comes too late to redeem the dullness of the preceding acts. Henry Miller was entirely out of his element as the ambitious young playwright. His comedy was forced and spiritless, and at no time did he suggest the character he assumed. Miss Jessie Milward played the actress friend with her usual authority, and Miss Grace Elliston was natural and charming as the heiress.

Lawrence D'Orsay, the ultra-English Earl of Pawtucket, prides himself upon being much less exaggerated in private life and conversation than when playing his now celebrated rôle. He is the only person who can perceive the difference. At the Lamb's Club, the other day, Mr. D'Orsay was introduced to an Englishman, newly arrived from London. "Aw, how are you, old chap?" said Pawtucket. "Aw—delighted!" drawled the Britisher, with unaffected cordiality. D'Orsay got away as soon as he could, and remarked, with ruffled dignity: "The silly ass! fancied he was burlesquing me, don't you know."

In what is justly styled an "adequate revival" of Shakespeare's classical "Comedy of Errors," Stuart Robson as Dromio of Syracuse has been seen lately at the Montauk Theatre, Brooklyn, and the Grand Opera House, Manhattan—a week only at each place. Time has ripened this well-known impersonation, into which Mr. Robson's individual peculiarities have become fused with something of the authority of tradition—like Jefferson's in Bob Acres. Shakespeare does not positively call for the Robsonian squeak, nor the queer little falsetto laugh, nor the quaint cackling utterance of his merry rhymed couplets, in this comedy of unique charm; but we should miss them, now, in any other player's assumption of the rôle. Clifford Leigh, as Dromio of Ephesus, mimics them with some success. The Antipholus twins are made startlingly like, and pleasingly presentable withal, by Edward Mawson and Charles Lane. The sisters Adriana (Miss Eleanor Barry) and Luciana (Miss Francis Grahame Mayo), touched with a delicate shade of poetic sentiment, the fair and statuesque Phryne (Miss Laura Thompson), and the portly, dignified Abbess (Miss Jennie Reifferth), are all convincingly represented in the well-balanced and artistic ensemble. These, in scenic settings of extraordinary beauty—the pictures of the gardens and port of Ephesus, and the rock-cut early Christian church of Act IV., are the loveliest with which this play has ever been enhanced—deserve wider public acclaim than as yet they have received. When the National Art Theatre shall be an achieved reality, adequate classic

revivals like this of Mr. Robson's will not have to wait until the fag-end of the season, and then slip into the Metropolis by the back door!

Mrs. Edith Ellis Baker, the new lessee of Mrs. Osborn's Play House, was a child actress. She appeared as the child in "East Lynne" at the age of six, and from that time until she was fourteen was constantly before the public. Then followed a period in school after which she starred in a piece called "The Ship of State," and later in Lotta's play, "Pawn ticket 210." Then came two years of ill health, during which she took up play-writing. In 1901 she leased the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, and presented the Baker Stock Company there. Last year Mrs. Baker wrote "The Point of View," and, determined to put it to the test before a New York audience, took a lease of Mrs. Osborn's Play House.



MRS. EDITH ELLIS BAKER
New Lessee of Mrs. Osborn's Play House.

"Pretty Peggy," the latest of the many plays founded on incidents in the life of the famous Irish actress Peg Woffington, and in which Miss Grace George is now appearing, has all the defects inherent to plays written to suit the particular requirements of stars. Miss Francis Aymar Matthews has been wholly uninspired in writing this piece, the chief



Hall, N. Y.

TEDDY HAMPTON
(Arnold Daly)

M. ISAACS
(Max Freeman)

CYNTHIA
(Miss Elsie de Wolfe)

Reduced to poverty by her extravagance, the young wife is unable to repay the loan of the pawnbroker, who duns and threatens her.

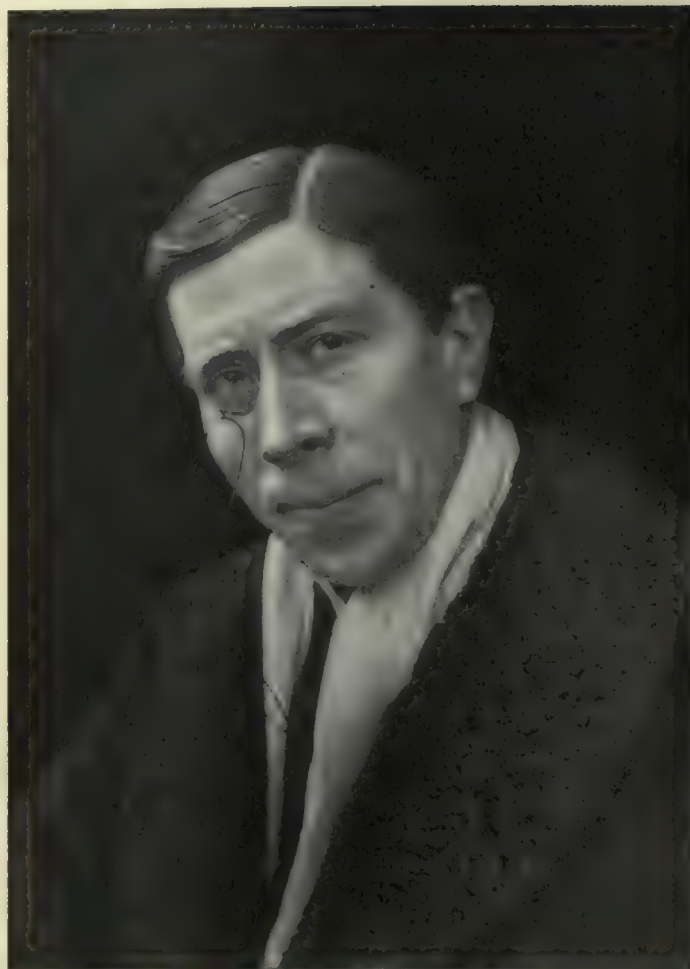
SCENE FROM THE COMEDY "CYNTHIA" RECENTLY SEEN AT THE MADISON SQUARE THEATRE

faults in which are poor construction and a badly told story, the play being merely a series of disconnected episodes loosely hung together on the flimsiest of strings. Thanks, however, to the liberal manner in which William A. Brady has staged the piece, and the pleasing personality of Miss George, who is seen at her best in the part of the heroine, the comedy was saved from failure, and even promises to enjoy a prosperous run.

The play opens with a novel and animated scene, showing the interior of a circus booth in Dublin, where trapeze performers, jugglers, dancers and strong men are rehearsing their respective feats in most realistic fashion. Here Peg Woffington, "the impudent faced Irish girl," as Horace Walpole called her, meets and becomes infatuated with David Garrick, the fashionable London actor. In the next act Peggy is already leading woman of the Covent Garden Theatre, and the actress celebrates her birthday by a great feast set out in the greenroom. This is easily the best scene in the play, and Mr. Brady has spared no expense to fill the stage with color and life. The beautiful eighteenth century costumes are all of extreme richness and the furnishings elaborate to the verge of extravagance, while a veritable army of supernumeraries are employed to add to the animation of this picturesque tableau. But the sensation of the production and the one feature that will make "Pretty Peggy" talked about is the riot in the last act when a band of powdered gallants noisily invades the aisles of the auditorium, hissing the performers and making a great uproar. The stage is set as the Forest of Arden, and Peggy is appearing in a benefit performance. Her rival has organized this cabal against her, and as Peggy hears the hisses she sinks lifeless to the ground. The whole scene is effective and startling and while not exactly new is novel enough to excite the interest of the audience proper.

Miss George looked very pretty in her dainty gowns, and acted with spirit and intelligence. Her work seems to lack depth and mellowness, but this is a defect that time will remedy. Her comedy is natural and spontaneous and in the

strong scene where she dismisses the unfaithful Garrick, and again at the end of the play, the young actress struck tragic notes indicative of considerable emotional power. Altogether it was a creditable performance which with a more skillfully constructed play might easily have been a great performance. Robert Lorraine was a handsome but somewhat wooden Garrick, and Donald MacLaren pleased as



GEORGE ARLISS

Recently made a great hit as the crafty minister of war in "The Darling of the Gods" Mr. Arliss is an Englishman and, after experiencing in the provinces all the hardships of the struggling actor, was eventually "discovered" by Messrs. Gatti. This led to an engagement at the Vaudeville Theatre where he remained a considerable time, playing comedy roles, and firmly establishing himself as a recognized "London Actor." Then followed his engagement with Mrs. Patrick Campbell with whom he came to America. He is also the author of several plays.

Peggy's other suitor, Sir Charles Hanbury, a part in which the actor had an opportunity to use his rich and sympathetic voice with the song: "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes." Adolph Bernard likewise deserves credit for his impersonation of the amorous old Earl of Cholmondely. Annie Ward Tiffany contributed a capital bit of character work as Mrs. Woffington and Margaret Mayo made a delightful Polly.

The actor cannot do without the play;
The playwright cannot do without the actor.
Let neither, then, dispute the right of way,
Since each to each is an essential factor.

The presentation of Sydney Rosenfeld's comedy, "A Modern Crusoe," at Proctor's 5th Avenue Theatre recently was of rather more than usual interest inasmuch as this piece—originally written for Roland Reed and performed in Boston and other cities for the past two years—is almost identical as regards the main outlines of its plot with "The Admirable Crichton," the new comedy by James M. Barrie in which William Gillette will appear next season. Mr. Rosenfeld acknowledges indebtedness to Ludwig Fulda, the German poet, who, again, may have taken his idea from Tom Taylor's old piece "The Overland Route," version of which by Paul Potter was done here a few years ago under the title of "The Pacific Mail." But whether Mr. Barrie got his inspiration from Taylor or from Fulda is really immaterial; judging from the London accounts, the English



Photo Marceau

MISS IVA MERLYN AS MARY MAGDALENE

A new Biblical play dealing with the betrayal of Christ, and entitled "The Holy City," was produced at Poughkeepsie on April 1, and is now being presented in other cities. The piece is reported to be a success. Miss Merlyn, who appears in the role of the beautiful penitent, is the sister of a clergyman now occupying a prominent pulpit in Philadelphia.

humorist has been more successful in handling this whimsical story than any of his colleagues.

A millionaire takes a party of friends for a pleasure cruise on his yacht. Previously, he has discharged a secretary for making love to his niece, and this youth secretly secures a berth as a stoker on the yacht. The vessel is wrecked on a desert island and here the man of money finds his check book useless. The only person capable of leadership in this extremity is the poor secretary, who, having always lived by his wits, knows exactly what to do. Under his orders, the millionaire and his friends dig and hoe potatoes for their daily sustenance, and thus the conditions of primitive society are re-established. It was this sociological phase of the story that appealed most to the German author, while Mr. Barrie and Mr. Rosenfeld treat it as pure comedy. The Barrie version makes the family butler, not a secretary, the hero on the island, and when the rescued party return to London the butler resumes his humble place in the domestic economy, which sounds like an exceedingly funny complication. In the Rosenfeld piece the millionaire is made the leading character and this, of course, is a mistake as the entire interest of the play centres on the man who, by force of circumstances, ends by dominating those who once despised him. Frederic Bond, a veteran and sterling actor, played the millionaire in the Proctor production and certainly got out of the part all there was in it. The others in the cast did not distinguish themselves, and the crude stage furnishings—while perhaps all one might expect in a Continuous Performance house—seemed incongruous on Broadway.

The production of "The Suburban" at The Academy of Music serves to demonstrate the appreciable advance in the art of writing melodrama in this country. Heretofore, plays of this kind with large effects, have had their origin in England, where ingenuity has almost reached its limit in reproducing the phenomena of nature and the combinations afforded by accidents on sea and land. A scene at the racing track is not all new, for Charles T. Dazey, the author of "The Suburban," introduced a similar effect in "In Old



MISS CECIL SPOONER

Who has been called a Henrietta Crozman in miniature, and who will come to New York shortly with the comedy "My Lady Peggy Goes to Town."

Kentucky," produced several years ago by Mr. Litt. The scene now used, however, is an improvement on that and on all other scenes of the kind. The grand stand, in the back, seems to be peopled with an animated throng, and by the device of waving handkerchiefs and moving parasols and figures produces an illusion which has never before been accomplished. Twelve horses are paraded before the race, mounted by jockeys in their colors; the judicial gravity of the judges is seen, while the betting proceeds, accompanied by all the preparations for the minute or so of the contest of speed. The horses dash past, with the winning one setting forward the action of the play. As a bit of stagecraft it is as effective as can be conceived. The melodrama will serve for the entertainment of those who welcome trifling with probabilities if often enough in the course of the action a genuine appeal is made to the heart. The performers are capable.



Byron, N. Y.

SENSATIONAL RIOT SCENE IN "PRETTY PEGGY" AT THE HERALD SQUARE.

Peg Woffington is appearing for a benefit at the Covent Garden Theatre, and a hostile demonstration against the actress organized by one of her rivals takes the form of a disturbance in the audience. During a dark curtain the proscenium boxes and the floor and balcony become filled with actors. From behind the footlights so that when the lights are put up the entire auditorium is full of eighteenth century gallants in powdered wigs brandishing cudgels and making a terrible uproar. The real audience, which is considerably startled by the sudden and noisy invasion of the mimic spectators had left the house when the above picture was taken, but it gives some idea of an extraordinary scene.



Courtesy of Elizabeth Marbury

ENTRANCE TO VICTORIEN SARDOU'S SPLENDID CHATEAU AT MARLY NEAR PARIS. THE SPHINXES WERE PRESENTED TO THE DRAMATIST BY THE KHEWIVE OF EGYPT

Sardou Reproaches Irving



EVERYONE who has enjoyed recently the privilege of an interview with Victorien Sardou, and witnessed the earnestness, energy and enthusiasm with which he discusses matters connected with his craft finds it difficult to realize that the most distinguished of living dramatists has reached the age of three score and twelve. Far from being weary of the strife or subdued with the philosophy and resignation that years bring to man the veteran playwright is still full of fight and looks forward to many more triumphs of the footlights. He has just given Irving the new drama "Dante" and next October Sarah Bernhardt will produce another new play by him, entitled "La Sorcière (The Sorceress).

During the winter months M. Sardou occupies a handsome roomy flat on the fourth floor of a mansion on the Boulevard de Courcelles, just near the Parc Monceau, the most charming part of Paris. What a difference between this luxurious apartment and the little attic on the Quai Napoléon where the dramatist commenced his career. This historic attic has since disappeared, the house having been pulled down. But the "Plaine Monceau" flat is modest compared with the splendid chateau at Marly where M. Sardou resides in the summer.

It was at his town residence that the writer saw M. Sardou the other day. The new drama "Dante" has been productive of much worry to M. Sardou—at least, a less good humored man would have been worried. Firstly, the Italian press, on the strength of inadequate descriptions of the plot, reproached him bitterly with not making the drama a "slice of history," just as his critics of the realistic school have reproached him with not making his plays "slices of life." Secondly, Sir Henry Irving has considered it necessary to make certain changes in the most important scene of "Dante," changes which M. Sardou thinks spoil the play, or at least the culminating scene in it.

After explaining that the object of our call was to obtain a statement on both these questions, M. Sardou, after a moment's thoughtful consideration, said:

"I am happy to have the opportunity of making my own position clear in so important and interesting a medium as THE THEATRE. My collaborator Moreau and myself did not intend "Dante" to be a mere recital of the events in the life of the great Italian poet. Our idea was to write a drama which would, as it were, both set forth the character of Dante and symbolize his life-work. But to bring this great subject on the stage a connected dramatic action was necessary. The incidents and characters indispensable for this dramatic action we have taken from the 'Divina Commedia,' the poet's own work. In this we think we are justified both by precedent and by logic. Have not Shakespeare, Corneille, Racine, Hugo, Goethe, Schiller and Calderon all taken liberties with history? To put the matter in another way we have imitated what is done by the sculptor or the painter who, in designing the apotheosis of a great poet, as for instance Homer or Shakespeare, groups around them the creations of their genius like Hector, Ulysses, Circe, Hamlet, Desdemona or Macbeth. We have associated Pia, Ugolino and Francesca with the action of our dramatic fiction.

"The additional fact that a whole act of our play is devoted to Dante's descent into Hell should clearly indicate that our drama has no intention of being a historical drama in the proper sense of the word. By a combination of truth and fiction, legend and history, it is a symbolical work, that is to say, fully in conformity with the poetical traditions of the entire middle ages and with the work of Dante himself, in which symbolism is found everywhere.

"Not only are our anachronisms intentional, but it is also in accordance with a preconceived plan that we have forgotten the marriage of Dante to a Donati, his conjugal quarrels and the very obscure destiny of his seven children. His exile is the only fact we have retained of his political life in Florence, but that is a fact which dominates all the others, for from that time dates his greatness and his glory.

"Our Dante is the exile wandering from city to city, his thoughts ever turned to his beloved Florence which he never loves more than when he is reproaching it the most bitterly for its cruelty and ingratitude. He is the Christian

philosopher, enemy of the Holy See in the name of the Evangile. He is the forerunner of modern times, eager for justice, yearning for charity, in sympathy with all human suffering, heartsick to find, wherever the curse of exile drives him, the triumph of iniquity, of brute-force, of treason and of hypocrisy. It was during those wanderings that he absorbed, drop by drop, all that gall which he was to pour forth later on in the vengeful strophes of his *Divina Commedia*."

We asked M. Sardou if he were going to London for the rehearsals and for the "première." He paused a moment, then spoke with deliberation, warming up gradually as he went along, until he became quite animated:

"I had fully intended going to London to see the final rehearsals and the first night, but circumstances have arisen which make it impossible for me to do so. You see, Sir Henry Irving has made certain modifications in my play of which I don't approve. In fact, I very strongly disapprove of them. In the scene in the lower regions I had, in accordance with the Divine Comedy, placed two popes in Hell—Bonifacio VIII. and Clement V. This was the culminating scene in the play. In it Dante denounced the vices and crimes of these historic characters and the force of this tirade, coming as a kind of reaction after the pent-up bitter-

ness of long exile, was the most effective situation of the drama. When I first read this scene to Sir Henry he was full of enthusiasm about it. But I am afraid Sir Henry (whose talents none appreciates more than I) has not got a very strong will. He has allowed himself to be influenced by those who have told him that a scene showing Popes in Hell would cause a scandal, that it would hurt the susceptibilities of the Catholics. This is quite illogical and absurd. The Popes Bonifacio VIII. and Clement V. lived a long time ago. Their lives and crimes are ancient history. Besides, in monarchical England, you have members of the royal family, possibly the King himself, witnessing, in "Richard III." another King of England, the present King's ancestor, committing murders, and no one thinks of objecting. Yet, in protestant England, it is contended that an outcry would be made if a part of Dante's "*Divina Comedia*," still further back in history, were placed on the stage. The whole contention is ridiculous.

"However, Sir Henry was afraid of something dreadful happening, and so a Cardinal has been substituted for the Popes. But all the dramatic force and significance of the scene is lost, and the play is spoiled. If Sir Henry had not been prepared to stage the scene as I wrote it, why did he accept it in the first instance? If I had known the scene

was not to be acted as I had written it, I should perhaps not have done the play at all. At any rate, if I went to London for the rehearsals or the first night, I should seem to accept the alterations made, which I do not. I protest." And M. Sardou shrugged his shoulders resignedly.

"And, after 'Dante,' have you any plans?"

"Oh, yes," replied Sardou, the indefatigable, "my next play is for Sarah. It is entitled '*La Sorcière*,' and will be produced at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt in October. It deals with the period of the Spanish Inquisition and is about a woman who had powers of healing which science easily explains to-day but which in those days were thought to be the result of a league with the evil one."

This recalled Sardou's spiritualistic play, "*Spiritisme*," and the dramatist's personal interest in communion with the unseen denizens of the air. We asked: "Do you still make experiments in spiritualism?"

"No, it no longer has any interest for me."

Was the author of "*Spiritisme*" joking? or could it be possible that such robust faith as his had melted away with the years? M. Sardou devined our mistake and explained:

"You see, mere experiments in spiritualism are only interesting to those who lack conviction. For those who have no faith in the existence of 'an unseen world,' proof of it is naturally of the greatest interest. But, so far as I am concerned, I am convinced, absolutely and irrevocably convinced and



Photo Bartholomo, Paris

The latest portrait of Victorien Sardou taken for THE THEATRE in the dramatist's Paris residence last month

have been for forty years or more. So it no longer interests me to see a demonstration of the truth of something which I know to be true. Of course, when any fact of special interest is brought to my notice, I am glad to know about it. I have met all the principal mediums and investigators for many years past, and I am just as convinced as Dr. Crookes is. In fact, I have been a medium myself and one can tell in regard to one's self if one is the victim of hallucinations or not. Besides, there are material facts which cannot be controverted."

"Have you ever thought of extracting some of the wealth from that rich mine of dramatic incident, the American War of Secession?"

"No, not the War of Secession. I am afraid the theatrical public here would not be sufficiently versed in history to be familiar with the passions and aspirations on which such a drama would be based. The war of independence would interest us more, as we took part in it and our intervention formed part of the brilliant period at the end of the reign of Louis XV. and the beginning of that of Louis XVI. In fact, I have had suggestions submitted to me regarding this period, but none of them was good enough or had sufficient dramatic possibilities in it for me to take it up."

Paris, April 1st.

E. B.

The National Art Theatre

After much thoughtful deliberation and investigation the committee recently appointed by the American Dramatists' Club to inquire into the possibility of establishing in this city a National or endowed theatre has formulated a plan which, it is believed, would not only give the proposed National Art Theatre the character of a metropolitan institution, in the sense that its Board of Directors would represent the leading interests of the metropolis, but would also constitute a guarantee that the promoters of the National Art Theatre had no selfish or ulterior motives, but were

actuated only by a love for the dramatic art in its purest and highest form and by interest in the public good. This plan is as follows:

1. To construct and maintain by private endowment and personal subscription in New York a modern theatre of American type devoted to the advancement of American dramatic and theatric art, the chief object being to present worthy American plays whenever they can be secured, the repertory also to include the classic and standard plays, American and foreign.
2. That the endowment and maintenance of a conservatory of acting and the theatric arts should ultimately be part of the plan.

3. That the theatre be chartered under the title of the "National Art Theatre, New York," and be managed by an American director, preferably an actor-manager chosen for a set term by the Board of Directors, who should also name a reading committee for the selection of new American plays.

4. That the Board of Directors should consist of fifteen gentlemen, who should be chosen as follow:

Three by the American Dramatists' Club, representing American dramatic authorship.
One by Columbia University as representative of Learning.

Three by the Federated Art Society representing Architecture, Painting and Sculpture.
One by the Authors' Club, representative of Literature.

One by the Bar Association, representative of the profession of Law.

One by the Chamber of Commerce, representative of the business interests of the metropolis.

The remaining five to be chosen by the ten directors selected above, as follows: *One* representative of the art of acting, *one* representative of the art of music, *three* unconnected with any of the foregoing interests, but men of public spirit and devoted to the idea of establishing a National Theatre.

5. That the trustees, whose office would be the holding and disbursing of the funds of the institution, should consist of five members chosen by the Board of Directors from among their own number, or other persons of responsibility and standing in the community.

6. Vacancies in the Board of Directors or Board of Trustees, arising from death, resignation or inability to perform their duties, should be filled by the remaining members of the Board of Directors at their next succeeding meeting after the official announcement of such vacancy.

The committee is advised by Judge Dittenhoefer that such a corporation can be formed under the Business Corporation Law; which is Chapter 691 of the Laws of 1892.



MISS CHRYSTAL HERNE

Daughter of the late James A. Herne and recently seen in "Little Lord Fauntleroy"



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MASTER HARRY WRIGHT

Seen recently at the Casino in the title role of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." This young thespian is just ten years old. He has already appeared in "Rosedale," "The Adventures of Francois" and "The Climbers."

The Rise of the Woman Playwright



MRS. ROBERT HAINES AUTHOR OF "HEARTS AFLAME"

Byron

IN view of the great number of women dramatists who are to-day furnishing the contemporary stage with successful plays, it is interesting to recall the fact, not perhaps generally known, that the first playwright of the Christian era was a woman, and a woman, too, reared and schooled in a narrow world which looked upon the theatre as the seat of frivolity and vice. The history of European literature has established beyond doubt that the first dramas written in Europe were composed by a nun in the Benedictine convent of Gandersheim in the Hartz mountains, as early as the tenth century.

Roswitha, which is the more euphonious version of her Old German name—Hrotseitha or Hrotsuit—was the scion of an old noble family of Saxony, and had passed her childhood in society. When she took her vows she devoted herself, like many nuns of that time, to the pursuit of classical studies, and early tried her pen in composition. Among her first attempts was a volume of legends, one of which had a striking resemblance to the Faust-myth, and an epic in praise of Emperor Otto I. Why she adopted the dramatic form as vehicle for her thoughts, she tells in the preface to her dramas:

"Many Christians—and my conscience classes me among them—de-luded by the refinement of language, prefer the vanity of heathen books to the blessing of our own sacred writings. Many who believe in the word of God, and despise all that is pagan, still enjoy reading the poetical fancies of Terentius; but while the graceful language pleases them, their heart is pained by the godless thoughts. Therefore, the clear voice of Gandersheim does not refrain from imitating the poet's manner, and if others honor him by reading his dramas, I shall sing to the best of my abilities the chastity of pious virgins just as he describes the loves of wanton women."

The German nun attempted to offer a substitute for the immoral plays of the heathen Roman, and to her the Christian spirit, the unexceptional moral purity were everything, the form immaterial. With sovereign disregard

she set aside the Aristotelian rules of the drama. The plots of her plays lack unity, her heroes and heroines the true dramatic interest. Limited to subjects taken from the lives of saints and martyrs, whose kingdom is not of this world, who are not swayed by earthly love and hate, whose attitude is renunciation, penance and sacrifice, she could not infuse into her men and women the human vitality which is the main spring of dramatic action. Only in two of her dramas, "The Conversion of General Galikan" and "The Resurrection of Drusiana and Callimachus," she pictures a more intelligent, because more human conflict—carnal *versus* spiritual love. Yet in spite of these imperfections and inadequacies, and even the barbaric "monk's Latin" of the time, the dramas are invaluable, not only as specimens of early Christian literature, but also as the first dramas written in Christian Europe. Whatever is coarse and objectionable in them is due to the dramatist's strict adherence to the sources from which she drew; though, compared with the monastic poetry of the period, they can be called chaste. The fact that this nun, in her conventual solitude, wrote dramas five centuries before any other similar attempt was made in Germany, gives her a well-merited place in the history of dramatic literature. How she acquired posthumous distinction is in itself interesting.

The discovery of the manuscripts of Roswitha's dramas by the famous humanist scholar, Conrad Celtes, in the convent of St. Emmeran in Regensburg, took place in the year 1494. Seven years later he published them with woodcuts by Albrecht Dürer, and dedicated the work to a learned nun of his time, Charitas Pirckheimer. It was rescued from oblivion in the eighteenth century by the critic and poet, Gootsched. In 1839 Gustav Freytag, the eminent historian and novelist, followed with a treatise about Roswitha and her



FRAU CLARA VIEBIG

Foremost woman novelist of Germany whose plays have been successfully performed



FRAU ELSA BERNSTEIN (ERNST ROSMER)

Germany's leading woman playwright, author of "The King's Children" etc.

writings. English authorities joined in the general admiration of her works. Villemain, the French *littérateur*, lectured about them, Charles Magnin translated the dramas, Rétif de la Bretonne the legends. German translations added to the newly-awakened interest, until suddenly a reaction set in. In 1867 Prof. Aschbach published a treatise entitled, "Roswitha and Conrad Celtes," in which he endeavored to prove, by a cipher theory resembling the Baconian, that the works hitherto known as those of Roswitha of Gandersheim, were the product of collaboration of Celtes and some contemporaries, among them Johannes Reuchlin. The scholarly nun became the subject of a violent dispute, the result of which was the establishment of her authorship.

Research into the history of the early drama has brought forth some interesting coincidences. Roswitha's "Paphnutius" has some resemblance to a colloquy by Erasmus of Rotterdam, called "Adolescens et scortum;" her "Abraham" recalls Thomas Dekker's "Honest Whore," and the introduction and some scenes of Callimachus are compared with corresponding scenes in "Romeo and Juliet." However doubtful may be the value of such comparisons, the learned nun of Gandersheim has certainly achieved the distinction of a unique literary curiosity, and her memory has only recently been revived by Falguière, who carved her image in wood.

Seven hundred years passed before woman was once more represented in the literature of the drama. But the "Genseric" of Antoinette Deshoulières, though hailed as a work of genius in the Hotel Rambouillet, was hardly noticed outside of its sacred precincts. Of far greater importance is the woman-dramatist England produced in the seventeenth century,

the divine Astraea, Aphra Behn. Daughter of an English barber, for many years a resident of the West Indies, married early to a Dutch merchant, her widowhood was a rather unconventional career of adventure and extraordinary achievements, and gave rise to many curious reports. She was a genuine child of her time, the licentious keynote of which she struck to perfection in her dramas, highly praised by Dryden and other contemporaries, but now only of historical value. She paved the way for others, for women dramatists now appeared in rapid succession. Susanna Centlivre followed her example almost too closely for the moralists of the time, while Mrs. Cowley strove to preserve a higher ethical standard.

In Germany, Louise Gootsched, the wife of the German critic, wrote plays so superior to those of her husband that critics to-day consider her the peer of the man who once wielded an almost papal authority in German literature.

In the literary records of a hundred years ago Joanna Baillie stands out in bold relief as the forerunner of a reform of the drama, which was not to be realized until long after her death. For in the introduction to her *Series of Plays, in which it is attempted to Delineate the Stronger Passions of the Mind, each Passion being the Subject of a Tragedy and a Comedy*, she asserts the supremacy of simple nature over all decoration and refinement—the creed of modern "naturalism," preached by an Englishwoman in 1798! But the most prolific and, from a commercial standpoint, most successful woman dramatist of the last century has been the author of innumerable German melodramas, whose name has become identified with that species of dramatic composition, until such works have been designated contemptuously as *Birch-pfeiferein*, her name being Charlotte Birch-Pfeifer. With a disregard for authors' rights, too naive to be criminal, this woman foraged in the field of fiction, German, English and French, dramatizing everything from "Jane Eyre" to "Notre Dame de Paris," with an infallible skill in the calculation of lachrymose effects. Many of her efforts have strayed to America under various disguises. Her daughter, Wilhelmina von Hillern, followed in her steps, and her indirect progeny is probably very great. But whether the dramas of Gisela Grimm, the wife of the celebrated scholar and critic, Hermann Grimm, of Amalie Heiter, which was the pseudonym of the sister of the king of Saxony, and other German women, who began to write for the stage, were more deserving of a place in literature can not be decided, because there are no records of their performances, and even the books are practically unknown.

In France Delphine Gay, the wife of Emile Girardin, is probably the woman whose dramas achieved the greatest success; her "Lady Tartuffe" was, at the time, a daring piece of characterization, so much more interesting from the fact that the author was said by those initiated to have pictured herself in her heroine! Her only rival was George Sand, so famous as a novelist that it was hard to persuade even her generation to regard her as a master of both novel and drama, though her efforts in the latter direction were the occasion of many triumphs for that highly gifted woman.

The number of Scandinavian women that write for the stage is said to be great. Mina Canth is the dramatist of



Burr McIntosh

MRS. MADELEINE LUCETTE RILEY
Author of "Mice and Men," etc., etc.



Byron

MRS. MARTHA MORTON CONHEIM
Author of "A Bachelor Romance," etc.

Finland, Emma Gall and Anna Wahlenberg are names often found on the repertoire of Norwegian theatres. The famous Swedish friend of Sonia Kowalewska, Charlotte Leffler, cooperated with the latter in problem-dramas which were warmly received by private audiences. A Polish actress and playwright, Gabriele Zapolska, has recently made her début with dramas representing a phase of Jewish life hitherto not sufficiently noticed; and an Italian, Amelia Roselli, is the author of a prize drama which called forth very complimentary notices from Cesare Lombroso, who being unable to classify the author among his demented talents, explained her success by racial mixture, Signora Roselli being a Venetian of Hebrew descent!

The number of contemporary women dramatists in Germany is surprisingly great. They followed close upon the prize contest of Vienna in 1878, when Frau Louise Henle sprang into fame as the author of a clever comedy: "Durch die Intendanz." But what strides in the direction of "Modernism" these women have made can be best seen by a comparison of her work with that

of Ernst Rosmer, which is the pseudonym of Frau Elsa Bernstein of Munich, the author of the poetical drama "Koenigskinder," which was played at the Irving Place Theatre during Frau Sorma's last visit to this country and again, in an English version, at the

Herald Square Theatre by Martin Harvey, and which has been compared by some of the foremost critics of Germany to the work of Gerhart Hauptmann. Remarkable as were the efforts of Elsa von Schabelsky, who some

years ago figured in an unpleasant dispute with Paul Lindau, of Juliane Dery, whose suicide shocked and pained the literary circles of the German capital, and, of Clara Viebig the foremost woman novelist of Germany, whose plays have been successfully performed, Ernst Rosmer's "Daemmerung," "Wir Drei," "Te Deum" and "Koenigskinder," embodying all the tendencies of the modern drama, the psychological, realistic



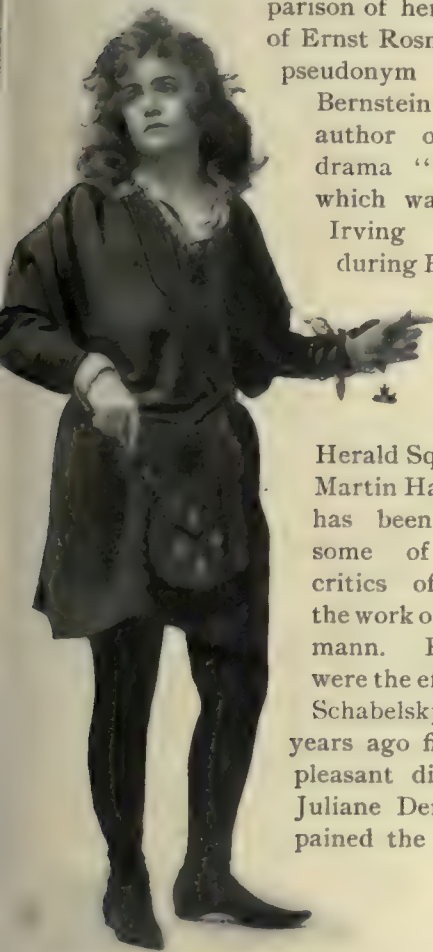
Photo Marceau

R. D. MACLEAN AS KING JOHN

Mr. MacLean, who was recently Mme. Modjeska's leading man, became an actor through love of the art rather than from necessity. His real name is R. D. Shepard and he owns a large estate in Virginia known as Shepardstown, where he resides a great part of the year. His King John, which he will present shortly in New York, is a truly notable and striking portraiture of the fierce and wily, semi-barbaric French-English monarch.

and symbolistic, place her in the first rank of women dramatists in her country.

The performance of Anna Monrath's comedy of "Fashion," in the Spring of the year 1845, at the old Park Theatre in New York, is a date worth remembering, being the début of the American woman in a field in which she has since won distinction, and has certainly outnumbered her sisters in other countries. The work of Mrs. Craigie, Madeline Lucette Riley, Martha Morton, Mrs. Haines, Marguerite Merington and others is too well known to receive more than mere mention in this brief review, which was only to show the distance traversed by the woman-drama since its birth in the convent of Gandersheim. A. VON ENDE.



ODETTE TYLER AS PRINCE ARTHUR IN "KING JOHN"

Miss Tyler (who is known as Mrs. R. D. MacLean in private life) is a talented young actress seen too seldom on the stage. She is a native of Savannah, Ga., and has done clever comedy work in "Shenandoah," "Secret Service" and other plays. She is equally at home in pathetic roles. As the martyred little prince in Mr. MacLean's revival of "King John," her slight and graceful figure, and appealing, childlike form and sympathetic voice indelibly impress Arthur's sad fate upon the hearts of audiences.



The Fascinating Mrs. Bloodgood

Chats with Players, No. 18

IN the theatrical world of to-day personalities are dealt in rather than acting as an art. There are so few great, or even fine actors, that a personality which affords the opportunities of clever managerial advertising, takes the place, to large extent, of histrionic genius. We

live in a material age, and perhaps sentiment, feeling and the higher emotions are made secondary quantities to a strenuous life and the faculty of "getting there."

It is a generic term in the theatre to use the word "magnetism." It may spring from several sources. Beauty of person, a fine mind, but, best of all, a good heart. The two latter qualities when united yield to the auditor that sense of confidence which carries with it conviction as to the sincerity of the art displayed, and frequently create a far greater illusion, giving more satisfaction, than the actor whose art is greater than his sincerity. To the class of performers whose sincerity of purpose and whose heart and character form largely their stock in trade, belongs Mrs. Clara Bloodgood, featured this season in Clyde Fitch's play, "The Girl with the Green Eyes."

Chatting one afternoon recently at Mrs. Bloodgood's delightful home in this city, the

writer had the pleasant opportunity of a "heart to heart talk" with this charming woman who, beginning life with a golden spoon, lost it for almost a pewter one, and now has nearly, if not quite, recovered the golden one.

Environment in a home is ever a true index of character. One's first impression of Mrs. Bloodgood's home is that of order; everything done and well done in the right way, and without effort. There are plenty of good books on the shelves in the library, and no trashy ones in sight. The keys to the desk are tagged, of the newspapers and magazines on the centre table each has its place, and looks as if it belonged nowhere else. A few family portraits (almost nothing of the actress herself), easy chairs, cushions on a huge lounge, all furnishings in semi-tones that yield subdued effects, and a slender, graceful woman seated compos-

edly at the foot of the lounge, all her face alive to what she is saying or hearing.

Referring to the fact that she has often been confused with Mrs. Wilbur Bloodgood, the clever amateur actress, our hostess said:

"I never acted as an amateur in my life. In fact, I never even recited. There was a crisis in my affairs. Things had gone wrong. It was necessary to do something. I thought of the stage, not," she laughed, "because I thought I could act, but because it seemed that less preparing was needed for that than for any other profession. One had only to adapt the best that was in one's self to make some measure of success. I took a dozen lessons of Mr. Sargent and some dancing lessons, but otherwise I just went on."

"What was the sensation of 'just going on the stage?'"

"Oh! dreadful. I shall never forget it; in fact, I wish I could obliterate it from my mind. I believe I had one line to speak in 'The Conquerors,' but I cannot remember that I ever spoke it. All that I remember of that awful night was a black, indeterminate mass in front of me. I seemed to be on the top of a 22-story building that was burning from the ground up. If I jumped off the roof, it meant death; if I waited until the flames reached me, also certain death. There seemed no escape. Those were my sensations before I was pushed on the stage at the Empire Theatre. Then I knew I should disappoint everyone—not myself—because I knew I had nothing to do, and could not have done it, had it been there to do. So that was another awful ordeal to live through. But it is over—and I have had my chance—"

"And made good," put in the writer.

There was an appreciative smile and a slight incli-



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MRS. BLOODGOOD WITH HER FAVORITE MAGAZINE



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THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MRS. CLARA BLOODGOOD.



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"GOOD REPUTE COUNTS FOR MUCH ON THE STAGE"

nation of the head, which meant "thank you." "Are you so much in love with stage life, now that you are married again, as to wish to continue in it?"

"That is in the future. I like it; I am in love with my work. I think one always is, when success is the reward of one's efforts. But it must be dreadful to fail or to go unrewarded."

"What about playing out of New York?"

"Oh! I do not mind that much; I have had four months in New York this season, and to visit other cities, to see other people, play to different audiences, is most interesting. I don't think I should enjoy a season of one night stands -"

"Usually, all aspirants for stage honors serve an apprenticeship upon that basis."

"I was ready, had my lines been cast in such places, but --they were not! One thing I do not think I could stand, and that is to play more than one season in one play. The dreadful monotony of that sort of thing would kill all my ambition."

We recalled how James O'Neill had played "Monte Christo," and Jefferson, "Rip," Ada Gray, "East Lynne" since the birth of the oldest inhabitant, but the understanding of how they stood it did not make headway with this little woman, whose modern, strenuous line of thought dwells only upon the new idea.

"I always have felt that a thing is not worth doing at all, if one cannot do one's best and put one's whole heart and strength into one's endeavor. Then one may get results. That is what I made up my mind to do when I took to acting. I did not imagine that it was to be all play and no work. I knew it meant self-denial and disappointment and trials, but then nothing is worth having without a little suffering to secure it."

"But if you travel, that separates you from your home."

"That is a wrench, of course," she answered, a shade of regret in the voice.

"However, you escape the trials of the housekeeper."

"Oh! I like them; moreover, I never have any."

"Not even with the servants?"

"Never have any such."

Here Mrs. Bloodgood rapped an adjoining table for luck.

"How do you manage to avoid them?"

"Oh! just tact, tact!" and there was an illuminating smile that meant to say that with "tact" one may avoid most troubles.

"Do you like the practical details of housekeeping, the cooking, etc.?"

"I like the details, but my culinary education has been neglected."

"Are you fond of Art?"

"I know nothing of that, either; of course, I appreciate artistic things, music, paintings, but I am not an expert."

"Do you find a love of art upon the stage?"

"Yes, I believe I do. It is not all commercial. At least I hope it is not."

"Do you think producing an endless number of plays by one manager tends towards art in the theatre?"

"I do not see that it interferes, when the general intention to do everything in the best way is the underlying feeling. It is wonderful how Mr. Frohman manages to infuse that spirit into all of his lieutenants, but it is so. And it proves

to my mind, that the directing force exercises an uncommon influence over those with whom he comes in contact. And then, of course, in the Fitch plays Mr. Frohman relies, to a great extent, upon Mr. Fitch. If anything seems to be going slack, I write to Mr. Fitch and he is there at the next performance, or for several, until the thing is straightened out. Of course, this is a great help to Mr. Frohman. There is another thing that reconciles me to my stage life, and that is, during the past few years, the actor has risen in the estimation of the public. "The public appreciates character and dignity upon the stage. If a business man ill-treats his wife, all her friends and all right-thinking people resent it. And I know that if an actor ill-treats his wife, I should lose interest in him as an actor. I should resent it as an affront to my womanhood. So that it is not alone acting or art that counts upon the stage, but good repute counts for as much, and therefore the old inconveniences of being looked upon as a mere nomad are passing away."

"In metropolitan circles maybe, but the actor is still an actor in the eyes of many, and in Austria, to this day, the players are not buried in consecrated ground."

"Oh! that must be a benighted community," said Mrs. Bloodgood.

"What attracts you most outside of your stage life?"

"In my home, books, yet I have neither fads nor fancies. But I love reading and fine books. In fact, the book sellers know this and tempt me with their most expensive offerings, and even when they are beyond my reach in price, I love to see them and to fondle them. They mean companionship

to me. Outside of my home, horses attract me most, although I neither ride nor drive well, being timid because of a bad accident. I should love, however, to have a stock farm, raise thoroughbreds and race them in my own colors."

And here she clasped her hands together as an expression of longing.

"It is an expensive pastime," we ventured.

"But oh, the pleasure of it!" she went on. "Once I went over a stock farm near Seabright. Each paddock had its own water supply. I thought it the most wonderful thing I had ever seen. But," she added, reflectively, "the place was for sale, so I presume it had not been a paying proposition."

Then we "crossed" to the next room. "That is 'Kinkinunic,' a good old horse, and that 'Poetess,' and here are any number of photographs of yearlings. All these belonged to my husband, Mr. Laimbeer."

The telephone rang, and realizing that the curtain was to ring up at the Savoy Theatre that night the writer made his exit, despite a courteous protest from Mrs. Bloodgood that she was not tired and there was plenty of time.

Mrs. Bloodgood's success is not all chance. She is a brainy, tactful and earnest little woman. She has "charm" to burn. Upon the stage the fact comes out with great emphasis that she is a "thoroughbred," and nowhere is this quality more appreciated than in a Democracy, where all people are supposed to be born equal. In the old days we knew her as the "Fascinating Mrs. Jack." The fascinator is still working overtime.

HARRY P. MAWSON.



Hall, N. Y.

THE ENGLISH PONY BALLET IN "MR. BLUEBEARD" AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE

The Stage At Our

National Capital



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON

THERE can be no doubt that one gets nearer to the heart of our American theatre-going public in Washington than in any of our cities. The reason may be found in the fact that the National Capital throughout the regular season absorbs and concentrates the life of the entire continent. The really typical Washington audience may fairly be described as sectional in character and representative of every State and nearly of every important town in the Union. Cosmopolitanism, as embodied in the members of the Diplomatic Corps and travelled Americans, forms only one phase of a composite public in which there is more of the soil than in communities divorced from National politics and therefore barren of representatives of the people. The result is a refreshing and even exhilarating strain of new blood that finds relief in enthusiasm when people are really pleased and is as apparent by the indifference with which "problem plays" that have stirred London, New York and Paris are often regarded.

Theatre-going proper in Washington may be considered

confined to the old established New National Theatre, to the more compact Columbia Theatre, transformed from a hall devoted to music and still the favored temple of afternoon concerts, to the Lafayette Opera House where attractions vary between a stock company and travelling combinations at prices "within the reach of all" and Chase's Grand Opera House, a commodious establishment once dedicated to the drama, but now the home of that up-to-date entertainment "polite vaudeville" in which the petite comedy is always conspicuous.

Rumors of other theatres to come would seem to be an indication that the field is considered a remunerative one from the commercial standpoint. Between the residents desirous to be amused

and the floating population that is increasing yearly, Washington is in fact an excellent theatrical town, always provided the play or the players appeal to those who can be as indifferent to "Broadway successes" and even "London triumphs" as if there were no oracles in the region of Fifth Avenue and Piccadilly.

The characteristic trait of the typical Washington audience is that it usually exercises an independent judgment and this is probably one reason why our National Capital is destined to increase as a producing center. There are cities in the United States where the London label and the Broadway trade mark are of value, but Washington is not one of these. A high comedy is brought to Washington consecrated by London and stamped by Paris. It depicts certain complications and conditions in the circle now universally styled "the Smart Set," possesses a pungent flavor such as often distinguishes decaying fruit and has been considered a sort of intellectual caviare by cosmopolitan epicures. It may be signed by some great name. It is usually admirably acted and yet, outside of a small circle of connoisseurs, it falls flat. The great body of the Washington public is



MISS PERCY HASWELL
Who has long been a favorite actress with
Washington theatregoers



Exterior of the New National Theatre, Washington's leading playhouse

looking not so much for manner as for matter, less for the style than for the subject. When, as in the case of plays needless to name, artificial society is portrayed and what are known as complex characters dissected—however adroitly, the author's point of view is apt either to elude or to leave the spectator cold; and so contagious is atmosphere that the same citizen of the world who may have enjoyed a play of this character from the purely intellectual standpoint when it was presented in Broadway, St. James' or the Boulevard, is chilled by the apathy of the majority as he sits it out in Pennsylvania Avenue. The healthy minded Washington public doesn't care for the orchids, but prefers the crocuses of the drama, most of all it likes either to be amused by cheery humor or swayed by some exciting situation incidental to a love story. The same prismatic hues often appear on the surface of a cesspool and in a rainbow, and it is to the credit of the average American mind as disclosed in a Washington theatre that it only appreciates the same colors when they appear not glassing some sink of iniquity, but gracing the sky.

An original play may be presented in Washington for the first time on any stage and yet draw crowded houses for a week or a fortnight. This has been the case with several productions of recent years, notably those in which Viola Allen, Leslie Carter, Blanche Bates and Maud Adams have figured, and an absolutely untried play called "The Little Pilgrims" made the hit of the season at the Lafayette Square Opera House, ran for a fortnight to crowded houses and ought by rights to be one of the current attractions of Broadway in these days of "The Little Princess."

The sturdy Americanism of Washington society in the broad sense of the term, is naturally reflected in the Washington audience.

Many of the residents of the Capital are old New Yorkers, Bostonians or Philadelphians who like to recall the

plays or players of their green and salad school days, others are successful Western pioneers who treasure memories of such actors as Edwin Booth as Richelieu, E. A. Sothorn as Dundreary and John T. Raymond as Colonel Sellers.

Added to these are those of the younger day and generation satisfied to look back only as far as the younger Sothorn, Otis Skinner and "Nat" Goodwin, each of whom, together with John Drew, may be considered in the light not only of national celebrities, but of marked local favorites.

Not even in New York and Boston are that Grand Old Man and that Grand Old Woman of the stage, Joseph Jefferson and Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, more

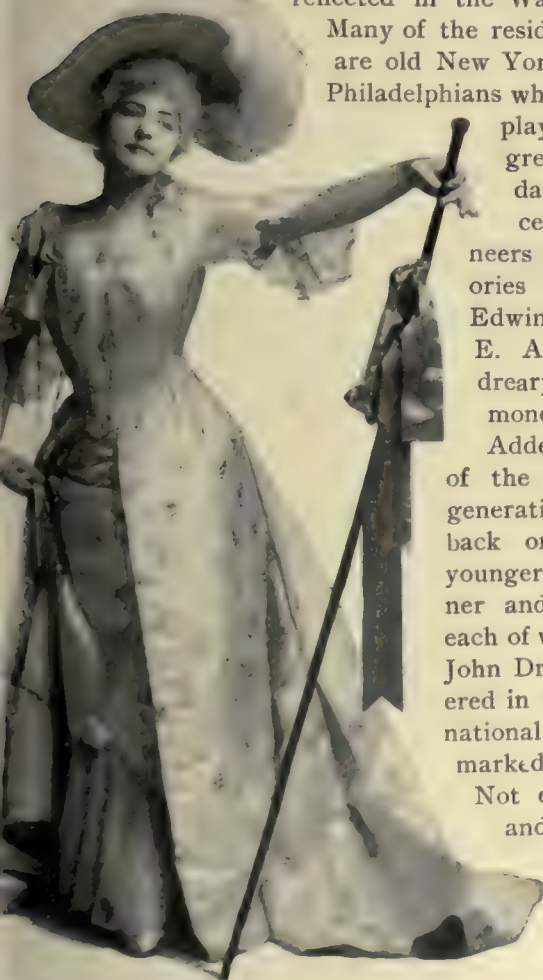
affectionately regarded, and the Washingtonian longs for the day when he may see them in the same "star" cast as Bob Acres and Mrs. Malaprop. Americanism turns instinctively towards our very own Julia Marlowe, Maxine Elliott, Annie Russell and Ethel Barrymore, each and all of whom it prefers even to an Eleonora Duse, especially in the d'Annunzio repertoire. Yet Mrs. Patrick Campbell can find a large following for the Pinero repertoire and draws even better when she returns in "The Joy of Living" on the strength less of the vehicle than of her own compelling personality, the repertoire falling under the ban of the misunderstood. Patriotic sentiments allied to rich and racy humor make a general appeal and the heroine of a "society" story is less appreciated than is some breezy "Girl from Montana," whose verbal sallies are straight from the shoulder.

The romantic drama, as distinguished from high comedy, above all, the old fashioned love story of whatever period in whatever clime, is greatly relished at the National capital. There is an audience, too, for tragedy and "wake me up when Sothorn or Skinner dies," may be considered the key note of performances of "Hamlet," or Boker's "Francesca di Rimini." Next to such plays as "The Palace of the King," and "The Darling of the Gods," musical comedy or some spectacular production hold their own with the rarer American drama, and, in general, anything musical is safe to attract audiences in Washington, particularly if it is of a humorous nature and appeals to the eye as well as to the ear. But if there is a careless public for the frivolous, set to music, there is eminently an audience for the very best, and the cultivated aspect of an assemblage whenever anything really worth while is acted is an indication of the quality of Washington society and the average of intelligent appreciation.

Washington is also the home of the constant playgoer. Millionaire or man of moderate means, the week is considered incomplete that does not find him twice or thrice at the theatre. The result is a familiarity with stage literature



Exterior of the Lafayette Square Opera House, Washington



Right 1903, B. J. Falk
MISS BERTHA GALLAND
established favorite in Washington and the star of the Spring Season at the Columbia Theatre. Miss Galland is pictured here as Lady Teazle, a part in which she is about to appear



Burr McIntosh

JOHN T. SULLIVAN

One of Washington's favorite actors and again a leading member of the Lafayette Opera House Stock Company

helped to "enthuse" the house. Whereas in the metropolis a visit to a theatre is only an incident, in the National Capital it is often an event, and this in spite of the ease with which it is usually accomplished: no congested Broadway or crowded Fifth Avenue impedes the rapid progress of carriage or herdic cab or one of those automobiles in which entire families float down to the play, the ladies often with uncovered heads. There are no hoarse cries through the megaphone, no collisions, no impediments.

The capacity for enjoyment on the part of the typical Washington audience, uniting so many citizens of so many distant States, furnishes one of the hopes of the American drama. When pleased there are literally "thunders of applause" and these salvos are the reverse of that manufactured stage thunder usually carried out by a claque elsewhere and really mean something. The Washington public invariably—when pleased—insists on the principal actor or actress making a speech and when this demand is faint or not insisted upon, it may be known that the performance is that saddest of things—a success of courtesy.

Those sanguine of the future of the American drama are right in considering our National Capital one of its chosen strongholds. As the epitome of the American life of to-day, practically distinct, however, from any active pursuit of commercialism, existence in Washington allows of that

element of semi-leisure favorable to the pursuit and patronage of the arts. No one who has participated in Washington life, from post-bellum days to the present period but will always feel a real affection for such theatres as the New National on the same site as the house where such "guests" as Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean appeared in "Henry the Eighth" and "The Jealous Wife," and so many famous men and women of the nineteenth century figured either on the stage or in the audience. The conservative element is still strong in the National Capital and there remains respect and even veneration for the old. New theatres are, however, projected and bound to rise, and the young men and women of to-day whose zest and enthusiasm are so agreeably shown in every Washington audience will eventually "take the children" to splendid temples where luxury's last word will be spoken. The American drama is too hardy a plant not to flourish even in the hot house conservatory of the future.



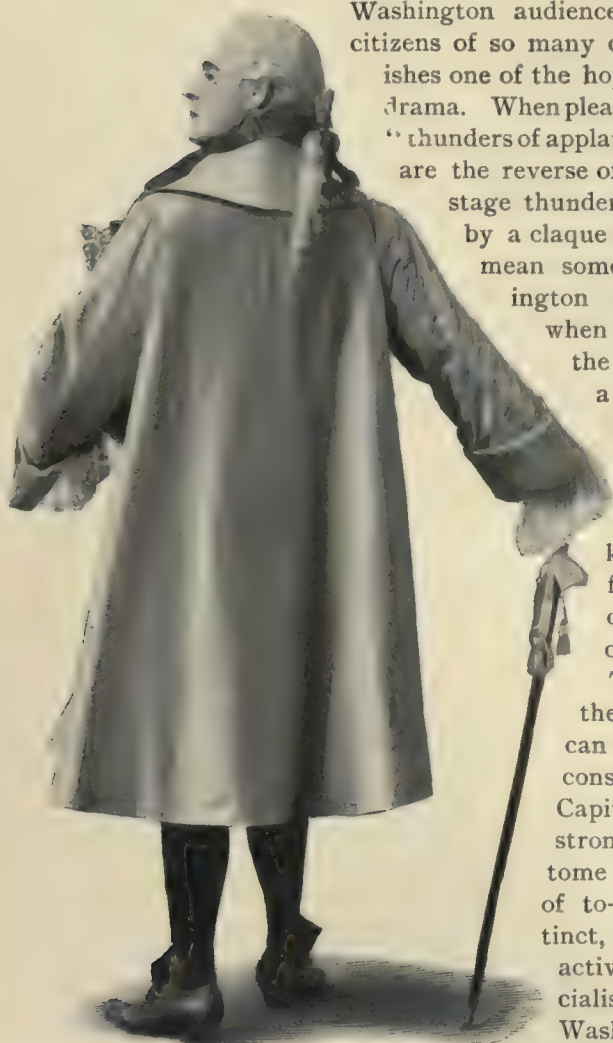
EUGENE ORMONDE

The popular leading man of the Lafayette Opera House Stock Company, and now making his annual appearance at the National Capital

CLINTON STUART.

Clyde Fitch's Latest Novelty

Clyde Fitch utilizes only part of his Clever Ideas in his plays. For example, one Novel Idea he has not yet introduced on the stage, but which is in full working order in his own æsthetic abode on West 40th Street, is a Telephone Waiting List. It is customary for Big Men to throw a Chinese Wall around their Privacy and their Precious Time by making appointments for persons seeking personal interviews, but to insist on a previous appointment for a 30 seconds' conversation over the telephone is decidedly novel, and merely goes to show what a Very Busy Man and Successful Dramatist Mr. Fitch is. This is how the Telephone Waiting List works: You call up Mr. Fitch with an Important Business Proposition—perhaps to Dramatize the Story of Your Life, and by persistence you get a response, in a Five-O'clock-Tea-Sounding Voice, somewhat as follows: "Aw, very sorry, you know, but Mr. Fitch is extremely busy, and you are not down for to-day, don't you know. If you choose, your name may go on our waiting-list for next Tuesday afternoon at two. Then you may call him up, and he will talk to you himself—unless he happens to be out. Shall I put you down? Very well. Good-bye." You mark down eagerly in your memorandum book, "Tuesday afternoon at two—T. T. F. (meaning Telephone Talk with Fitch), and possess your soul with patience until that Happy Day. On Tuesday at 2, you ring up the Fitch residence again: "Mr. Fitch! oh, yes, you're on the list, aren't you? Just hold the wire, please." (Everything as nice and polite as can be. Silence of 15 seconds when the Voice says blandly): "Awfully sorry, don't you know! Mr. Fitch has been called away to write a play for a manager who must have it by to-night! Awfully sorry!" You are discouraged and hang the receiver up, less impressed with the usefulness of the Telephone Waiting List, but convinced of its merit as a Magnificent Advertisement.



ROBERT LORRAINE AS DAVID GARRICK IN "PRETTY PEGGY"

Italy's Great Musicians

A Visit to Giacomo Puccini

THE leap Verdi made from the ancient lyrical form of Italy, wherein he combined at once the flowing melody with the fuller orchestration, marked an epoch in modern music. Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Perosi, Giordani, all show the ear-marks of Verdi's conversion, but it was left to Giacomo Puccini alone to fully grasp all that the propaganda meant. His success came many years ago, and it has been followed up by achievements which have ranked him as the greatest of modern living Italian composers. When one remembers his opera "La Tosca" and also his "La Bohème," one recalls the *frisson* evoked by the enormous human and touching note they strike. Puccini is profound, rational and well poised, and he understands to perfection the peculiar and difficult art of "theatre" composing. Indeed, he may be said to be the only Italian who has succeeded in operatic composition since Verdi.

In selecting as his place of residence the picturesque little town of Torre del Lago, Puccini found himself amid surroundings propitious to his muse. Distant only half an hour by rail from quaint old Pisa, it presents lovely views of fertile country, bounded by jagged mountains, at the foot of which is the beautiful lake from which the place takes its name.

Having written to ask for an interview, in behalf of THE THEATRE, the celebrated composer sent a prompt reply to the effect that he would be at home the following Saturday. On arrival at the out-of-the-way station, there were no carriages to be seen, but a small boy, encouraged by the sight of a copper coin, was willing to lead the way to the Puccini villa. It was a beautiful morning, although late in November, and my diminutive guide led me down a sleepy village street, from which no noise or bustle could possibly come to annoy the musician's sensitive ear. After a ten-minutes' walk, the street terminated in the lake and beside it stood the villa, a two-story stone house, directly on the street, but with gardens on the lake front and opposite side.

The writer was shown into the music-room—a large, lofty apartment, with windows at both ends, looking out upon the street and garden. Two brass chandeliers hang from the ceiling, which is panelled in dark wood, relieved by touches of gilding, while the dull green walls are hung with paintings, mostly female figures, with dark, wintry backgrounds, or else impressionistic sunsets. Plaster reliefs and a few etchings adorn the walls, while tables are covered with photographs, and chrysanthemums are everywhere.

His piano and writing desk are on a railed-in platform, and on the music rack was the score of the new opera which Puccini had just completed. It is founded upon "Madame Butterfly," and, like the play, is in two acts.

As we contemplated these externals, the composer appeared—tall, broad-shouldered, and (oh, musicians, take notice!) wholly lacking in pose or eccentricities of dress, an athletic looking man of barely forty, with a hearty handshake and frank manner. This is Puccini, Italy's leading musical composer.



Photo Bertieri, Turin

Giacomo Puccini

Puccini believes in the strenuous life. No matter what important work of composition he has in hand, he never allows his music to interfere with his love for the fresh air. Even while I talked with him an automobile stood before the front door waiting for its owner, and, pleading a headache, he seemed nervous and anxious to dash off with his chauffeur.

"What time of the day do you devote to composition?" we ventured.

"I write in the afternoon, in the evening, or sometimes in bed—never in the morning. I love the fresh air. Invariably, after taking my coffee, I go out-doors for the entire morning, either in my automobile or hunting. I assure you I am not the composer of tradition."

Signor Puccini was interested to hear of the cast which produced his opera, "La Tosca," in New York, and he had just received a cablegram announcing the performance of the opera in Buffalo, with Mme. Emma Eames in the title part. During the past summer he visited the American singer at her villa in Vallombrosa, and she studied the part with him. So, when hearing her in this rôle, you may be sure that it is being sung as Puccini wishes it.

Turning to the piano, Signor Puccini played a few bars of

"Madame Butterfly." In speaking of her lover, the Japanese heroine is asked from what country he comes, and replies: "The United States." At this moment the "Star Spangled Banner" is heard in the orchestra. I asked if the entire opera was written on the "*leit-motif*" scheme.

"Oh, no," quickly replied Puccini; "this theme is merely used when, in the opera, allusion is made to America."

On his desk stood a bronze eagle and a small American

flag. Two portraits in costume of Evelyn Millard, who played the rôle of Madame Butterfly in London, likewise occupied prominent positions.

As he turned to go, he alluded briefly to Mascagni's unfortunate experiences in America, which certainly do not offer much encouragement to other distinguished foreigners who might be tempted to cross the Atlantic.

Turin, April 1, 1903.

ELISE LATHROP.

Bouwmeester—Greatest of Living Shylocks

AMONG the great players of our time none has stirred audiences to more enthusiasm than the Dutch actor, Louis Bouwmeester, whose name is almost entirely unknown in this country, but whom European critics declare to be the greatest of living Shylocks—not excepting Adler and Irving—and an ideal Richard III. It is announced that this eminent artiste will shortly make a tour of the United States in the rôles that have made him famous.

Although nearly sixty, Louis Bouwmeester is still in his strenuous prime. His has been a career extraordinary for triumph and for variety. He belongs to a family of actors, and was born in a Kermess-wagon, his parents being strolling players. His first ambition was to be a sailor. Failing in this, he became an actor. His early efforts were unfortunate, but finally he made a hit as Frochard in "The Two Orphans." He next essayed "Vosmac, the Spy," in Vondel's great drama, "Gysbrecht van Amstel." "Wonderful!" cried the critics. Then he tried Edipus, and here he vied with Mounet Sully at his best. It was now but a step to Shakespeare, Coriolanus being his first venture on this dangerous ground. Since then he has played many Shakespearean rôles. His Richard III. was a memorable performance. Bouwmeester is the ideal Richard. Although simulating a dwarfed despot, his voice remains gigantic. Its royal resonance sounds like a flood of command that sweeps opposition off its feet. It is this grandeur of voice, reinforced by a thrust of gesture and a wonderful mobility of expression, that makes him superior to every other living tragedian. The old actor

selected Stephen Phillips "Herod" as his "jubilee play"—to celebrate his fortieth year on the stage. Bouwmeester's impersonation of the Jewish King in every way sustained his splendid reputation. While less grandiose and less passionate than his Richard, it was more noble and exalted. Every utterance was regal; every mood, majestic. He rang all the modulations of magnificences; yet proved his mastery everywhere by severe restraint.

A few nights later the writer saw him as Shylock.



From Le Theatre, Paris

LOUIS BOUWMEESTER AS SHYLOCK

Bouwmeester begins where Irving ends. He is far grander of voice; of personality more appealing and more commanding. He knows his Jew as a priest knows his pater-noster. Has he not spent months in the Ghetto? And be it not forgotten that Amsterdam contains sixty thousand unmodernized Jews, and it is these the actor has studied. He is the greatest of Shylocks. While at times he curdles the blood with his frenzy—as in the court room scene—he also attains the very *finesse* of ferocity. Through the silk of his subtlety you can see the muscles of his hate, rigid with rebellion. But when he discovers his daughter's flight, all this pent-up revolt rushes to his lips and leaves him pale and shuddering—pathetic in his helplessness. Here was proof of the actor's power. The audience was in tears. Irving has the power of art; Bouwmeester, the art of power. The latter has none of the studied mannerisms of the former. Every performance seems a spur to his spontaneity.

LEONARD C. VAN NIPPEN.



MISS ANN HATHAWAY

Talented Chicago girl now appearing in the New England play "Quincy Adams Sawyer"

STORIES OF *A Matinee Idol* THE STAGE

By Leigh Gordon Giltner

"DONALD Eversham, indeed!" sniffed her brother contemptuously, "more likely its 'Brown or Jones'."

Take my word for it, Di, when a fellow has a stage name like that, ten chances to one he's got a patronymic in real life that would jar one. Take that cad, Mordaunt, for instance. I happen to know that his real name is Dawkins, but of course that wouldn't look impressive on a program, so he's billed as 'Mr. Richard Mordaunt.' Own up now, Di, wouldn't your idol totter a little on his pedestal if you knew his name was Jones?"

The sister sat looking thoughtfully into the fire.

"I don't see any reason, Ralph, why his name should not be Eversham," she said.

"That's the trouble, Di—you don't know anything about the fellow. You don't know him as he really is. You are accustomed to see him playing heroics, spouting lofty sentiments and striking impressive attitudes, centre stage, with the calcium turned on full. Then, when you meet him in private life, the glamour still clings to him. You can't disassociate the man from the actor. You forget that he's only a mummer, a mouthpiece for the thoughts of others, when he probably never did a noble thing in his life! I wish Beresford had never brought him here!"

"Don't you think, Ralph," the girl ventured, "that the fact Mr. Beresford did bring him proves—"

"Oh, Beresford's all right—but all the same—Well, there's no use arguing, Di. I merely wanted to warn you not to let your interest in this Mr. Donald Eversham carry you off your feet. Try to remember that he isn't a god, but only a commonplace mortal who eats, drinks and sleeps like the rest of us. Sorry if I've annoyed you, Di, but the fellow's been here so much of late that I thought I ought to warn you. Ta, ta, dear."

Left alone, Diana Carew found herself facing the unpleasant fact that her brother's warning had come a trifle late and that she had already allowed her interest in this man—was it the man or the actor?—to carry her away. She had always cherished a contempt for the matinée girl, lavishing her devotion upon some painted player, fretting and strutting his little hour upon the stage—to be replaced in her fickle affections by the next chance comer. She had first gone to see Eversham with a feeling of strong prejudice against the actor, engendered by the intemperate adulation heaped upon him by the girls of her set. But she had at once been forced to admit that he was an artiste, quiet and convincing, handsome and graceful, and as she saw him repeatedly during the season, she felt herself being reluctantly swept away from her attitude of critical reserve by the magnetism of his ardor and potent personal charm. When Beresford, whom she had known for years, asked permission to bring the matinée idol to one of her Thursdays, she feared she had not been able to dissemble her eagerness.

It had been as Ralph said. The glamour of the stage clung about him, she could not help remembering him as the hero and attributing to him personally all the virtues furnished the player by the playwright. Half-unconsciously, she accepted him as the type of all that was generous, chivalrous and noble and without realizing it, her interest had grown till it had become evident to her brother, whose blunt comments had now opened her own eyes. Eversham had come often to see her after their first meeting, and of late she had begun to fancy—

Suddenly, she remembered that Eversham was to appear in a new part that evening, and Hargis, her cousin, was to call for her. Hargis, a journalist, was supposed to know everybody and everything and he was never reluctant to communicate his knowledge.

"Yes, I know Donald well," he was saying as some hours later they were being rapidly whirled toward the theatre. "He's an all-round good fellow. It's nonsense to think that because a man's an actor he can't be a gentleman. Look at Beresford, for instance. Its equivalent to a certificate of



From an original drawing by W. H. Dunton

"THE PASSENGER HAD CAUGHT THE CHILD"



Copyright the New Metropolitan,

Photo Lutz

RICHARD MANSFIELD AS BRUTUS IN "JULIUS CÆSAR"

character to be known as a friend of his. Not that Eversham is quite like Beresford. Val's a perfect old iceberg, while Eversham—but that's another story. They say he's broken more hearts and boasts more conquests than any leading man who has struck town in years. His man, I'm told, has to combine the functions of valet with those of postal clerk and spends half his time sorting the missives his master receives. Yes, Eversham's his real name. He's got a rich father in Virginia somewhere. Father cut up an awful shindy when Donald went on the stage, and it almost broke his mother's heart. He gave them his word that if he did not make a hit as an actor in two years, he'd go home and enter his father's law office. He started right, he has a good deal of talent and he's worked like a Trojan—and you see the result! He's been on the stage three years

only. I hear that he is to marry Miss Mainwaring, his leading woman. Pretty little thing, isn't she? But I'm afraid that it'll hurt his popularity with the *matinée* girls."

Hargis did not notice his companion's silence, but a glimpse of her face would have assured him of her interest. This, then, the girl thought, was the absurd ending of it all! She realized with a sudden shock of pain how much it meant to her. Eversham was evidently a cad; boasting of his conquests with women, turning over to a menial letters which a gentleman should hold sacred; engaged to one woman, yet trifling with the affections of another. Her face flushed hotly as she recalled an evening not long gone when she had sung for him and he had bent over her as she finished and whispered something in that wonderful voice of his—could she have misunderstood? The maid had come in just then with tea and her aunt had presently joined them and she had not seen Eversham alone since. Of course, he rated her with the rest—a silly girl ready to barter her heart for a smile from the reigning stage favorite. How he must despise her, she thought bitterly, and how she wished that she might learn to despise him!

One day in late March when there was a hint of Spring in the air and the mild breeze brought a subtle suggestion of wild-flowers abloom in the fields beyond the city, as Diana and her brother were strolling slowly along a crowded thoroughfare, their steps were suddenly arrested by a tumult, above which rose a shrill shriek of horror. They were nearing a busy crossing and a cable car was rounding a curve at a high rate of speed. A child—a little boy of five or six years—was standing on the tracks directly in front of the approaching car, while another bore down upon him in the opposite direction. Bystanders who saw the boy's peril seemed paralyzed, stunned into inaction by the impending catastrophe. There was a cry of horror as the car bore down on the child

and the spectators stood appalled, momentarily expecting to see a young life crushed out. Suddenly, the front doors of the car were flung open. An athletic form dashed out and, pushing aside the startled motorman, leaned quickly over the dashboard. The car had already struck the child, who, losing his balance, missed the fender and fell under the cruel steel wheels of the swiftly moving car. The horrified spectators averted their faces. Then there was a wild shout, not of terror this time, but a ringing cheer. Diana looked again and witnessed a miracle. By a quick leap the passenger had caught the child just as he was touching the wheels and by a feat of almost superhuman strength lifted him with one hand up from the ground out of harm's way. An excited crowd now surrounded the car, cheering the rescuer. A big policeman asked his name: "Donald Eversham."



Schlöss, N. Y.

MISS MAUDE FEALEY AS JULIET

Miss Fealey is a Colorado girl, having graduated from the Denver Stock Company. She comes of a theatrical family, and is the youngest actress in America playing leading rôles. She is now leading woman in the E. S. Willard Company.

Diana had recognized him the instant he bounded from the car, and Ralph had turned at her cry of terror to find her white and trembling.

"Don't make a show of yourself, Di," he said sharply. "It's a grand gallery play, and his press-agent will have a busy day to-morrow."

Eversham stood looking as if he wished the earth might open and swallow him up. The child was beside him. Suddenly he caught sight of Ralph and Diana. He looked for a moment as if he contemplated flight; then he flushed hotly as if he had been caught in the act of picking a pocket. Ralph promptly held out his hand and said, "Good for you, old man," which served to relieve the tension, while Eversham looked at Diana. Her face was white, and she was still trembling in spite of Ralph's pinches and whispered entreaties to her to "brace up, and not make a show of herself." Then, in a voice which she tried hard to keep steady, she said a few words of praise. She raised her eyes for an instant, and a sudden light came into Eversham's face.

"Nonsense," he answered. "I am sorry you saw. It was so spectacular."

Diana had, for the moment, forgotten Miss Mainwaring, everything, everybody in the world save Donald Eversham, who was looking at her as she had never seen him look at another woman. All the world fell away from them for an instant; there was a moment in which each seemed to read the other's inmost heart. Ralph felt, as he afterwards declared, distinctly "out of it," and he was not sorry when his sister said at last:

"Ralph will call a carriage, Mr. Eversham. I shall be glad to drive you to your hotel, if I may."

Ralph closed the carriage door upon them, while he hailed a passing car. Eversham turned to Diana. "May I tell the man to drive to your house?" he asked.

There were few words spoken during the brief drive, but the silence seemed fairly to throb with eloquence and meaning. Diana was recklessly happy. She put aside the thought of the leading woman. Donald was a hero, after all—even Ralph must admit that—and . . . he had looked at her so! As for Eversham, he was thinking that a man might die to win what he thought he had seen, for one brief instant, in Diana's eyes.

There was no one in the great, dim library when they entered, and Eversham put down his hat, held out his hands, and said as simply as a school-boy:

"Di, dear, I love you!"

Then it all came back to her with a shock. Nothing was changed. Eversham was a hero, indeed, but not her hero—he was betrothed to his leading woman. Ah! why had he spoken? Why had he not let her think of him and love him impersonally? She sank into a seat, and turned her face away. Eversham drew a chair close to hers and went on quite simply:

"I've fancied lately that you despised me because I was an actor. I hadn't thought of this before—until I met and loved you. Then, somehow, it all came to me—what an empty life mine was, how selfish, how cruel I had been to leave the *madre* eating her heart out for me in that great, lonely house down in dear old Virginia, and dear old father struggling on alone, when between the lines of every letter I read how he wants and needs me in his profession. I seem to have seen it all clearly, for the first time, through

your eyes, and I've thought the whole thing over carefully and made my resolve. I realize that I have only talent—not genius. I'll never be a great actor. I should never be anything more than a good leading man, playing well-dressed heroes till I became too antiquated for such parts and was relegated to the rôles of devoted father and eccentric uncle. I gave the manager the regulation notice a week ago, and I hear that he has already engaged to succeed me a man whom Miss Mainwaring is engaged to marry."

Diana's breath came quickly.

"Miss Mainwaring's fiancé?" she repeated.

"Why, I thought—"

Eversham laughed lightly.

"So, you've heard that absurd story?" he said. "Why, the fair Jessie hasn't done me the honor to speak to me since the first week after she joined the company, when the manager unfortunately sent me on one night to take a curtain call which the lady considered was meant for her alone. Fancy how delightful

it has been, making fierce love to a woman who doesn't speak to me, and who does all she can, without attracting the notice of the stage-manager, to spoil my scenes! I am fond of the stage; I love the life, and I love my art. Yet I'm ready to give it all up and go back to the old home in Virginia."

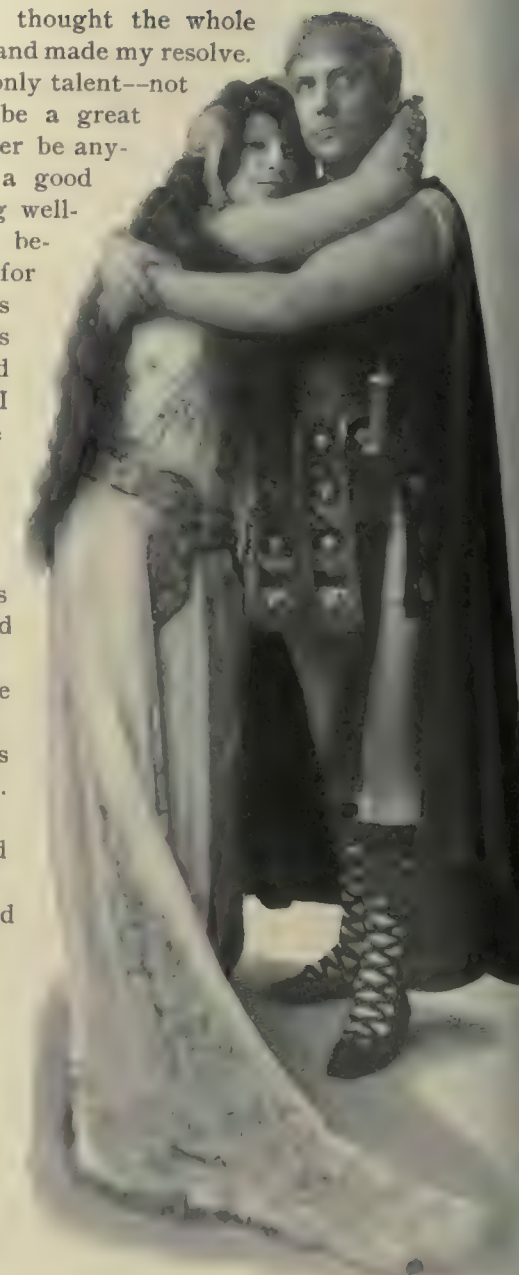
He rose, and stood looking down at her.

"It isn't such a heroic resolve, after all," he went on, "for I hope to take with me some one who would make life sweet for me. Diana, next week I am going home. Will you go with me, dear? I love you so—"

He held out his arms, and Ralph, entering at that moment, witnessed a love-scene which Eversham (though accounted an ideal Romeo) had never even remotely approached in his stage career.

One glance was sufficient for Ralph.

"Act v—scene 5," he murmured, as he backed hastily out. "Obstacles overcome, lovers united, everybody happy, orchestra playing the Lohengrin, and—" as he dropped the heavy portières noiselessly behind him—"curtain!"



Schloes, N. Y.

Miss Mabel Ross and Charles Fenton in their burlesque on "Cleopatra."

THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LIFE



BURR MCINTOSH.

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MISS EDNA WALLACE HOPPER, in "The Silver Slipper"

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THE THEATRE

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ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Marceau

MISS EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON AS ROSALIND

"But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?"



Byron

MERCUTIO
(Eben Plympton)

ROMEO
(Kyrle Bellw)

BENVOLIO
(Forrest Robinson)

THE NURSE
(Mrs. W. S. Jones)

PETER
(W. J. Ferguson)

THE ALL-STAR REVIVAL OF "ROMEO AND JULIET"

NURSE: "God give ye good morrow, gentlemen"

PLAYS and PLAYERS

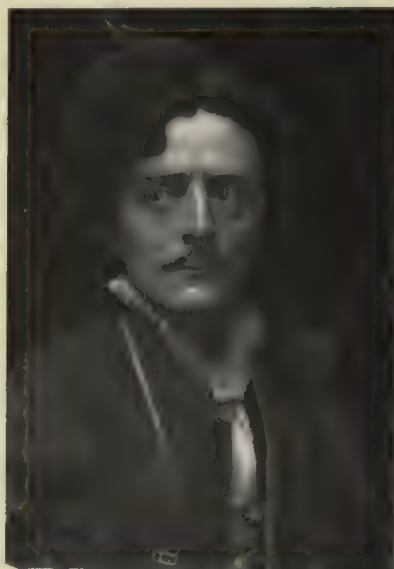
THE stage a verdurous, rustling glade, with banked dogwood blossoms for footlights, a natural proscenium arch of century-growing oaks, a spell-bound audience of New York's finest four thousand, bunched in semi-circular tiers on the gently sloping turf, bloom-tufted horse-chestnut trees closing in the sides of the great campus, with the classic porticoes and domes of Columbia University behind, and the misty Palisades of the Hudson looming in the distance, the pale sunlit sky of a perfect springtime afternoon overhanging and enveloping all—these were the external conditions under which Shakespeare's "As You Like It" was presented on the 14th of May. It is a date marked for long and lovely memory. The performance by Ben Greet's famed English players was given—through generous courtesy of Charles Frohman—for charity; wherefore the gods and muses smiled upon it, and mortals voiced in plaudits their rare delight.

Only the "forest scenes" were played; but these constitute practically the entire comedy, after the omission of the first act. The Banished Duke (Stanley Drewitt,) with his merry huntsmen, pushed aside many a leafy bough, to enter. The Songs of Amiens (Robert S. Pigott) and his chorus rang in rich cadence through the woodland aisles. Jacques (Ben Greet), the genial-melancholy philosopher, sat in the fork of a sturdy tree, bandied wit with Touchstone (B. A. Field), and railed on Lady Fortune to his heart's content—as well as that of a highly appreciative audience. Orlando (Robert Loraine) roamed the forest, a manly, engaging lover, and hung his rhymes on real trees, whose whispering leaves bent down as if to read them.

Finally—chiefest and constant enchantment!—pervading all the scenes with potent yet exquisite charm, came Rosalind in the person of Edith Wynne Matthison. Was ever such a captivating Rosalind seen

here before? It may well be doubted. The fortuitous conditions of the open-air performance perhaps added a touch of magic; but the gifts of voice and physiognomy, of natural intelligence and academic training which raise this young artiste to a distinction all her own, have been observed throughout a whole season past, in "Everyman." Miss Matthison as Rosalind simply exercised her invariably flawless technique, whilst revealing in the rôle a hitherto unfamiliar side of her artistic temperament. Hers is indeed a nature attuned to poesy—poesy in its Shakespearean range from gayety to pensiveness, passion, gloom. When, with radiant smile and eager gesture, her gauzy bridal veil lifted by the breeze, she spoke the Epilogue with her wondrous, far-carrying, sweet precision of voice, none in that grand audience but felt the supreme satisfaction of having participated in the realization of an exalted dream of dramatic art.

Wall Street, as a dramatic theme, has not been regarded favorably for some years by either theatre managers or the public. There is always something about the subject that seems sordid and disagreeable. Mrs. Mowatt's "Fashion" and Boucicault's "Streets of New York" touched upon, in fact used up, the inevitable phases of the subject. There was a recrudescence of the material when the stock ticker was introduced on the stage; and Bronson Howard made a comedy out of the familiar situation of a fortune at stake in the rise and fall of the thermometer of speculation. "Skipper & Co., Wall Street," by H. J. W. Dam, presented at the Garrick Theatre, does not flagrantly invoke the ticker, but gets its comedy situations out of money madness. We are to have later a play called "The Pit," in which we are to see the maelstrom, presumably, in its whirling ruin to the unfortunates. Let us hope that it is such a tragedy that it will break us of the margins



Theatre Magazine Studio

F. C. Clarke

CRESTON CLARKE AS IAGO

habit. "Skipper & Co." is the work of a man familiar with the theatre. A Wall Street man, on the point of bankruptcy, receives an unexpected call from a comical countryman who offers him a patent for incombustible paper out of which clothing can be made. The countryman has with him a traveling bag of samples, and the climax of the first act is reached by the furious scattering of them about, the imperturbable English butler being arrayed as a dummy, his arms held out stiff in the strange garment. This, of course, is farce, and is done so briskly that the most substantial citizen may forget himself and laugh. There is a sub-plot in which the Wall Street man who is opposing Mr. Skipper disowns his own son who was in love with Skipper's sister without any adequate reason except such as is furnished by the moderate comeliness of the actress who plays the part. In life no reason is required for love. Love in the drama is more logical. The action of the play abandons the incombustible paper, and turns upon the attempt of the opposing Wall Street man, the iron-hearted steel magnate or king, the father of his enamored son, to purchase the rights to the water power owned by the amiable Reuben of the play, a good part of whose humor consists in chewing a straw and wearing a fiery, but non-combustible goatee. In getting the Steel King to confess to his plans, there is a touch of melodrama, while opportunities for humor are lost sight of at no time. Certainly there is a good deal of comedy in all this. But the texture of the play is too unsubstantial to be considered. That Macklyn Arbuckle could give the semblance of life to it was proof of his admirable qualities as an actor.

THEN AND NOW

At modern playwrights, why so many shots,
Accusing them of want of faith and loyalty?
Shakespeare himself stole nearly all his plots,
And never paid their authors any royalty.

It was inevitable that the present National Art Theatre movement should have its detractors and scoffers. A famous historian has said that all reform movements since the world began have had to pass through three stages. In the first stage the new idea is ridiculed, in the second stage it is attacked, in the third stage everyone joins the procession, ashamed to be left behind. H. Delmar French, dramatic critic of the *Brooklyn Citizen*, remarks pertinently in this connection:

"Now that a definite plan for a National Theatre has been adopted by the American Dramatists' Club, and its execution has been delegated to a committee of competent and responsible persons, who are pledged to exert their best efforts to make the project a success, much of the grumbling and opposition to the undertaking has already ceased. It is a tendency which is more or less common to all persons to want to be on the winning side, and nothing is more familiar than the haste with which certain political agitators rush for the band wagon, just as the wheels begin to move."

As a matter of fact, the number of persons, whose opinions are worth taking into consideration and who are frankly opposed to a subsidized theatre is infinitesimally small. Among the number, however, is Clyde Fitch, a dramatic author much in vogue at present, and who, according to an interview published in the *New York Herald*, says:

"The people now clamoring loudest for the Endowed Theatre are the magazine

writers and the playwrights who have failed, and one can draw his own conclusion as to the value of their advice or their competence to direct such a movement."

Can Mr. Fitch be unaware of the fact that his fellow-craftsmen, William Gillette, Augustus Thomas and Sydney Rosen-



MISS ELEANOR ROBSON AS JULIET

feld, all of whom are successful playwrights are members of the National Art Theatre committee?

Among others conspicuous by their absence in the present movement is Professor Brander Matthews of Columbia University who for many years in magazine articles and public speeches has advocated the establishment of an Endowed Theatre. Theory and practice are, of course, two entirely different things, but we should remember that the public is swift to discriminate between the enthusiasm which contents itself with mere words and the enthusiasm which doffs its coat and works for the realization of an ideal.

If the mission of the stage is to merely amuse, those popular fun makers known as the Four Cohans certainly do their duty by the theatre going public. In their new piece, "Running for Office," they are genuinely and uproariously funny, and no one who loves a hearty laugh should miss this unique entertainment, which is nightly crowding the Fourteenth Street Theatre. George M. Cohan, who wrote the piece, is an original comedian, and Miss Josephine Cohan, a clever dancer of the haute école. All work well together, and with a farce full of comic situations their success was a matter of course. "Running for Office" is not high art, but it is excellent of its kind and superior to many of the more widely advertised and showy productions on Broadway.

"The Runaways," the new musical extravaganza at the Casino, may fall short of the ideal of this form of stage entertainment, yet it is fully as diverting as its predecessor, the "Chinese Honeymoon." Of course, it has no plot. Who looks for one in musical comedy nowadays? But it has hosts of uncommonly pretty girls, who wear wonderful costumes, and it boasts of at least two excellent comedians, Alexander Clark and the diminutive Arthur Dunn, who manage to keep the audience amused. The Misses Flora and May Hengler do some graceful dancing.

The result of Miss Elsie Leslie's experiment with "The Taming of the Shrew," at the recent matinee performance at the Manhattan Theatre, should serve as a warning to other young players whose ambition prompts them to attempt rôles for which they are manifestly unsuited. Miss Leslie is too intelli-

MISS HELENA FREDERICK as the Woodwitch



Hall

PERCY MERRILL
(Jameson Lee Finney)

ELEANOR
(Miss Anita Bridges)

ELEANOR: "Aren't you ever serious?"

"A FOOL AND HIS MONEY" AT THE MADISON SQUARE

gent an artiste to fail entirely in anything she undertakes, and her performance of the Shrew was not without merit. But while Ada Rehan's splendid portrayal of Shakespeare's gamesome, lusty wench dwells fresh in the memory, the picture presented by the slight figure of our once popular Little Lord Fauntleroy seemed colorless by comparison.

George Arliss' farce "There and Back" bears distinctly on its face the mark of its English origin. It is one of those roughly hewn, carpenter-made pieces, redolent of the British stage, which creak at all their joints, with preposterous and impossible plots, yet which are invariably successful in accomplishing their fundamental purpose—to amuse their audiences. The complication is humorous enough, and the piece is worth seeing.

Ezra Kendall is a true humorist. He has the faculty of extracting laughter from casual happenings. The task of the author of "The Vinegar Buyer" was to patch on the

story and action and dialogue of the play, many such scattered and practically irrelevant things. Except for scattered incidents there is no semblance of life. Ezra Kendall as Joe Miller, a nondescript character, with the nap off his hat, has a love affair with a rich widow and finally marries her. This is impossible, and without sentiment or humor. It is too preposterous to be patched with comedy of any kind. One of the characters makes all his utterances in song. The effect does not hold. The real substance in the play is the reformation of the village drunkard as played by Charles Bowser, his relations with his little daughter, as played by Lottie Alter, and with his wife, Mirandy, Marion Abbott, in this part, keeping just short of caricature, and supplying true and abundant comedy. As in all plays done in crude colors all the cast are "characters." To get these combinations we have the tall and the short, the lean and the fat, and contrasts of every kind. Mr. Winslow is not without skill, and Mr. Kendall has artistic methods with his foolery, and the play will serve prosperously as "a license for laughter," but only for a privileged comedian. Broadway audiences can stand only a few such diversions. To give our stage over to them would be to the general detriment. We may laugh at Sir Toby Belch, but he is not to be tolerated long as a guest.

The recent appearance of Creston Clarke as Iago, at the Murray Hill Theatre, with the support of the truly Protean stock company of Henry V. Donnelly, was one of the periodical reminders—all too little heeded, as yet, in New York—

of the existence of a young American actor endowed alike by birth, nature and training with some of the rarest gifts that make for distinction in the legitimate and romantic lines of his profession. This sinister rôle of Iago, most polished and most ruthless of villains, is associated with the memory and tradition of Edwin Booth's genius. To say that such memory, such tradition, are in an appreciable degree revived in Mr. Clarke's performance, is no idle praise. He has the slight elegance of physique, the quick grace of movement and ease of pose, and above all the poetical delicacy of facial features and expression, that mark the prince among players. Mr. Clarke's voice is somewhat lacking in round manly virility, though it is musical in quality, and rings true in its many modulations. Indeed, his reading is admirable, and it seemed the more noticeably so by contrast to that of Edwin Holt, who officiated as the regulation utility Othello. This is not meant in invidious disparagement of Mr. Holt's careful though uninspired journeyman work; nor do the members of Mr. Donnelly's hard-worked stock company deserve anything short of general commendation. It is none the less true that the clear, picturesque and incisive characterization of Iago detached itself from its support with star-like vividness.

Miss Laura Hope Crews was an ingénue Desdemona, pleasing, pretty and intelligent. The Emelia of Nina Morris did not fail to arouse a spontaneous burst of applause, in her strong scene of the last act; while Robert McWade as Brabantio deserves credit for a thoroughly conscientious impersonation.



MISS JOSEPHINE COHAN
One of the popular fun makers in the "Four Cohans"



Byron, N. Y.

ALEXANDER CLARK AND THE LITTLE WIDOWS IN "THE RUNAWAYS" AT THE CASINO

Kyrle Bellew listened more than he talked, at a recent afternoon musicale in Mary Tillinghast's studio, Washington Square. Finally, over the teacups, cigarettes and things, there was a controversial eruption of the smoldering Shakespeare-Bacon volcano. With a whole bevy of romantic young—and old—girls hanging breathlessly upon his utterance, the Gentleman of France said, with oracular gravity:

"I have always believed, and always shall believe, in the Baconian theory—of eggs."

In the "Hamlet" recently produced at Wallack's, Edmund



Byron

PEGGY
(Miss Cecil Spooner)SIR PERCY
(Walter Hale)

MY LADY PEGGY GOES TO TOWN," AT DALY'S

Russell introduced new bits of business, which, sometimes good and sometimes bad, proved at any rate that some thought had been given them, and that an effort had been made to escape from abject slavery to the conventional. To have acted Hamlet even as unequally and unsatisfactorily as he acted it, challenging, as every such aspirant must challenge, contrast with tragedians of the first rank, is itself an achievement that compels a certain amount of recognition. The audience, however, seemed to be largely composed of fanatic Russellites, who were indiscriminating to the last degree, approving alike of everything that Mr.

Russell did, and of various things he ought not to have done. True, there were moments when genuine virility of voice and action seemed about to be approached, but these were succeeded by long stretches of feeble and androgynous colloquialism. Nor does Mr. Russell possess that charm of face and form and manner, which has well served many a more youthful aspirant in lieu of genius, and which remained with Edwin Booth to the last, when he was almost old enough to be Hamlet's grandfather. The entire enterprise, however, coming so soon after Mr. Sothorn's excellent production, was superfluous. It lacked prudent or pertinent motive. The thunders of applause with which Mr. Russell's efforts were greeted by his esoteric friends, some of whom looked as though fresh from the haunts of the Mahatmas, should have been enough to make him suspect their sincerity, or question their judgment. If Mr. Russell really desired to do one great thing, which would stamp him forever as an artist of unusual power, he would have taken those appalling lines which occur at the end of Hamlet's interview with Gertrud and are never spoken now-a-days, because of their frightful brutality. No adequate actor of Hamlet should omit these lines, merely because they reek with the rankness of thought engendered by a brain upon the border-land of madness; for, contradicting all else said by Hamlet, in that scene, they give a clue to his mental and moral condition. But when an actor limits himself to inventing new bits of business that are not important; when he arranges his first entrance upon the scene in such fashion that he may be sure of a tumultuous reception by being conspicuously alone; when he displays innumerable instances of unexplained emphasis, proving that he lacks either the intelligence or the diligence to get at the meaning of the character, the best thing for him to do is to retire from the stage, and to return to the business or the pleasures that most contribute to his satisfaction in private life.

To Edith Wynne Matthison

Once in old Arden's shade a poet caught
The apple-blossom's message to the wind,
And snatched a sunbeam for his pen and taught
The world the loveliness of Rosalind.

So evermore, when we behold the Spring's
Young gladness flowering forth its pearls anew,
There flits across our souls on dove-like wings
The white, the blithe, the gracious thought of you.

THOMAS WALSH.



Byron, N. Y.

MISS CECIL SPOONER AND WALTER HALE IN THE FENCING SCENE IN "MY LADY PEGGY GOES TO TOWN"

The Late Stuart Robson—An Appreciation

By Bronson Howard

STUART ROBSON was the last man in the world to wish that the praise of a friend should be presented to the public as a critical estimate of his art; and I shall try to forget, for a few moments, the warm personal feelings which he aroused in my own heart during a delightful acquaintance.

Few players that I have met, have had a more perfect understanding, than Robson, of their artistic reach. He knew his own abilities and he could also distinguish between those abilities and his aspirations. In other words, he understood the natural limitations of his own histrionic power; except, as in the case of many another great actor, he sometimes placed the limit too low, and hesitated to undertake work for which he was really fitted. He was sometimes rebuked for the professional use which he made of a comic peculiarity in his speech. Being endowed with this peculiarity and finding that it was impossible for him to avoid it, he did use it, from time to time, for professional purposes; but when he over-accentuated it for the amusement of the public, he understood perfectly well that he was doing so for managerial, not artistic, reasons. He often expressed to me his sincere regret that he was obliged, under all circumstances, to use his peculiar voice in acting; obliged to use it, at times, to secure effects which he would prefer to reach by other means, if nature permitted him.

The old and well known story of Robson's attempt, at a great benefit in New York, to rise above the comicalities of his voice and to speak the lines of Cassius seriously, illustrates his feelings in this matter. When the audience roared with laughter at his first sentence, those near

him on the stage saw that he was white with anger, and they heard him reviling the audience in the strongest possible terms known to the gentle art of profanity. But at that moment, he was not merely swearing at the audience; he was an artistic Ajax, defying Fate. He had often tried to defy that Fate before, and he then, more than ever, realized how utterly hopeless the struggle was. The great public of America, however, and Robson's dearest friends, had no sympathy with the regrets he himself felt, so far as his voice was concerned. I think I express the feeling of that public, and of his friends, in saying that his infliction, as he regarded it, was a blessing to us all.

That Stuart Robson was, instinctively, in his mental powers, and, at times, in his actual work, a great artist, anyone familiar with his career, and capable of appreciating the finest work of the stage, fully understands. There is no more delightful memory in one's mental gallery of art than the figure of the young lover in "Led Astray," at the Union Square Theatre, in 1872, trying to express his passion to the sweet young girl, impersonated by Miss Kate Claxton. Robson's appearance and voice both lent themselves to the artistic finish of that character; they were demanded, indeed, by one of its own expressions—"The soul of a poet, and the face of a comic singer!" At the point where he uttered these words the broadest comedy rose to pathos. Everyone felt like saying: "Poor devil!—he's so funny he can't be romantic"—and tears almost followed the roars of the audience. This is a rare possibility on the stage; roars of laughter, mind you!—not merely smiles—and tears



Fowler

THE LATE STUART ROBSON

back of them! It is one of the highest points to which the histrionic art ever reaches.

My own memory of Robson began at New York, in 1868. My chum, at that time, was one of those typical, young New Yorkers, generally "in business," who have no connection with the stage except sincere appreciation of it, and who have always been among the best critics of acting that America has yet produced. He awoke me, one morning, by a violent fit of laughter; and said that he had seen the burlesque of "Black Eyed Susan," the night before, with the popular young Boston actor, Stuart Robson, as "Captain Crosstree." I enjoyed the humor of the young Boston stranger as much as my chum did; and I never afterwards lost an opportunity of seeing him in a new character. My personal acquaintance with Robson began in 1885, when I met him and Mr. Crane to arrange for writing them a new comedy. I recognized at once in that first interview that I was dealing with two men of the highest artistic instinct. Months afterwards, at another meeting, to read the scheme of the comedy, both of these men were deeply shocked; both reminded me most earnestly that they were strictly comedians. Mr. Crane said that his proposed character reached, at one point, the purlieus of tragedy. I thought "purlieus" was a very good word, and bowed my acknowledgement. Mr. Robson said that I was ending the second act with a pathetic scene for him, almost calling for slow music, while neither of them, in their whole career as partners, had ever done anything but the broadest comic work, even in Shakespeare. "Well," I said, "if Shakespeare were here, he would agree with me; and he'd give you much harder work to do than I can." They both gasped, but yielded to my determined persistence.

The position assumed by these men in this interview, illustrated a peculiarity of nearly all great artists that I have ever known. Unlike a commonplace actor, they usually doubt their own powers, because their ideals of art are always above what they or anyone else can possibly reach. No one in the audience witnessing "The Henrietta," ever doubted the power of Crane, when he sprang at his son's throat, nor the pathetic subtlety and deep feeling of Robson, when "Bertie, the Lamb" sacrificed his own happiness, and threw the bundles of letters, incriminating his brother, into the fire, at the end of Act II. Here was another point, like that in "Led Astray," where Robson, by entirely different methods, showed how every great comic actor can reach the deeply pathetic on the stage. His comic voice, not lending itself to this situation, as in the former play, was eliminated, for not a word was spoken; the author of the play ceased to be in evidence, so to speak; and Robson, in perfect silence, held the audience breathless, master of the situation, and of those who were watching him. I write this with that peculiar gratitude which an author feels, when he, himself, retires from a situation, leaving an actor alone with his audience, to secure his own personal triumph. Are actors creators? I have always answered "yes" to that question.

Two incidents, connected with the ante-production history of this comedy, carry a lesson from great artists to their successors on the stage. After finishing the third act, I received a letter from Mr. Robson, written on behalf of his partner, Mr. Crané, as well as for himself, urging me not to make their parts so prominent in the last act as to take interest from the other characters, or to injure the general



Hall

MRS. WARING
(Miss Elizabeth Barry)MR. WARING
(Charles E. Evans)

WARING: "Shall I help you?"

"THERE AND BACK" AT THE PRINCESS THEATRE

artistic balance of the play. Authors are seldom burdened with letters like this, even from great actors; they never receive them from little ones. Afterwards, at the rehearsals of the piece, Mr. Robson expressed great fear that a comic line of his own, near the end of Act III., would injure Mr. Kent's scene at the conclusion of that act. I saw that he was trying to speak his words in such a subdued and constrained manner as to take away their comic force. Finally, I said to him, very emphatically, that we needed all the force of contrast we could possibly secure, at this point. I admitted that it was a most dangerous experiment, and that it might be fatal to the piece; but it was one of those emergencies in which both actor and author must set their teeth and meet the danger. He then told me that he was willing to take the risk, if I insisted upon it; and so he gave the now well-known words, "Damn Henrietta!" with that marvellous comic force which no one who heard them can ever forget. I have tried not to speak of Stuart Robson's art with the enthusiasm of personal friendship. In speaking of him as a man, a writer can hardly share his own feelings with the public, affectionate and sympathetic as we all know that public to be. I can only say, that, in every relation in which he revealed himself to me, he was kindly, most courteous, considerate and gentle. Some of us have very warm places for him in our hearts; now covered over, but they will always be his.



Edith Wynne Matthison—A Study

Chats with Players No. 19

"Dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition?"



THE young English actress seen as Rosalind recently, on Columbia University campus, and as the symbolized Everyman throughout a whole triumphant season, has charmed and captivated many thousands of American lovers of the legitimate drama. On the play-bill of the naively impressive old pre-Elizabethan morality, only the titles of the characters represented appear: Ben Greet's talented company of players must be content to sink their artistic individualities in their respective parts, because in accordance

with the time-honored ecclesiastical tradition, their own names are not advertised in print. In the recent open-air performance of "As You Like It," this veil of impersonality was lifted for the nonce, and we all knew officially that the fair Rosalind was Miss Edith Wynne Matthison.

Both Everyman and Rosalind being, so to say, doublet-and-hose parts, curiosity grew as to what manner of feminine individuality stood behind the artiste who had given such delightful distinction to these two rôles. With the agreeable mission to gratify, so far as might be, this very natural curiosity, THE THEATRE's representative and photographer obtained gracious consent to an interview; and on a bright, eager Spring morning were presented to a slight-figured, gentle-spoken, fresh-complexioned young Englishwoman, in whom no casual observer would have divined the actress.

Miss Matthison has grey eyes, wavy dark hair, firm yet delicate features, a frank and

winsome smile, and a musical voice that thrills in its rich contralto undertones. She had just come from a walk, and, in her simple tailor-made costume, offered a tempting picture-study.

"Shall I keep my hat on, for the first?" she asks, "Good! and my veil, too? better! For, you see, I've been outdoors so much, lately, that the tip of my nose is sunburnt. It won't show in the photograph, will it?"

No, she is reassured, the camera does not discriminate in complexions—any more than it does in voices, more's the pity! Miss Matthison is too modest to take up a question put in the



Theatre Magazine Studio

MISS MATTHISON STUDYING THE PART OF ROSALIND

F. C. Clarke



Theatre Magazine Studio

MISS MATTHISON—A STUDY HEAD

Frederic Colburn Clarke

form of a compliment, so it becomes necessary to ask her point-blank if the noticeable musical quality in her speech is the result of any special training?

"Indirectly, perhaps—that is to say, it may be in the family. We are of Welsh extraction; and the Welsh, as everyone knows, are a race of bards, harpists and singers. As it happened, too, I made my stage début in comic opera—in the chorus. That was six years ago, in London, with your little American comédienne, Minnie Palmer, in a musical piece called 'The Schoolgirl'. I had just one word to speak—'Columbus'—in answer to the question, 'Who discovered America?' That was to lead up to the interrogation, 'Whom did America discover?' to which someone else responded, 'Minnie Palmer!'"

"And now we have discovered *you*," was the sufficiently obvious remark.

"I am glad, for America has been most kind to me, and I like it here. Let me see—didn't Columbus make several return voyages to these shores? Well, I hope to come back again, myself, next Autumn."

"It seems a long progress for you to have made in six years, Miss Matthison—from the chorus to Everyman. What were the intermediate stages?"

"In about a year I got up to first-class parts in comic opera, sometimes as contralto, sometimes soprano. It was a phase of experience, and taught me many points, even principles, of stage technique which serve me in good stead to-day. For one thing, it accustomed me to keeping always in the picture, in proper relation to the other persons in a scene. But this line of work did not lead in the direction of my real ambition. I always wanted to play Shakespeare and the legitimate drama. When the opportunity offered, I joined a company which toured the English provinces, traveling constantly among the smaller towns, and presenting a wide range of classic and modern plays. It was hard work, but how exciting! how stimulating! I alternated in rapid succession from Shakespeare's heroines to Mercy Merrick in 'The New Magdalen', and Miladi in 'The Three Musketeers'. It was in this latter part, singularly enough, that my acting first attracted attention. Mr. Greet engaged me for leading rôles. This is my fifth—it may be my last—year with him, and under his management I have had my best Shakesperian opportunities, especially in the comedies. I have played Portia, Viola, Beatrice, Rosalind; also Juliet and Ophelia, in the tragedies."

"With equal ardor?"

"Oh, yes! The tragic rôles, of course, stir up deeper emotions, and absorb more intensely one's being, or temperament. But in Shakespeare's comedies, too, even in the merriest of them, it is always April weather, sunshine and tears".

Unconsciously the actress reflected that same dreamy pensiveness in her eyes, which for an instant looked afar off, with the wistful calm of English meadows in their gaze.

"How the sentiment, the pathos, the sweet serious thing we call poetry, quiver through all the lines!" she went on; "I show more mirth than I am mistress of," says Rosalind, in her very first speech; and then, bravely, when Celia bids her be merry, 'From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?' There is the clew to Rosalind's exquisite character. Who could help playing her, except with that little heart-flutter of feeling underneath the outward gaiety?"

Not Edith Wynne Matthison, at all events! Emotion seems very near the surface in all that she is and does, and colors each intonation of her voice, although her habitual manner of speaking is quiet and undemonstrative. We queried as to her preference between the two kinds of playing, typified by Juliet and Rosalind. With some hesitation, she replied:

"One is the luxury of grief, the ecstasy of dying; the other, the joy of living. I suppose it is rather for the latter that I am constituted; and yet, as I have said, the two are so intimately allied, that I always feel they run together, and mutually heighten one another—as in Everyman they certainly do."

"Evidently, feeling is the dominant factor in your work?"

"Why, yes—or sincerity, at least. I could never be taught nor told how to act a part *from the outside*. I must

approach the character from within, and first feel what I am to make others see. Isn't that the way every artist studies? It must be. Mme. Brema once told me she could not sing a grand opera rôle in public, even though she knew the music by heart, until after she had thoroughly worked out the *acting* of it to the smallest mechanical detail, so that in abandoning herself to the utterance of the music her faculties might still be under artistic control—the voice not choked with tears, nor the movements of the body erratic and out of the picture, as they must inevitably have been if left to the unregulated impulse of the moment."

"The traditional paradox of acting—that in order to move others, you must remain unmoved yourself."

"It may be a paradox, but it is not true," insisted Rosalind. "We *must* be moved, or we could never act; and then our art, if we have any, not only conceals art, but emotion as well."

"Have you ever 'let yourself go' in a downright emotional drama—such as 'Camille,' for example, or 'Frou-frou'?"

"No; Juliet is my emotional high-water mark, as yet, I believe. I can easily restrain my impatience to try those hysterical things—though you are not the first to tell me that such is my ultimate destiny."

"In the performance of *Everyman*," we ventured, "there is evinced another kind of art, and that most strikingly. We refer to the classic purity of diction—your own, especially, and that of the auxiliary players also in a noticeable degree."

"Yes, we have had long and severe drilling in those rude pre-Elizabethan lines—and you would never believe how rough and difficult they are, unless you tried to scan and speak them. Mr. Greet is a very scholarly and exacting stage-manager; and then we had special coaching by members of the London

Elizabethan Society, who superintended our original production of this play. For my own part, the really invaluable training I have received, and that which counts for most in my work, is from the tutorship of my husband."

Miss Matthison's husband, to whom this reference and acknowledgement were made with an unaffected grace of humility, is C. Rann Kennedy, the "Doctor," whose impassioned and solemn delivery of the prologue or exordium to

"*Everyman*" evokes the very atmosphere of the mediæval cloister. Mr.

Kennedy played Oliver in "*As You Like It*." He is a *littérateur* as well as an actor, and in forthcoming dramatic writings may furnish new scope for the genius of the enthusiastic young artiste who in private life is his wife.

"Have you originated many new rôles?"

"No—very few, though I have to study the old ones in a creative way, because I rarely get a chance to see how other actresses play them. I have never seen Bernhardt.

"Have you ever been told that your profile resembles Duse's?"

"No," she laughs, "I think that is a new one, though I have been compared to most other living actresses, it seems to me." In truth, Miss Matthison is a highly complex artistic individuality, and her face reflects every mood, like a mirror. These comparisons doubtless were made in no spirit of mere flattery.

"What other important parts, besides those mentioned, have you undertaken—or re-created?"

"Let me see: there are Lady Teazle, and Lydia Languish; Kate Hardcastle, in '*She Stoops to Conquer*,' Peg Woffington, and a bit in '*The Lackeys' Carnival*,' by Henry Arthur Jones, produced at one of Mr. Frohman's London theatres, two years ago. Then there was '*In Spite of All*' a stage version of the novel of the same name, by my dear friend, the late Edna Lyall—an angelic woman, if ever there was one. Mr. Isaac Henderson did me the honor of saying he was anxious to have me engaged for Lady Lumley, in the London cast of '*The Mummy and the Humming Bird*.' I was not at liberty for that, but I played Angela, in '*A Royal Family*.'"

"What about your plans for the future?"

"Oh, a three months' holiday!" she cried, joyously. "I haven't had one since—since that many years."

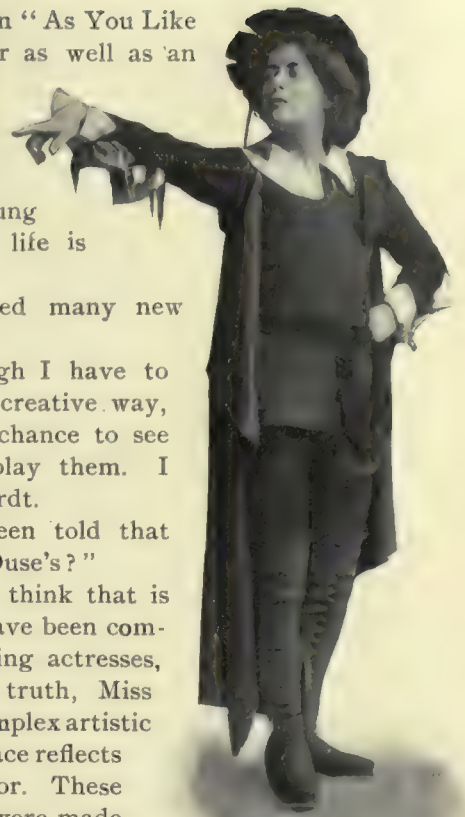
Herschoolgirl heartiness in the anticipation of this approaching holiday completely diverted the purpose of our question, which had been to find out if some Pinero or Stephen Phillips were not at this moment writing up to Miss Wynne Matthison. It seems as if they ought to be. That is not what is worrying her, as the camera artist fires his last shot; but she says, with her frank smile:

"I have never had much experience in being interviewed. I shudder at the thought of seeing what I am supposed to have said, in print."

"Then, let us hope the present instance may prove an exception, in being agreeable; the pictures, resembling you, are sure to be so. If the reporter is half as successful, none can help being pleased; and—

*"All is well ended, if this suit be won
That you express content."*

HENRY TYRRELL.



Marceau

AS ROSALIND



Theatre Magazine Studio

MISS MATTHISON IN STREET DRESS



TOMMASO SALVINI (from his latest photograph)

Salvini Lives Again in His Son

TOMMASO SALVINI, the finest tragedian Italy has produced, and one of the world's greatest players, is now seventy-four years of age. He still appears in public and the theatre audiences of Italy are thrilled and aroused to the wildest enthusiasm by the fire of his genius as they were a quarter of a century ago. But the veteran begins to feel the fatigue of acting, especially when playing Othello, his most famous rôle. He is appearing this month in Milan, and other engagements at Leghorn and Bologna are spoken of. Most of the time, however, Signor Salvini is resting quietly at Florence where he owns a beautiful home on Via Gina Capponi, a few minutes walk from the Cathedral. It was here that a representative of **THE THEATRE** found the celebrated actor. He was busy writing, but on learning that an American journalist craved the privilege of an interview, he rose at once, and came forward to greet us with cordial grasp of his hand, erect, vigorous, with nothing, save perhaps the weary expression in the eyes, to proclaim his three score and fourteen years. He had been reading at his desk some of the newspaper accounts of his recent appearances at Naples where he played Corrado in "La Morte Civile," Pilade in "Oreste" and Othello.

"My son," he explained, "was compelled to close his season there early in order that he might take a much needed rest and it was arranged that I should give the performances with his company before it disbanded. If it would interest you to hear what one of the Neapolitan papers said, I will read it to you." And in his rich, sonorous voice the melodious Italian phrases came from his lips with all the charm of a recitation. The article was most enthusiastic, describ-

ing the veteran as wearing his years lightly, depicting the various moods of his Othello, his love, scorn, rage and repentance and finally his death, and adding: "he played the part as none but Tommaso Salvini can play it, and who can say who will in the future unless it be his son."

Then he spoke of his son of whom he is very proud. "My son Gustavo should have a great career," he said. "He has only to become known to be recognized as a very superior actor." We mentioned the late Alexander Salvini, so well liked in America. "Ah, yes, poor Alessandro! But Gustavo is a very different nature. He is studious, thoughtful, absorbed in his art. I hope that some day he will go to America, but before that must come London. A London success must precede a visit to America. You are a practical people. Your managers wish to see ninety-nine chances of success against one of failure. My son is unknown outside of Italy. An agent is now trying to arrange for a meeting between him and Charles Frohman. But London must come first. London papers are read in New York and they soon make merit known. He will not long be a stranger to America once he has appeared in London. Was I not, years ago, called to America immediately after my London appearance?

"Then, too," he went on "there are two kinds of success. One kind is where people rush to see a performance once out of curiosity, proclaim it great, and forget it before the end of the season. There have been such instances in your country recently. I would not want for my son that sort of success, due to an unfortunate selection of plays—dramas which only attract an audience from curiosity, and do not command lasting interest. I would wish for



GUSTAVO SALVINI

Distinguished Son of a famous father and who may come to act in America shortly



Photo Byron

ROMEO
(Kyrle Bellew)

JULIET
(Miss Eleanor Robson)

ROMEO—"Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy be heaped like mine!"

THE ALL-STAR REVIVAL OF "ROMEO AND JULIET"



Tonnele Co.

MISS FLORENCE ROCKWELL

Talented young actress recently seen in Henry Miller's production of "D'Arcy of the Guards," and who will play Helena in Klaw and Erlanger's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at the Knickerbocker Theatre next October

my son that more enduring success which increases gradually and permanently from a less noisy and exaggerated first night's applause. "My son's Hamlet," he continued, "is a great performance. In appearance, too, he is very well suited to the part. Other favorite rôles with him are Don César de Bazan, Edipus, in which Mounet-Sully recently appeared in Rome and suffered in comparison, and Petrucio in "The Taming of the Shrew." His Othello, too, while I do not say it is mine, is a fine impersonation, but as you see, he does not confine himself to tragedy."

"Do you still enjoy acting, yourself?"

"No, I can not say that. Every human being, I think I may say, loves to be applauded. When, as in Naples recently, one feels that one moves the entire audience of a crowded theatre, comprising all grades of society—from the fashionable woman, to whom the theatre is an everyday occurrence, to the humblest fisherman—when one receives salvos of applause, and young enthusiasts leap upon the stage to embrace one, who would not be gratified? But the acting itself no longer gives me pleasure. I am weary and would prefer to live in my son's career now. But if by giving occasional performances I can further his interests, I am ready to do so."

"What is your favorite rôle?" we asked.

"I can hardly say that I have one," he replied, "Yet if I am to say, I must mention one in which the public refused to see me, and which I have not played for years. I refer to the part of Sophocles in the drama of that name by Paolo Giacometti. The play has never been popular. Those who have seen it have left the theatre enthusiastic, but the general public remained away. Perhaps the name frightened them. Yet that was a rôle in which I delighted. The death of Sophocles I may say I invented. The dramatist represents him as dying peacefully amidst his children and grandchildren, happy because they have secured a promise that the tomb of his ancestors shall be unmolested. Just before his death, I used to represent him as turning to his young grandson and requesting him to sing the great pæan, the national hymn of freedom. The boy complies, accompanying himself on the lyre. Sophocles listens, becomes exalted. Half rising from his couch he joins faintly in the music, then as his voice fails his fingers keep time, until gradually his eyes close and he falls back dead. When the young grandson sees this he utters a cry of grief and horror, dropping his lyre, one string of which snaps as it falls. This scene used to be very effective."

"What is your opinion of the stage of the present day? Is the dramatic art making progress?"

The old actor remained pensive for a moment and then he said:

"I question whether it has made real progress. True art is real, is nature. The artist's aim should be to present to his audiences the character as he existed, or might have existed with the surroundings and manners of the period depicted. The audience should feel the human nature of the character. I do not approve of schools. Nature, life, are the artist's models. Fifty years ago, owing to the lack of social consideration accorded the actor, the prejudice against adopting a stage career was stronger than to-day, and fewer people outside the families of actors entered upon it. But these actors' children from early childhood witnessed performances, they imbibed unconsciously the traditions, the spirit, the atmosphere of the different periods represented. In Italy we have a saying: *un figlio d'arte vale piu che cento dillettanti*. (One child of Art is worth more than a hundred amateurs). Something always betrays the amateur—the walk, manner, gesture, when contrasted with the actor who has grown up in the theatre. Nowadays, there are more people, especially women, who go on the stage merely to be seen, for the adulation they may receive, or even for the life of travel and excitement. Despite the boast of modern stage realism, I witnessed something recently in Naples which should have been impossible. The scene of the drama was laid in the 17th century, the period of the stately minuet and courtly deference. Yet an actor went up to a lady and shook her hand in the modern fashion. He should have barely touched her fingers as he raised them to his lips. He was not living in the 17th century. How could he impress an audience with the truth of his presentment of a character of that age? Progress? Yes, in one direction. The mechanical part of modern stage productions is marvellous compared with the past, and I am ready to believe the American managers lead in that respect."

Florence, May 1.

ELISE LATHROP.



LIGHT OPERA Yesterday and To-day

Lovers of light opera, as represented by Offenbach, Gilbert and Sullivan and other masters of what appears nowadays a lost art, will read with interest the following article by George Ade, the talented young Chicago writer whose *Fables in Slang* have already passed into the classics of our language and who has recently made a successful debut in the field of comic opera as librettist of "The Sultan of Sulu." After becoming acquainted with the extraordinary conditions under which opera books must now be written, no one can longer be surprised at the inanity, stupidity and utter vacuity of some of the "musical comedies" seen recently on the boards.

I HAVE been asked to draw some comparison between the Gilbert and Sullivan light operas of twenty years ago and the popular musical entertainments of to-day. After two attempts at writing the book for a musical play I am not certain that I am well acquainted with either form of entertainment, and yet the editorial query is most timely and full of suggestion to those who long for a return to the stage of such pieces as "The Mikado," "Patience," and "Iolanthe."

In my humble opinion, "The Mikado" is the best light opera ever written in English. It has a closely woven story and the interest, comic and dramatic, is sufficient to carry the story, even before an audience that cannot grasp the subtle satire with which all of Gilbert's lines are so delightfully impregnated. The "lyrics" dove-tail consistently into the dialogue. All the music is tuneful and yet characteristic. The characters are clearly differentiated and are brought together into ingenious situations. The satire is modern and English, yet the "atmosphere" is distinctly Japanese.

Gilbert and Sullivan did not labor to invoke boisterous encores or dazzle the public with catchy "song-hits." They were not compelled to provide special scenes for the pulchritudinous "show girls." Neither did they feel impelled to alter the construction so as to give mere "fat" to the insatiable "Broadway comedian." There are several reasons why the Gilbert and Sullivan kind of light opera does not appeal to a majority of our managers and comedians to-day. The first rule in the making of an up-to-date musical comedy seems to be that it shall be capable of a gorgeous "production." The immense success of pieces such as those offered by Rogers Brothers, Anna Held and other money-making stars, has served to convince managers that no matter what happens to the "book" or the story, the stage must bloom at frequent intervals with lovely girls in expensive raiment and the songs, no matter by what pretext brought into the piece, must receive that loud and emphatic applause which is the sure indication of a "hit." And though critics may rave, the astute manager defends his policy by producing the box-office statement. And yet, in spite of the enormous profits reaped by musical comedies totally unlike the gentle

compositions of Gilbert and Sullivan, it would seem that the public can still be diverted by musical plays that give the "book" and a satirical quality in the dialogue precedence over the glittering vaudeville features.

If I may be permitted, I should like to relate my experience with "The Sultan of Sulu." When I started to write it, about two years ago, I had an ambition to follow the methods employed by Mr. Gilbert, without imitating any one of his works. It seemed to me that at least a portion of the theatre-going public might be willing to pay for a

performance in which there was a story of cumulative interest, the dialogue free from slang, "gags" and local allusions, and in which the musical numbers should fit the situations and be made an integral part of the dramatic construction. There was no provision for "ad lib." scenes, in which the comedians were to draw laughter.

It must be confessed that since the first performance of the piece, the Gilbertian model has been more or less patched up. The song and dance, with light effects, is very dear to the public of to-day and an occasional spice of slang is demanded by the manager, the stage manager and the ambitious comedian, who base the demand on the just plea that "the people in front want it."

At the same time, the very gratifying success of "The Sultan of Sulu" in New York would seem to indicate that

play-goers will accept a musical piece treating a national theme, such as colonial expansion, in a good-natured and rather satirical vein and keeping the book free from puns and allusions to the high lights of Broadway.

The fact that we have compromised by inserting a few "popular numbers" does not necessarily indicate that the public will no longer accept a light opera built on the style of the Gilbert and Sullivan successes. Possibly it means that anyone who attempts to be Gilbertian is undertaking a task beyond his capabilities. Undoubtedly the "Sultan" has endured on Broadway because it possesses a straggling few of the virtues exemplified in the remarkable librettos written by Mr. Gilbert. Now, if some American will arrive at the full Gilbertian standard, he will find fame and fortune awaiting him. That is, if he can find some one to produce his piece.

GEORGE ADE.



Windeatt
GEORGE ADE
Author of "The Sultan of Sulu," "Peggy from Paris" etc.

Snapshots of well known Stars as they



Flashlight photo taken for The Theatre Magazine

Frank Moulan making up for the first act of "The Sultan of Sulu" at Wallack's Theatre



Flashlight photo taken for The Theatre Magazine

Miss Marie Cahill taking a last glance in her hand-mirror before going on for the third act of "Nancy Brown" at the Bijou Theatre

are making-up in their dressing rooms



Flashlight photo taken for The Theatre Magazine

Miss Amelia Bingham putting the finishing touches to her make-up just before going on for the last act of "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," at the Princess Theatre



Flashlight photo taken for The Theatre Magazine

Lawrance D'Orsay, who has suddenly become famous through his impersonation of an ultra-English nobleman, is seen here dressing for the last act of "The Earl of Pawtucket," at the Manhattan Theatre



AS TRILBY

From Trilby to Tolstoy

Some account of the interesting stage career of
Miss Blanche Walsh



AS KATINKA

ENDOWED by Nature with a fine physique and attractive personality, Blanche Walsh drifted naturally towards the stage career. Her early environments certainly did not prepare the way, but there is no doubt that they broadened her outlook on life and moulded her character. The success she has won is entirely of her own making; hard work and perseverance alone have blazed the path. It is a long way from Trilby to Tolstoy's heroine in "Resurrection"—as fine a performance as New York has seen since Charlotte Cushman gave us her immortal impersonation of Meg Merrilees—and it has been a period bridged over by periodic appearances in a succession of widely different rôles, in Bronson Howard's "Aristocracy," in Paul

Potter's "The Conquerors," in the Sardou plays to which she fell heir after Fanny Davenport's death, down to the beginning of the past season, when the actress opened her starring tour as the heroine of "The Daughter of Hamilcar," a stage version of Flaubert's tremendous novel "Salamambo."

Then came the opportunity to play Katinka in "Resurrection," a part which has given her a reputation many an older player might envy.

During all these years of experiment and experience the actress has broadened and developed mentally. The Blanche Walsh of ten or even five years ago has disappeared; in her place we have a woman whose face shows matured thoughtfulness, the natural impress of reading and study. Her face has lost some of its youthful beauty, but then Miss Walsh has outgrown her earlier stage work and a stronger and more authoritative personality is necessary. One notices, too, some of the facial by-play

that serves her so remarkably as Maslova,—the occasional twitching of the mouth and the tight pressing together of the lips. But as one observes this elegantly gowned, soft mannered woman, low and sweet of voice, diffident, self-contained, one marvels more than ever at the complete self-effacement that was necessary to give us the living Maslova.

"Tell me how you did it," said the writer to her recently.

"I was playing Salamambo and the piece had been well received everywhere. But when my managers brought me 'Resurrection,' I said at once, 'Yes, I should like to play the part in New York.' A theatre was offered—the play has been produced—the result you know."

"How did you prepare yourself for the rôle of Maslova?"

"I had read Tolstoi's novel when it first appeared several years ago. I re-absorbed it and also all I could find of Maxime Gorky. I think I learned more of the condition of the people in Russia, more atmosphere from Gorky even than from Tolstoy. I had to do it very quickly and by intense application, for you know I had only three weeks in which to do all my studying and learn the rôle. While it was going on I seemed to be burning the candle at both ends. Literally speaking, I did not feel that there was anything else in the whole world than this part of Maslova."

"That accounts then for your splendid subordination of self which is so complete in Act 3, that one can not recognize Blanche Walsh under the stolid, sodden aspect of Maslova until you are addressed by name."

"That is the nicest thing that has been said of my performance. And I wish you to know that not even Maslova is impervious to having nice things said of her."

"Is that feminine or of the profession?"

"Oh! both," laughed the actress.

"Do you not feel that this opportunity has driven home the last spike that clinched your standing with the public?"

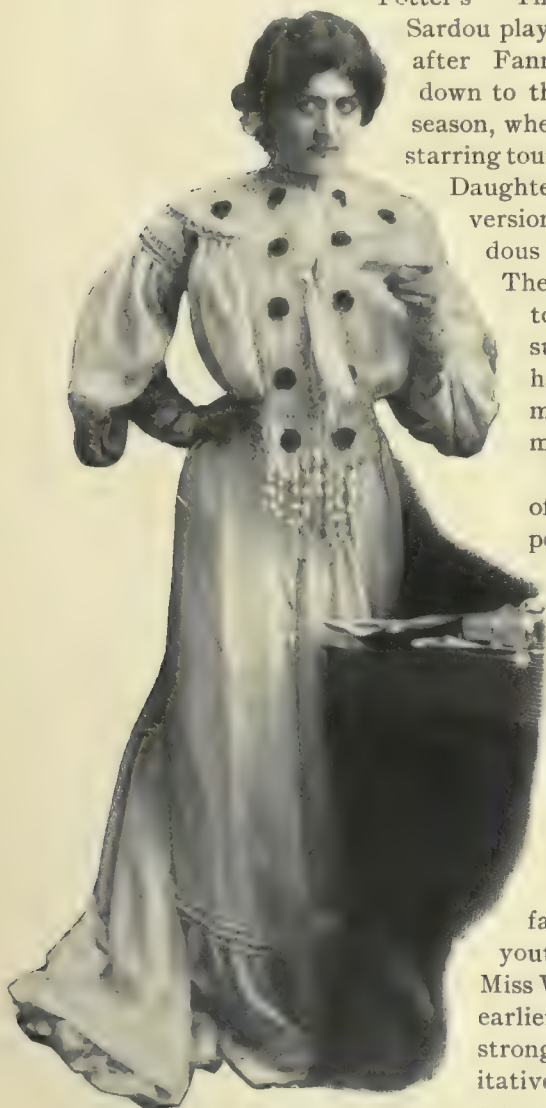
"Yes, I suppose that is the case. One goes along doing good, but perhaps routine work, until the great chance comes, and then as you say, one drives the last spike. Although of course everything that may follow should be in the direction of progress—if possible for better and finer work."

"How do you account for the fact that good plays and good parts go wandering about from door to door, until finally they meet a sympathetic listener and are produced?"

"There seems to be something psychological in that. There must be, it happens so often."

"Would you think that a play, supposed to contain the heart and soul of the writer, has its affinity?"

"I never thought of it in that light before, but it may be as you say. After all, why not? The play is an entity—like the human being—and is looking for its producer—its partner for life!"



McIntosh

"Not even Maslova is impervious to having nice things said of her"

"Which the rude public sometimes cuts as short as is the case with other life partnerships."

"The affinities did not meet?"

"No. In looking for your next play, how shall you be guided in your selection?"

"I do not know that I shall revert at all to the spectacular drama, with which I have so long been associated. At all events my next play must be radically different from 'Resurrection.' At present the New York public knows me only as Maslova. I shall want to prove to them that I can do an entirely different line of work. Comedy for instance, in which some of my friends think I am at my best. I should wish also to prove that I know how to carry myself through high life, that my walk is not a shuffle, my voice not a gurgle, nor my eyes bleared and my countenance sodden."

"That is the penalty of the complete denial of self."

"That flatters of course my professional pride, but an artiste cannot afford to identify herself too long with a part like Maslova. It is the kind of a part that leaves such a

distinct impression upon the auditor's mind, that in order to create a new impression, the actress should choose some violently contrasted part to create that effect.

Moreover, I want to show something of the gayer, brighter side of life and preferably of modern life."

"And outside of the theatre, what interests you most?"

"Books. I am reading every spare moment of my time. Just at present, I am very lonely because all of my old book friends are in the storage warehouse. I feel lost without their companionship."

"Are there no fads, no fancies?"

"No, excepting that I like to collect curios. These Indian things you see hanging about are some of my trophies in that direction, but actual fads or fancies that one drives to an extreme, I have none. It is true I love Nature. When my season closes, I go off into the deep, deep forest, and there I hide myself. No one but the guide can reach me. I, myself, could not find my way

out. I cast aside all the usual feminine garb and luxuriant in knickerbockers and a sweater. There is a beautiful lake,



Burr McIntosh

MY NEXT PLAY MUST BE RADICALLY DIFFERENT FROM "RESURRECTION"

where I fish, although I do not care much for that. And rowing, canoeing, swimming, a sane, health-giving outdoor existence. When I have a new part to study, it is out under the grand old trees, or idly drifting about on the lake. Such an existence comes nearer to a perfect life, than anything I know. It is so simple and unrestrained. And then when I do return to my work in the autumn, I seem to have a new ambition, a fresh stimulus to take it up again. In fact, unless I had some such rest as that I do not believe I could go on acting. Nature, nature, I love that best."

"Would you say that this contact with nature has helped you to compose such a rôle as Maslova?"

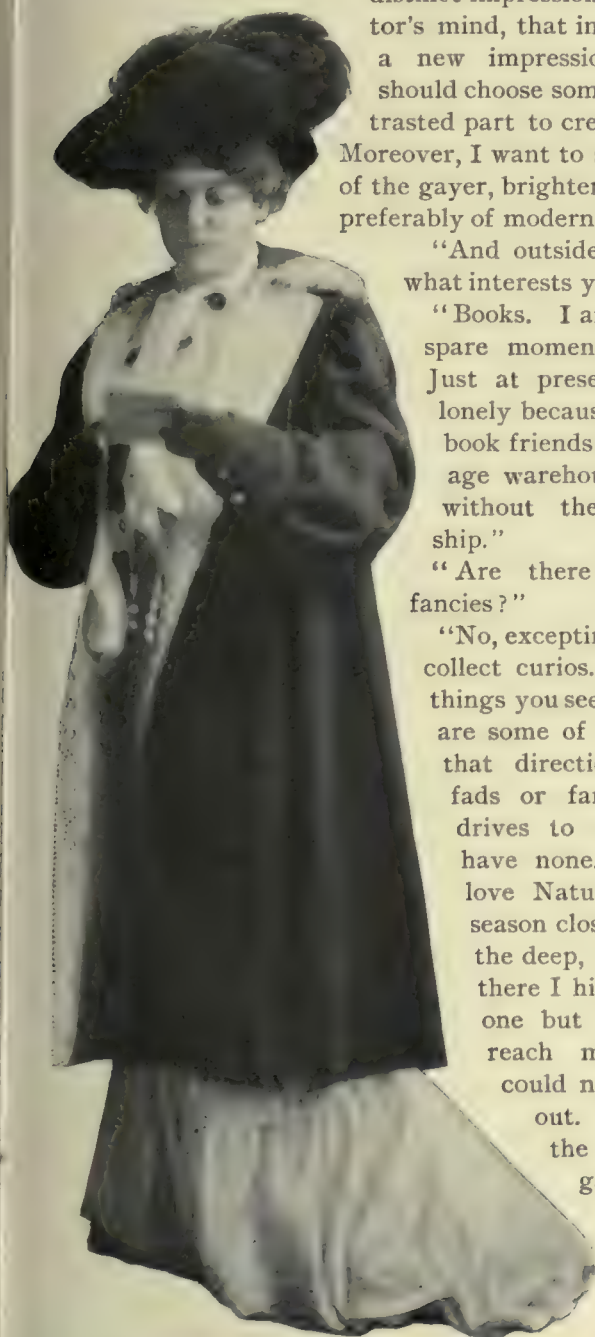
She thought for a moment before answering.

"Yes, I believe it has taught me to be simple and natural in my stage work. Certainly that life in the woods makes for self-communion. There one can think and in some way one's powers of analysis and logic seem to improve under the solitude and isolation of the life."

"It has always been true of writers and also of composers of music. It was Beethoven's habit to throw himself down among the trees and thus he composed his greatest works; then to rush home to place them on paper."

From self we drifted to talk of the National Art Theatre.

"I had a plan once to build a theatre," said Miss Walsh, "but it remains to this day a castle in the air." "An architect and I evolved a most beautiful and complete design for a model theatre." "I started it on the ten cents end-



Burr McIntosh

"FRIENDS SAY I AM AT MY BEST IN COMEDY"

less chain plan, but it received so much abuse and my motives were so much misunderstood that I abandoned the whole affair in disgust. I collected just \$35.00 and if this movement on the part of the American Dramatists' Club really results in the building of such a playhouse, I shall donate my little \$35.00 just as an evidence of my good will. Such a theatre is sorely needed and I hope to see it built and to act in it."

HARRY P. MAWSON.

New Play for Mr. Sothern?

"THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS," a four act comedy in verse, by Percy Mackaye, has been published in sumptuous book form by the Macmillan Company, New York. The volume is dedicated to E. H. Sothern, "in friendship;" and it has been announced that Mr. Sothern will produce the play next season. Mr. Mackaye, who is just from Harvard University, is a young man of good theatrical name, and possibly lineage. Agreeable as it would be to commend the effort of a young American playwright who has chosen Chaucer as his hero and the Elizabethan verse-drama as his model of form, the unfortunate truth is that nothing in the present piece can be unqualifiedly praised, except possibly the author's intention. If Mr. Mackaye's literary sins were merely the negative ones of a slight and superficial acquaintance with the period treated, an essentially unmetrical ear, and an ingenuous unfamiliarity with the requirements of the stage, he might well merit the critic's leniency. But his positive and persistent offences against good taste, his ostentation of coarseness, not to say indecency, and in at least one instance (in the travesty of *The Lord's Prayer*, Act II.) his revolting blasphemy, are by no means to be condoned. Chaucer—for some inexplicable reason pictured as a gross Falstaffian person—is made to soliloquize in this jargon:

"Flesh, Geoffrey! Fie!
What need to guard from sight the poet in thee,
When nature hath hoop'd and wadded him
With baccaroons of paunch? What say, thou tun?
Will Eglantine mistake thee for Apollo,
Thou jewel in the bloated toad; thou bagpipe
Puff'd by the Muse; thou demijohn of nectar;
Thou grape of Hebe, over-ripe with rhyme;
Thou lump of Clio, mountain of Terpsichore;
Diogenes, that talkest in thy tub!
Fie, Mother Earth!—cling not about my waist
As if I were a weanling sphere. Fall off!
Ye gods! that kneaded this incongruous dough
With lyric leaven, sweat me to a rake handle,
Or let the Muse grow fat!"

No need to trace out the tortuous, yet puerile plot, which involves Chaucer in equivocal relations with the Prioress and the Wife of Bath, and drags in all the other characters of the immortal prologue, in the course of their April pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury. As an awful warning to future ambitious college dramatists of literary pretensions, who would dabble in the archaic, we may note that Mr. Mackaye makes his Chaucer and other fourteenth-century people express themselves in such words and phrases as: "a little pup," "wind-bags," "toot up," "make it a swap," "take a swig," "I will tip ye a secret," "wink the t'other eye," "if ye guess the right, ye won't be left: how's that?" "pot luck," "don't label me," "step up," "chuck it," "I am game," "whopper," "slop-pail," "giggle," "squeamish," "what wilt thou bet?" "he's nabbed,"



Theatre Magazine Studio

SYDNEY HERBERT

F. C. Clark

Mr. Herbert is now appearing in the farce "A Fool and His Money." His versatility is shown by the above fine character study which represents him as Lord Carvel in "To Have and To Hold."

"shut up!" "henpecked," "togs," "slick," "a new amalgam," "chaperones," "spook," "skedaddle," "nincumpoop," "blab," "nom de plume," "lady-killer," "swindling," "cork up," "glum," "I am too stuck on thee," "hog-gibberish," "give me a vintner, for cheek!" "talking business," "a spanking pony." "hold up," (in the sense of stop) and "tang," together with constant reiterations of kailyard Scotch words like "hoot mon," "bairns," "laddie," and "ken." This sort of thing is neither poetry nor drama.

Messrs. Fox, Duffield and Company, a new firm of New York publishers, issue an artistic edition of the old morality play "Everyman" which, thanks to the admirable performance given by Ben Greet and his English players, has proved one of the real artistic successes of the present theatrical season. The little volume is well printed on fine paper, and illustrated with the wood-cut figures and decorations characteristic of the 16th century.

NEW DRAMATIC BOOKS

DAVID AND BATHSHEBA. A play. By Stephen Phillips. 16mo. New York: The Macmillan Company.

TO THRILL AN AUDIENCE. Practical Metaphysics for singers, actors, speakers, etc. By Mary Fairweather. San Francisco. Wale Printing Company.

A DAUGHTER OF THESPIA. A novel. By John D. Barry. Boston: L. C. Page & Company.

The Great.. Hamlet Trial...



JURY WHICH TRIED HAMLET FOR MURDER

MANY players have deserved capital punishment for murdering Hamlet, but until quite recently the Prince of Denmark had escaped being placed on trial on the serious charge of killing King Claudius. Under the criminal code of the State of Iowa the lapse of time since the commission of the crime is immaterial as there is no statute of limitations with respect to offences against the lives of persons. Members of the law class of the University of Iowa began criminal proceedings last January, and Hamlet was indicted for murder in the first degree by a true bill returned by the University grand jury on February 20, 1903. The case came up in the junior law court of the University presided over by Justice Deemer of the Iowa Supreme Bench, and the proceedings were conducted with all the solemnity of a regular criminal trial. Hamlet pleaded not guilty to the indictment and set up a defense of insanity.

The brightest members of the law class were concerned in the prosecution and defense of the defendant, and Shakespearean scholars and alienists of reputation were the witnesses examined during the trial.

The jury was unanimous in its opinion that Hamlet was not insane when he murdered King Claudius. On the question of justification through self-defense, there was a divergence of opinion. After standing evenly divided for twenty hours, the jury finally agreed that Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, was guilty of manslaughter when he killed King Claudius and should be resting behind prison bars instead of being king of the stage and hero of literature, and rendered a verdict to that effect.

The State of Iowa contended that Hamlet laid a deliberate plot to take the life of King Claudius because the young prince conceived the idea, after his father's death and his mother's sudden

marriage with his uncle, that his uncle was guilty of the murder of his father. The evidence showed that Hamlet was a student at the University of Iowa instead of at Wittenberg as many commentators have supposed. F. J. Cole, of Mason City, and the President of the Junior Law Class, was one of the witnesses for the State. He testified that he had known Hamlet very well. He said:

"I was in Castle Elsinore the afternoon of the day King Claudius was murdered. Hamlet was telling his friend, Horatio, about the death of his father, and asked him if he was not justified in killing the King. His actual words were:

"He that hath killed my father and disgraced my mother;
Popped in between my election and my hopes;
Thrown out an angle for my proper life;
And with such cozenage; is it not perfect conscience
To quit him with this arm?"

"The same evening I was present in Castle Elsinore at a friendly fencing bout which had been arranged between Hamlet and Laertes by the King. Laertes and Hamlet engaged in the contest. King Claudius called for wine and put in one of the cups something which he said was a precious pearl, but which from his muttered exclamation, later, I learned was a deadly poison. When Hamlet had touched Laertes with the point of his rapier, the King invited Hamlet to drink from the cup in celebration of his point. Hamlet, however, asked him to set the cup by. The queen soon drank from the cup and fell in a swoon, exclaiming, 'O my dear

Hamlet! the drink! the drink! I am poisoned!' Hamlet then cried, 'O villainy! Ho! let the doors be locked! treachery! seek it out!' Laertes then told Hamlet that the rapier point with which both he and Hamlet had been wounded through the exchange of rapiers had been poisoned by the King with intent to take Hamlet's life. Thereupon Hamlet advanced toward the King in a threatening manner.

"The point evenomed, too!" cried Hamlet. "Then, venom, do thy work!" and with these words he stabbed the King through the heart with his rapier. There," said the witness, "are the facts as I know them."



THE PRISONER HAMLET, (R. A. Cook)

Counsel for the defense urged insanity and self-defense. The plea of self-defense included defense of Hamlet's mother, the



A. A. BROWN S. D. WHITING G. P. LINVILLE
COUNSEL FOR HAMLET



W. K. HERRICK M. BRACKETT J. E. CROSS
PROSECUTING ATTORNEYS



FRANK MOULAN

Clever Comedian who has made a hit in George Ade's musical satire "The Sultan of Sulu"

Iowa law providing that the plea of self-defense covers as well homicide committed in defense of a member of one's family as that committed in defense of one's self. Sadness over a father's death which gradually brought on madness through constant brooding, lack of exercise and a complete change of life from the polite, cleanly, fashionably attired Prince which Hamlet had been prior to his father's death, were shown by the defendant. Inability to sleep at night, bad dreams during sleep, seeing and hearing the ghost of his father, it was urged, were among the signs of insanity. Added to this were the three murders committed by Hamlet before the duel with Laertes, Polonius, the father of his sweetheart, and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, two of his dearest college chums. Yet he killed them and did not try to escape from punishment for the deeds; but rather jested of them.

Dr. A. J. Burge, of the faculty of the College of Medicine of the University of Iowa, and Dr. F. J. Becker of the faculty of the College of Homoeopathic Medicine, called by the defense, agreed that modern medical authority would pronounce Hamlet to be suffering from a typical case of delusional melancholia. His seeing and hearing things which were not, inability to sleep, his lack of appreciation of his deeds in killing Polonius and signing the death warrant of two of his college chums, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, were, these experts declared, the strongest indication of insanity. The alienist placed upon the stand by the State, Dr. L. W. Bierring of the faculty of the College of Medicine of the University of Iowa, failed to uphold the State's case, but agreed with the defense that Hamlet was suffering from delusional melancholy at the time he killed the King and

was therefore irresponsible for his actions. In support of the plea of self-defense, the defendant urged that he was surrounded by those who plotted his life and that his escape from those surroundings was only made possible by his one thrust at the armed King. Queen Gertrude's cry for help upon finding that she had been poisoned was also urged as excuse for the killing of Claudius, in that it was done in defense of his mother.

The State combatted this by introducing evidence that some four or five minutes elapsed from Gertrude's cry to Hamlet's stabbing the King, and that it was therefore not in defense of his mother, but in pursuance of his own plan that Hamlet stabbed the King.

The trial was conducted with great impartiality by Justice H. E. Deemer. Roy A. Cook, of Independence, represented Hamlet by procuracy; the State's Attorneys were J. E. Cross, of Newton, W. K. Herrick, of Cherokee and M. Brackett, of Iowa City; the counsel for the defendant were S. D. Whiting, of Iowa City, G. B. Linville, of Council Bluffs, and A. A. Brown, of Storm Lake; Col. G. R. Burnett, U. S. A., was the sheriff, and Ralph A. Dunham, of Manchester, the clerk. The jury were:

R. L. Bergman, of Newtown; R. C. Gray, of Rockwell City; C. R. Sutherland, of Center Junction; J. L. Meighen, of Newell; A. E. Miller, of Denison, J. L. Norton, of Des Moines; W. R. Law, of Waterloo; H. M. Mercer, of Burlington; J. F. Kirby, of Marengo; W. E. Kahler, of Traer, and W. B. Ridgeway, of Winfield.

The jury possessed this advantage over ordinary juries, that it knew as much about the law as did the lawyers, being members of the same law class. ROY A. COOK.



Schloss

MISS IRMA LA PIERRE

Whose clever work as leading woman in "The Bonnie Brier Bush" attracted attention, and who has been seen more recently at the Garrick in "Skipper & Co."

National Art Theatre

FORMATION OF A PERMANENT SOCIETY.



THE National Art Theatre movement is advancing triumphantly forward. No active opposition of the slightest moment has been encountered. The ancient order of scoffers has dissolved into a thin line of pie-bald skirmishers who keep so far toward the horizon that they make a mere fringe on the edge of the landscape.

By far the most important step yet taken has been the formation of a permanent organization known as the National Art Theatre Society of New York, which has for its programme the establishing in this city of an Ideal Theatre conducted on the lines laid down in the plan prepared by the committee of the American Dramatists' Club. The formation of the Society was the outcome of the recent dinner given at Delmonico's when it was resolved that a permanent society pledged to work for the establishment of the National Art Theatre, and to be called the National Art Theatre Society of New York be forthwith organized.

The first public meeting under this resolution was held at the Garrick Theatre on May 17 last, when addresses were made by J. I. C. Clarke, president of the Society, Joseph Jefferson, Sydney Rosenfeld, Robert T. Haines, Charles Barnard, and others. Over three hundred persons entered their names as members of the new Society. New members are constantly joining.

In this as in all other movements founded on clear principles, and prosecuted in a spirit of unselfishness, the gaining of desirable recruits has cost merely the effort of a straightforward lucid explanation. To make it effective the movement must be backed by numbers. It is confidently expected that in a month from this writing the Society will number a thousand members—all recruiting sergeants for the further spread of the idea. The dues are made nominal—namely, \$2 a year—and will be directed entirely to the spread of the Society and to the illumination of its objects by voice and pen. Before the close of this year the National Art Theatre Society should have 50,000 names on its muster roll.

All funds donated to the endowment of the National Art Theatre itself will be placed apart in the hands of responsible trustees, and held inviolate for their object. Such donations, large or small, while welcomed as earnest of the sincerity of the movement will not be especially campaigned for in the immediate future. "Let demonstration first be made," say the members of the Society, "there is a great solid support of the National Art Theatre idea; there is a great public call for the filling of the artistic want of the time; for a grand uplifting of theatrical ideals, and American liberality will soon be stimulated to do the rest."

To this hopeful view we heartily subscribe. Public con-

ferences are arranging which will be addressed by warm advocates of the idea and of the plan for carrying it out. A Blue Book or manual will be printed, setting forth in attractive form what the erection and maintenance of such a theatre means to National Art and what the Endowed Theatres of Europe have done for all the arts of the stage. To every member of the Society this manual will be sent. The name of every member will be inscribed therein, and with each succeeding edition the later names will be added. Here indeed will be a roll of honor to which men and women may point with honest pride in after years.

The enlistment of woman's effort is a wise move and the ladies committee should prove a valuable adjunct. The co-operation of our leading actresses will be a mighty and efficient one; for their interest has been no less whole-souled and insistent than that of our leading actors.

Various committees will shortly be organized. The Committee on Law and Incorporation will take the necessary steps for putting the National Art Theatre under the protection of the appropriate corporate laws. The Finance Committee will consider various projects for attracting and safe-guarding subscriptions. The Committee on Publication will set on foot the machinery for expanding the light. The Committees on Organization and Meetings will arrange conference after conference in every quarter and among every segregation of the people.

At the dinner given at Delmonico's on April 19th by the American Dramatists' Club the plan prepared by its committee was formally made public. Nearly eighty persons sat down and the dinner was a great success from every point of view. Heinrich Conried left a sick bed to attend and among others present were:

Augustus Thomas, Wilton Lackaye, Henry Miller, Sydney Rosenfeld, Charles Klein, Melville E. Stone, Manager of the Associated Press, Professor Charles Doremus, John R. Dos Passos, Charles Barnard, F. F. Mackaye, Milton Nobles, W. A. Brady, Roland Holt, W. C. De



Marceau

EDWARD R. MAWSON

Whose performance of Antipholus of Syracuse in the late Stuart Robson's revival of "The Comedy of Errors" was highly praised. Mr. Mawson is to star next season at the head of his own company in "The Pride of Jennico"



Theatre Magazine Studio

MISS DORIS MITCHELL

Frederic Colburn Clarke

Miss Mitchell is a Chicago girl and although only sixteen years old has already played prominent parts in important productions. She was the Prince of Wales in Richard Mansfield's revival of "Richard the Third," the Queen of Dreams in the "Wizard of Oz," and the Player Queen in Edmund Russell's recent production of "Hamlet." She is under engagement to appear next season in the Chicago production of "The Babes in Toyland."

Mille, Victor Mapes, Henry B. Herts, George Backus, Paul Meyer, William G. Stewart, Harry P. Mawson, Henry Tyrrell, Isaac L. Rice, Christian Brinton, Louis Meyer, J. W. Harkins, Evert Jansen Wendell, Oliver Doud Byron, Herman Conheim, Thomas D. Adams, Alexander Lambert, Rupert Hughes, Jos. Brainsby.

After introductory remarks by Chairman J. I. C. Clarke, outlining the plans and explaining the situation, Heinrich Conried rose:

"The idea of establishing a National Theatre," he said, "had been close to his heart for a quarter of a century. He had been laughed at! why? Because in America the stage had never been considered an educational factor. The stage in America is looked upon as a degraded thing of low standing, as compared with churches or schools.

"But," he continued, "there can be no education without public attention, and no education from the stage without a changing repertoire. There should be a National, Endowed Theatre, that shall furnish the changing repertoire, the standard of acting, of pronunciation, of taste,

and a thousand other things for which to-day the American stage has no standard—the stage or the public, either.

"What led me, after long consideration, to accept the position of impresario," he continued, "was the feeling that it was the first step toward the erection of a National Theatre in America. I told my directors at the first meeting of my ideals of artistic productions, of the equipment necessary to give such performances as shall be really educative, and they said, 'Show us you can do what you dream, and we will build that National Theatre for you.' They are rich men," added Mr. Conried, "and, gentlemen, they will build it for you." [Loud applause.]

Mr. Conried then outlined a plan which he thought would without question succeed, and which involved, if successful, only the cost to the backers of the erection and first equipment of the theatre. According to this plan, the first year, during a season of thirty weeks, only ten plays would be produced, and 3,600 subscribers for the season, that is to say, ten performances could, he thought, be secured at \$40 a subscription. "This would cover the running expenses. The next year the number of plays would be increased as would the subscribers, the more easily as the theatre would have become 'fashionable,' and then year by year the increase would go on until the plays were changed nightly, and the theatre would be on a firm, paying basis."

Augustus Thomas, the next speaker did not think the American Dramatist needed a subsidy, but he thought a National Theatre which would preserve the traditions of our country would be of incalculable benefit:

What he wanted to see was a National Theatre that should preserve all the traditions of the nation. He was a little vexed with Shreyvogel because in his recent picture of General Custer treating with the Indians he had, so Mr. Thomas said, put boots on Custer that were not issued to the cavalry till years after his death. He wished a theatre that would repeat often enough to preserve the real historical facts such plays as reflected American life—"The Henrietta," "Secret Service," and the like. And this theatre must be no hospital for rejected MMS., he continued. "We are not suffering from lack of appreciation, we dramatists. Charles Frohman may not see as Daniel Frohman does, nor either as A. L. Erlanger" [Great applause and laughter, which caused Mr. Thomas to add that he meant no personal reflection] "but some manager or other will see the play if it is worth seeing. What is needed is not education for the American Dramatist, but for the American people. And to that end, a National Endowed Theatre would be a good thing, and should be furthered.

Sydney Rosenfeld said no one could blame the commercial manager for wanting to produce only such plays as fill his treasury and crowd his theatre:

"But supposing a theatre were endowed with sufficient capital to furnish from the interest of that capital a fund large enough to pay the running expenses of the theatre, shouldn't we have a right to expect a play produced for its inherent beauty alone, regardless of its box-office value? Laying aside the question of whether the average commercial manager can judge a play apart from its drawing power, is not the principle a worthy one?—the principle that enables an author to put forth his best self,—that allows him to send forth his message unhindered by the ever-present, insistent and dispiriting question—'Will it pay?' The mistake hitherto made in the furtive attempts to launch societies for the production of literary plays, such as the late lamented Arts and Letters Society, has lain in the fact that the plays chosen were dull affairs, unworthy of production from any viewpoint. A play does not necessarily need to be dull because it is serious, any more than it need be insane because it is humorous. I want to see a theatre established where *good plays*, whether serious or humorous, shall find a production, and where the box-office value will be eliminated as a factor in their choice. I do not mean by that that I want to cultivate the production of weird and unholy problem plays that deal with disease in all its forms and phases,—that is the sort of play that those who deride the endowed theatre imagine we mean to produce. The National Art Theatre should produce the *best* plays, whether humorous or serious; of course, I realize that to get the *best* plays is not always an easy task. I cannot write them all myself. [Laughter.] To run a theatre merely on the principle that it must be made to pay would be like running a newspaper or a magazine with only a publisher, and without an editor."





MISS GRACE VAN STUDDIFORD
Well known American Soprano, who will be starred
by F. Ziegfeld next season.

Wilton Lackaye made an eloquent plea for the endowment of a National Theatre.

"It would," he contended, "bring back to the playhouse those cultured theatre-goers who have been driven from it by indecency, bad acting and bad plays. It would also lead to the artiste respecting himself more, finding his work more respected. He thought there should be more than one actor on the board of directors, but this was a matter of detail. He blamed the press for most of the evils that at present beset the stage and he denounced bitterly those flippant critics who do not hesitate to ruin a man's career for the sake of a joke.

Henry Miller said he had not given the matter much thought, but he had heard enough now to convince him that every actor who respected his art would welcome a theatre conducted on the lines laid down by the American Dramatists' Club, and if such a theatre were ever built he hoped he would be permitted to volunteer to serve it even in the smallest capacity. Other players of distinction, not present at the dinner, but who have declared themselves in favor of a National Theatre and who, like Wilton Lackaye and Henry Miller, would give it their services, include William Gillette, John Drew, Richard Mansfield, E. H. Sothern, Julia Marlowe, Otis Skinner, Mary Shaw, Francis Wilson, De Wolf Hopper, John Malone, Henrietta Crossman, Mrs. Fiske, E. M. Holland, Clara Bloodgood, John E. Kellard, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Katherine Gray Mason, Annie Russell, Blanche Bates, John Blair, Blanche Walsh and many others.

Miss Julia Marlowe sent from Chicago to the Presi-

dent of the Society the following letter:

"I have been watching with interest for the reports relative to the National Art Theatre Society. I wish heartily I might be present at the meeting that is to be held on May 17th. I shall be honored to have you place my name upon the committee, and will send you a telegram for the night of the 17th. I wish that upon that occasion just the right word may be said to illuminate and inspire the movement and gain fresh sympathy from every side.

Very sincerely yours,
JULIA MARLOWE."

The Society held its first business meeting on the evening of May 13 at the Society's rooms in the Holland Building, No. 1,440 Broadway, and elected its officers for 1903-1904. These are as follows:—President, Joseph I. C. Clarke; Vice Presidents, Frank Tilford, Isaac L. Rice, Henry Miller, F. F. Mackay, Wilton Lackaye, John R. Dos Passos, Charles Barnard and Arthur Hornblow; Corresponding Secretary, Sydney Rosenfeld; Recording Secretary, Duff G. Maynard; Archivist, Henry Tyrrell, and Treasurer, Herman Conheim. It was announced at the meeting that Mr. Frank Tilford had consented to serve on the Committee on Finance.

An activity so many-armed and so strenuous as the present agitation should accomplish much in a comparatively short time, but one thing becomes more patent every hour, namely, that nothing is at present more vital, more necessary to the movement than to educate as rapidly as possible a vast audience for the National Art Theatre who will rush to it as sympathetic friends and stanch supporters the moment it opens its doors.



MISS ELISE DE VERE
French Soubrette who will appear in "The Red
Feather" shortly to be produced by F. Ziegfeld



Byron, N. Y.

MR. SKIPPER
(Maclyn Arbuckle)

EZEKIEL HARBIN
(Charles Swain)

MRS. FROTHINGHAM
(Beverly Sitgreaves)

JIMMY TICHENOR
(Sidney F. Rice)

MRS. HARPER
(Katherine Keyes)

SKIPPER: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, if you will file your checks, your receipts are ready!"

"SKIPPER & CO." AT THE GARRICK THEATRE

THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LIFE



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THE THEATRE

VOL. III., NO. 29

NEW YORK, JULY, 1903

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Photo Otto Sarony Co.

THE HENGLER SISTERS IN THEIR DANCES OF ALL NATIONS IN "THE RUNAWAYS" AT THE CASINO

PLAYS and PLAYERS

NOTICE

This is the last month during which plays may be submitted in THE THEATRE'S PRIZE PLAY COMPETITION. The competition closes on August 1 next and no plays received after that date can be considered. Messrs. F. Marion Crawford and William Seymour are now engaged in reading the plays sent in and a decision will probably be quickly reached.

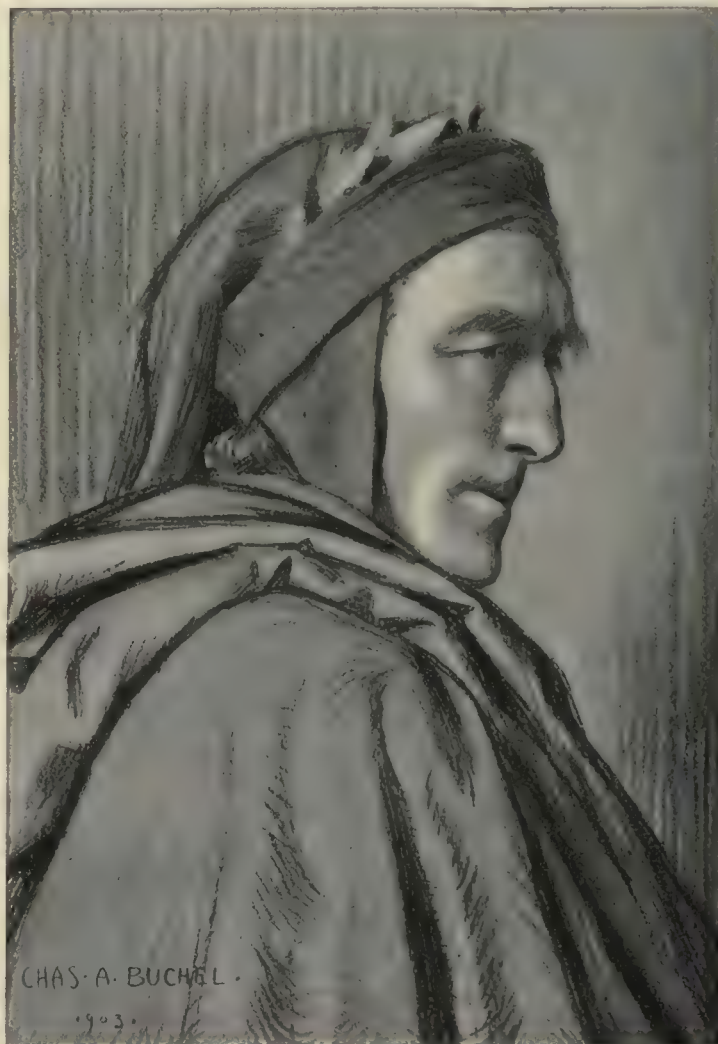
NATIONAL literature is only another name for true literature, for it means a product of the soil. A few years ago a movement was started in Ireland in behalf of the spirit legend and history of the land, and took definite form in the Irish Literary Theatre. The New York Irish Literary Society, in spreading the propaganda, has recently repeated a few of the performances of the original theatre at the Carnegie Lyceum. The three little plays were written by William Butler Yeats, who is foremost in an effort which is as practical as it is poetic and artistic. In this Irish Theatre all the plays performed will be published. This is significant for it means that if a play is worth acting it should be worth reading. This is absolutely true, and if the lesson is taken to heart in America the Irish Literary Theatre will have rendered a service to us of the greatest value. Until our plays are printed there is no possible hope for a dramatic national literature. Our writers are laboring in vain and are the mere insects of the hour. No honest dramatist will fear such publicity, but will rather give his work its chance for durability. There may be practical reasons with commercial managers why they prefer to keep their "property" in manuscript, but a genuine play should be common property with proper

compensation to the author. The right to produce the play and the profits to be derived from it would, in the end, not be interfered with.

A merely "literary" play has no value, and it is apparent, that Mr. Yeats and his followers understand the qualities required. For example, one of the little plays produced here has three characters and is entirely in the nature of such a farce as could be written of to-day with a slight change in the conditions. A beggarman, penniless and hungry, professes to have a magic stone which, when put in the pot, enriches the food or provides it. The two peasants,

man and wife, take the stone and send him off with their blessing and an abundance of food—all they have. This is literary in the sense that it comes from an old legend. It is folklore. It is old, and it is a true expression of the manner of thought of a primitive people. It can only be new in its manner of acting. It is primitive to the last degree, but the customs, character, simplicity of mind, dress, and the intrinsic marks of its period distinguish it from the modern play in which all true Irish characteristics are lost in buffoonery and exaggeration. This little play is not for a large public.

The second piece presented, "Cathleen ni-Hoolihan," reaches pure fancy, is far removed from the sordid, and belongs to a class of plays which make their appeal to the universal intelligence and heart. Ibsen uses weird and occult influences at times. We have also the symbolism of Maeterlinck, which "Cathleen ni-Hoolihan" calls to mind. But the play stands on its own footing, for it is Irish in all



From "The Tatler"

HENRY IRVING AS DANTE

The distinguished English actor will be seen here in the Sardou play next season. A correspondent says: "He is made for the part. His thin, pale face, his intense ascetic expression are Dante. He even puts a spirit in Sardou's words which is not to be found in them. Sardou's Dante depends entirely on Irving. He presents every passion and sentiment of Dante with wonderful realism. Now he is tender and full of pity, now oppressed by melancholy, now terrible in his anger against injustice. It is simply wonderful. No other actor in the world could thus have made Dante live before us as Irving does."

its texture. A young man is about to be married. He brings home to his father and mother the bag of gold given by the parents of the bride. An old woman enters. She tells her history. In it is veiled the sorrows of Ireland. Many have died for her. The young man must follow her. He forgets bride, family and all, and follows her, entranced. He is to be among the dead to-morrow. Her voice is heard singing outside:

They shall be remembered forever;
 They shall be alive forever;
 They shall be speaking forever;
 The people shall hear them forever.

The time is 1798 when there was an uprising with the aid of the French. The story is pitiless.

"The Land of Heart's Desire" has also its dreamy element. The Fairy Child, excellently played by Miss Mabel Taliaferro, summons to the Land of Heart's Desire a girl in all the brightness of her youth, and as she is about to be married. This, again, is cruel, but we have the legend for it, and no doubt Mr. Yeats understands it, but his dramatic art of expression is lacking at certain points, and if the cult is to grow he must heed the drama as well as harken to the literature.

MANAGER TO PLAYWRIGHT

You write me, in a sort of pet,
 To send your play back, which is here;
 There's been no time to read it yet,—
 I've only had it for a year!

Slang as a commercial commodity is not entirely unknown to the drama. but it has been usually confined to minor characters, the boy of the street, the waif from the slums, the gambler or the Bowery rough. The vocabulary of the person whose mind operates only through slang is as limited as that of a Piute Indian. Whatever his nominal position in life may be he is apt to be excelled in his slang by the elevator boy or the bootblack. His mind becomes enfeebled, incapable of thought or rational discussion and he no longer understands the niceties of distinction between words. The case is somewhat different with the inventor of our slang, George V. Hobart, known for his sketches under the title of "John Henry." He has a true sense of humor and expresses it in terms that readily fall into popular use. With a view, no doubt, to make Mr. Hobart's Volapuk the universal language, a play has been made out of it, and this was seen recently at the Herald Square Theatre.

The plot of "John Henry" is not an easy one. It has many good effects which lack adequate causes. John Henry, the prodigy of slang, manages to acquire two fiancées and two fathers-in-law, and invites them with their friends to his country home. He is perplexed as to a way of getting rid of one or the other, or to prevent them from meeting. In some inscrutable way effects are arrived at. We get a village constable and his rural posse, absurd in chin whiskers, make-up, walk and talk. We get the house in a state of commotion when the burglar is caught. By the use of calcium lights and transparencies it is shown what is going on in each room, one by one. The first act shows the interior of a fashionable hotel, in which we have all the detail of hotel activities, with small real action and with slang the most active ingredient. In the last act we have a railway station where John Henry, with his companion, Bunch Jef-



Otto Sarony Co.

MISS ELSIE LESLIE AS KATHERINE IN "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"

person, is trying to escape from the complications of the plot rather than from anything that has clearly happened, and where he encounters the Countess Natalie Delmente Veccio, who is accompanied by Bueno Buenscare in mask and with a Corsican knife.

The man who originates slang must have wit and humor, and, if his soberness is not an affectation, his animation of mind is expressed in vivacity of utterance, a general alacrity, and a twinkle of selfapprobation in his eye or, at least, a generous mirth in the comicality he imparts. Mr. Daly cannot play the animated humorist. His sinuous movements, his drawling voice, and assumed vapidly unfit him wholly for the task. Edward E. Rose, who collaborated with Mr. Hobart on this piece, has provided much for the farce; but the labors of the best stage manager in the world would be unprofitable in a play designed merely for the exploitation of slang. The more beautiful the women in it, the more successful in technical excellence and in popularity; the worse for our stage!

The prediction, made by THE THEATRE only a few months since that the Russian-Hebrew actor, Jacob Adler, would presently emerge from the Bowery and take his place on the legitimate stage with the great artistes of world-wide celebrity, is already half fulfilled. Playing Shylock in his German-Yiddish jargon, with the support of an English-speaking company, Adler has achieved a month's run of "The Merchant of Venice," at the American Theatre and the Academy of Music—popular houses of non-Hebraic clientèle, occupied during the regular season by a stock company and by spectacle-melodrama, respectively. The result of this experiment has fairly justified expectations. It is the actor's intention ultimately to play in English; but, meanwhile, there is no serious anomaly

in his use of the Yiddish for such distinctively Jewish characters as Shylock and Uriel Acosta. The same is true of his "Lear," as hitherto presented—a modern Hebrew play of Russian environment, which parallels the Shakespearean story only in its central figure, and has not its tragic ending.

Adler's Shylock is a highly-impressive creation, not only from the artistic, but also from the racial, view-point. The Jew of Venice, as he represents him, is indeed avaricious and vindictive, but above all else he is the passionate, proud and scornful vindicator of Israel as against the despiteful usage of the Christian Merchant and his friends. "Hath a dog money?" Shylock risks (and loses) his three thousand ducats primarily for the sake of Antonio's humiliation in borrowing the money from him; and the legal forfeit of the pound of flesh gives the Jew his overwhelming triumph, dearer to him even than gold. Despoiled by the court in which he has asked for justice, he casts one look of ineffable contempt upon his persecutors, then walks off in superb, silent dignity, a martyr-type of his nation. This is the keynote of Adler's conception, which he projects with fine picturesqueness and force throughout. His rich, sonorous voice can scarcely be matched on the stage to-day, unless we hark back to the elder Salvini. Romantic tragedy is undoubtedly his forte, though his range is as wide as Irving's or Coquelin's. From the thoroughly competent supporting company, it is but simple justice to single out for special mention Miss Meta Maynard, whose Portia revealed truly distinguished traits of delicacy and feeling.



DAN DALY AND MISS FLORENCE ROCKWELL
In "John Henry" at the Herald Square Theatre.



MISS LAURA NELSON HALL

A young actress who has had much success on the Pacific coast, possessing real dramatic ability as well as youth and beauty. Last summer Miss Hall was leading woman in the Edwin Arden Stock Company in Washington. She was seen in New York at Wallack's Theatre in May 1902 as Countess Woiska in an adaptation of Pailleron's comedy "Le Souris."

Henry E. Dixey won a personal success in the farce "Facing the Music," at the Garrick Theatre. This actor's art is true, and he has a fine delicacy of expression. The humor that he conveys has a personal touch about it, and this quality always distinguishes the actor who is the natural selection of the public from that actor who gains prominence by accident or a happy selection of plays. Mr. Dixey has not been fortunate in procuring plays, but he has retained public esteem by doing good work in the plays of other people. "Facing the Music" will not stand close analysis; yet no wise man stops to analyze that which makes him laugh. In regard to clearness, preparation and the self-explanatory, the play is positively bad. A farce is naturally preposterous, but its structure should be as carefully looked after as that of the most serious play. The author, Mr. Darnley, is an Englishman, and lives just across the Channel from France. England has always drawn her farces from France. Madison Morton's "Box and Cox," derived from Labiche, may sustain him as an original author, for Morton converted his little piece into English in its every fibre, with many changes. Of course, Mr. Dixey has necessarily introduced much amusing business and many conceits of his own into his piece. At any rate, there is a newness in certain parts which makes amends for other shortcomings.

The action turns around the mistake of one Mrs. Smith, the wife of a Curate, on her arrival in London, in getting into the house of another Mrs. Smith, whose

husband is anything but clerical. The "other Mr. Smith" (Mr. Dixey), has had some experience the night before with an actress who falls into his arms. She visits the house to return his pocket book, and there are arrests and all sorts of complications. Mr. Dixey has a very amusing bit of half-pretended insanity at the right moment. John Mason, as "the other Mr. Smith's guest," and Katherine Grey, as "The other Mr. Smith's wife," were in the cast. Miss Grace Heyer, as the Curate's wife, was pleasing and comely. Joseph Allen, as the Uncle, was good in a character part.

"Over a Welsh Rarebit," used as a curtain raiser, is perhaps not successful, etymologically, as to its name. The object of the one-act piece seems to be to prove that the Lambs Club is an agreeable refuge and that repeated orders for whiskey and water are the proper thing. Otherwise it has no meaning at all.

It is matter for surprise that "entertainment" as foolish and meaningless as "The Blonde in Black" should be found on the boards of one of our leading theatres and that an artiste of the worth of Miss Blanche Ring should be willing to waste her time, and incidentally jeopardize her artistic reputation, by appearing in a piece which outrages common sense, insults the intelligence, and is wearisome even to the flesh, to say nothing of the spirit. Many "shows" of this character are good for their kind, but this latest product from the musical-comedy factory of Messrs. Harry B. Smith and Gustave Kerker has absolutely nothing to commend it. The plot is chaotic, without rhyme or reason, and the alleged humor is largely a matter of crude horse play, closing at the end of the second act with the firing of pistols and some inane "comedy" with live electric wires. Exactly who Miss Ring is supposed to be, or what she is supposed to be doing throughout the performance may possibly be clear to herself and the authors, but it was certainly a mystery to the



Theatre Magazine Studio

F. C. Clarke

MISS BLANCHE RING IN "THE BLONDE IN BLACK" AT THE KNICKERBOCKER



Tonnele Co.

MISS MARGARET ROHE in "The Runaways"

audience. Vaguely, one gathers that Flossie Featherly (Miss Ring) goes to Paris to teach Parisian society the cakewalk and while thus engaged indulges her mania of acting Camille, winding up as captain of the Hessian Hussars. It is bewildering, and through it all not a song worth remembering, not an air worth whistling, not a dance worth seeing. A solitary exception may be made for the Champagne duo in the second act, and it must be confessed that Miss Ring looked well in her tight-fitting, blue Hessian uniform. But she has very little to do in the piece and that little is so far beneath what this clever girl is capable of that expectations are sorely disappointed. This young woman, who can act as well as she can sing, and is moreover gifted with an exceptionally pleasing personality, is wasting her time in such stuff as this. Miss Ring makes no secret of the fact that it is her ambition to play in the legitimate, but surely such pieces as "The Blonde in Black" furnishes poor schooling. Harry B. Smith has given the stage too much excellent work in the past to be judged on this last effort which is unworthy of his talent.

"The Knickerbocker Girl," at the Herald Square Theatre, is the latest turn of the kaleidoscope of musical comedy, "Some songs, some nonsense, and you can guess the plot," is the motto on the bill, but it is an unnecessary anticipation of criticism, for all musical comedy nowadays throws structure and common sense to the winds. There being practically no general idea in the

piece to start with, only an account of the details could cover the case, and that is hardly worth the while. The book can hardly be said to exist, and verbally lacks refinement. This inbreeding of "musical comedies" which is going on nowadays and

degrading our stage is producing a species with marked peculiarities; the song with a dancing chorus is never lacking. Miss Hemmi and Show Girls in the song "Pretty Polly Primrose" furnish something equal to similar musical numbers which have sustained pieces of this kind here and abroad. Miss Hemmi has the star voice of the company. She gives a tone to the piece that was not provided by the author. Miss Josephine Hall, who is put forward as the principal, suffers more from the absence of a book than anyone else. She receives applause, however, in three of her musical numbers, "Espanola Viva," "She's all Right" and "A Little Bird is Looking all the Time."

Bronson Howard, the dean of American dramatists, has sent the following interesting letter on the subject of the proposed National Art Theatre to J. I. C. Clarke, President of the National Art Theatre Society:

SANTA BARBARA, CAL., JUNE 11th, 1903.

J. I. C. CLARKE, President National Art Theatre Society:

Dear Mr. Clarke:

The circular received from your corresponding secretary is the first definite thing I have read or heard, in my western movings, about the new society started by the American Dramatists' Club, and its friends.

As I wrote you before, I have been a doubting Thomas, because I have a horror of State or municipal control in such a matter, and heretofore, this has always been contemplated. To say nothing of the bad influence of politics on art—nowhere worse than in this country—I think the rigidity and academic pomposity inseparable from State control act like a heavy drag on any art; it certainly held back the French drama at least a century, and it was only by absolute revolution that the magnificent results of the last century were made possible; even Ibsen could not have existed without that revolution in France. As to Germany and her municipal subsidies of the theatre, the stage of the world owes so absurdly little to her drama's influence, as yet, in proportion to that of her general literature, philosophy and science, that we must wait long to know whether her local systems have been for good or evil.



White, N. Y.

PAUL McALLISTER

A popular and talented young actor now playing leading roles in the Proctor's 5th Ave. stock company. Six years ago Augustin Daly gave Mr. McAllister his first opportunity as Sylvius in "As You Like It" and while at Daly's he made his first hit as the Prince of Morocco in "The Merchant of Venice." Later he joined Charles Frohman's forces and was seen in "The Girl from Maxims" and "Richard Carvel."



Marceau

MISS FLORENCE REED

Daughter of the late Roland Reed and leading woman in Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre stock company. Miss Reed has inherited her father's talent for comedy and is to-day a favorite actress with a large number of theatregoers.

But!—as De Wolf Hopper said with such grand emphasis, in Sydney Rosenfeld's song—it seems to me that you have thought out an admirable plan for the control and management of such a theatre as you propose—a plan far in advance, apparently, of the stupid European

idea of mere paternalism.

That is always the beginning, end and limit of all European ideas; and one of the million bits of European "wisdom" that we, in America, have to unlearn. It looks to me as if you had provided for an elastic control of the proposed theatre; a control that will naturally meet the varying demands of the people; try to fulfill their aspirations, as popular thoughts, customs and social philosophy change from decade to decade. Without this elasticity, nothing intended to advance art can be of the slightest value, and I think you've hit it where they have always missed it in Europe. I sincerely hope you can secure the private endowment necessary. I am glad the new society has made you

whether it wants them in art, or not, it will accomplish a great work—perhaps its greatest.

With the best of good wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

BRONSON HOWARD.

The success of Miss Isabel Irving, as Virginia Carvel in "The Crisis," has afforded new demonstration of the durable qualities of that sterling little play. Miss Irving's distinguishing traits are a sweet seriousness and unaffected feminine charm of sympathy which, with her subtle transitions and commingling of pensiveness and gayety, produce always the impression of a girlish ingénue with a strong woman's wakening soul. The part of Stephen Brice, originated by Mr. Hackett, was excellently played by Wilfrid North.

In and Out

He took her to the theatre to see the latest play;

And wishing to impress her (for quite opulent is she),

He got the most expensive seats, he bought a big bouquet,

Then (he is impecunious) but little change had he;

However, luckily for him, she lived up Harlem way,

So, therefore, they would take the L, and have no cab to pay.

She gave him, when they started out, a violet-scented note,

And as they hurried to the train he mailed it in a box.

He talked with grandeur while they rode; he told an anecdote,

Quite casually, about his large investments in good stocks;

He mentioned family estates, without a trace of guile,

The charming girl attending with a most receptive smile.

They entered when orchestral airs had just commenced to float,

But joy is brief! that festive youth received some sudden shocks;

He could not gain admittance with a violet-scented note—

His envelope of tickets? In the Harlem letter box!

No sequel hangs upon these lines, they end as they begin:

He took her to the theatre—he did not take her in!

ANNA MATHEWSON.



ARTHUR DUNN

Clever tabloid comedian and singer seen in "The Runaways"

its protagonist, for I speak with knowledge born of experience when I say that no one else in New York could better fill that position, calling for energy, a level head and courteous diplomacy.

Before mailing this, I note Clyde Fitch's remarks in Boston. In speaking of dramatic authors who "have failed," there seems to have been an unconscious lapse in his mental process, at the moment. He was evidently thinking only of those whose plays had been produced and failed, and ignored those who have *tried to have their plays produced* and failed. If the new theatre will help these latter to take the one step necessary to let the world know



THE SIX DAISIES DANCE IN "THE RUNAWAYS" AT THE CASINO

Blanche Bates and Her Stage Ideals



Tonnele Co.

"I HOPE TO ESCAPE A SCRUB WOMAN'S FATE"



"I ASPIRE TO PLAY BEATRICE, VIOLA, ROSALIND"

A Chat with the Darling of the Gods

Interviews with Players No. 20

THE difference between the individuality and the power of players to best portray the creations of dramatic authors is one of the seeming paradoxes of the profession.

Not infrequently, the exponent of the most tragic rôles will be found off the stage to be a person of infinite jest; while, vice versa, the most expert comedian, who is capable of setting the playhouse in a roar, is often a creature of morose and retiring disposition. Another syllogism is the frequent disposition of comedians to essay tragedy and tragedians to sport with the comic muse.

An excellent example of these two conclusions is to be found in the person of Blanche Bates, whose artistic, powerful and moving rendition of Yo-San in "The Darling of the Gods," during the past season, has been the delight of thousands of theatre goers.

Miss Bates was born amid the breezy spaces of the West and as a product of that impulsive locality combines all the dash, fire and enthusiasm of the accepted Westerner. Yet nothing could be more characteristic of her capacity to subdue the natural into the requirements of the mimic than the manner in which she combines the personal fervor of the Occident with the calm and stoicism of Yo-San, the daughter of the Orient.

It has only been a few years since Miss Bates made a reputation for her-

self in the East. The greater part of her theatrical career was spent in San Francisco and other leading western cities as a prominent member of the T. D. Frawley Stock Company. In fact it almost universally fell to her lot to enact the leading rôles with that organization, and in such capacity she filled with distinguished success the principal female parts in revivals of all the big metropolitan successes. In the West she also appeared in the title rôle of Ibsen's

"Hedda Gabler." To New York theatre goers she is remembered for her dashing assumption of the Russian Princess in "The Great Ruby" at Daly's, leaving that company on account of a misunderstanding to later appear as Miladi in "The Musketeers" with James O'Neill as D'Artagnan. Then came an appearance in "The Children of the Ghetto" after which she passed under Belasco's management. With him she added greatly to her artistic reputation as the saucy heroine of "Naughty Anthony," as the sympathetic and emotional Madame Butterfly and the whole-souled, dashing and devoted Cigarette in "Under Two Flags." She played the last-named part more than five hundred times.

Miss Bates is a decidedly handsome woman. She has a well-knit, symmetrical and athletic figure. Her face is oval and marvellously mobile, while her expressive eyes are as happy in the delineation of mischievous fun as they



Marceau

AS CIGARETTE IN "UNDER TWO FLAGS"

are in giving outward manifestations to the harrowed workings of a tortured soul.

It was a beautiful Saturday afternoon recently that the writer saw her. The matinee had just ended and the audience was still pouring out through the portals of the Belasco Theatre, when the actress appeared at the stage entrance, all ready in conventional street costume.

"So quick a change!" the writer smiled approvingly.

"Oh, these fine days I don't waste time," she answered lightly. "I love the atmosphere of a theatre, that indescribable odor of dried paint, gas and dust, but to-day is too beautiful to linger one moment longer than is necessary indoors, so, if you don't mind, we'll walk as we talk."

It was very manifest, that in spite of the long and arduous season she had had, and the fact that she had just finished five acts of harrowing emotion, Miss Bates was in no sense tired. Her step was as alert and firm as a Gibson girl just starting in for a run over the links. Her eyes sparkled with the glow of health and the flow of her thoughts and conversation showed that mental fatigue was something unknown to her.

She spoke of the tendency towards specialization in every walk of talent and industry.

"Are you not afraid that having achieved two of your greatest successes interpreting Japanese character you would be forced to indefinitely continue those rôles?"

"Well, I'm at least booked for another season of Mongolian grease paint, and sometimes fear that I had better buy that commodity by the wholesale. It is astonishing if you become identified with a certain line of parts, how loath managers are to let you break away from them. Still I have no fear that Mr. Belasco will keep me forever in kimonos. Yo-San is a most grateful character to play, and when she is a central figure in such a magnificent production as 'The Darling of the Gods,' one has little cause for complaint."

"You are pleased then with the manner in which you have been received here in New York?"

"I'd be an ingrate indeed if I were not, and yet I had a bitter struggle to get a professional foothold in this big city of yours. I went the rounds like the veriest beginner. Hours and hours I spent in the ante-rooms of managers waiting for the opportunity to press my claims. There was no precipitate rush then to give me precedence over other applicants. The managers were credulous enough, but no one seemed to want me. I might add," and just an expression



Photo by Livingston Platt

MISS BLANCHE BATES AS YO-SAN IN "THE DARLING OF THE GODS"

of malicious triumph twinkled in her expressive eyes, "a number of these same managers have since done me the honor to beg me to consider their propositions."

"Finally," she continued, "in my first quest for a local engagement I secured an interview with the well-known director of a New York theatre. 'Very sorry,' he said, 'but there is no adventuress rôle in the play we are going to present.'

"'But I don't want to play an adventuress,' I said, 'and though in my Western stock experience I have played a little of everything I have never essayed an adventuress.' 'Never mind,' he replied, 'you look the part.' And that was all that came of that interview. I wonder," added Miss Bates with a quizzical smile, "if that was veiled insult?"

"As a matter of fact," she went on, "it was as an adventuress that I did get my first opening here, so again I have no cause for complaint. I suppose it was because he saw me in a heavy rôle that Mr. Belasco picked me out to do comedy."



Tonnele Co.

"ALL SUCCESS TO ANYTHING THAT WILL UPLIFT THE DRAMA."

ods result in little more than automatic results. He is one of the few who do not curb the individual. From star to supernumerary the ego is allowed to assert itself. It seems to me that is the only way if the art of acting is to be broadened and polished. I sometimes wonder in these days of London replicas, where, from the scenery to the intonation of the voices and the gestures of the players, everything is an exact copy, where the future generation of alert, intelligent and capable actors is coming from."

"What do you think, then, of the National Art Theatre Society's movement? Do you not believe it will correct a number of present weaknesses and set a standard that will generally lead to an improvement in professional work?"

"THE THEATRE has done admirable missionary work in this direction. The plan is excellent and undoubtedly would work wonders, but I am fearful of the administration. I do not see how it can be worked out on practical lines. Still all success to anything that will uplift the drama."

"I suppose you are looking forward with great satisfaction to your coming vacation?"

"Yes, although nowadays the seasons are getting so short that you hardly get as tired as you used to when one played for forty weeks at a stretch. It almost seems as if hereafter twenty weeks in a year is all that an actor can expect. I'm therefore carefully putting away each month all I can spare, and with economy and care I may perhaps hope to escape a scrub woman's fate when public apathy and old age overtake me." EDWARD FALES COWARD.

"Which line of work do you prefer, comedy or tragedy?" "Oh, comedy, by all means! I'm just longing for a season in it."

"Now that the Shakspearean bee seems to be humming in the bonnets of so many players, both men and women, has he not come to you?"

"Who doesn't want to play Shakspeare?" she replied. "Is there one player, no matter how humble he or she may be, that does not harbor in his soul of souls the desire to appear in one of those immortal creations? Yes! yes! I want to play comedy and I want to play in Shakspearean comedy."

"And the first one you want to appear in," we ventured, "is 'Much Ado About Nothing.'"

"You have hit it the first time. What a glorious character is Beatrice! What life, wit, humor, sparkle and soul!"

And as she gave enthusiastic utterance to these words it was easy to picture her as that joyous embodiment of comedy:

BEATRICE—I was born to sparkle all mirth and no matter.

DON PEDRO—You were born in a merry hour?

BEATRICE—No, sure, my lord, my mother cried,

But, then there was a star danced,

And I was born.

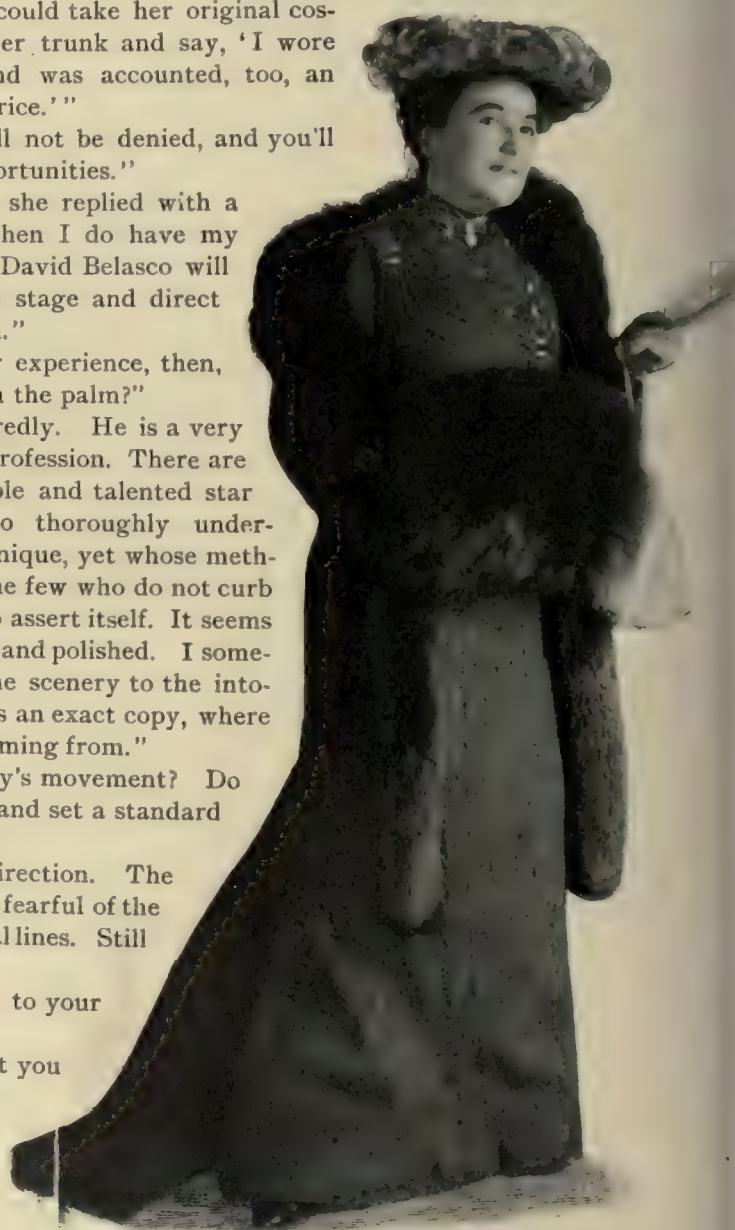
"Yes," she continued, "Beatrice, Viola and Rosalind, what a trinity of poetical beauty and truth; those are my aspirations. But when will they be realized? Ah! who knows? "It would indeed be a tremendous satisfaction to play them, if only once, so that when one was old and decrepit, one could take her original costumes from her trunk and say, 'I wore those once and was accounted, too, an excellent Beatrice.'"

"Genius will not be denied, and you'll have your opportunities."

"Thanks!" she replied with a smile, "but when I do have my chance I hope David Belasco will be at hand to stage and direct the production."

"In all your experience, then, you award him the palm?"

"Most assuredly. He is a very genius in his profession. There are many admirable and talented star managers, who thoroughly understand the technique, yet whose meth-



Tonnele Co.

MISS BATES IN STREET COSTUME.

Birth of Ireland's National Drama

The Gaelic revival in Ireland and the enthusiasm and rapidity with which the idea has been taken up by all classes of the Irish people is one of the most remarkable national movements of our time. The Irish Literary Society and the Irish Literary Theatre have been successfully established in Dublin and also in London, and the Irish Literary Society of New York, a more recent organization, not officially connected with the Dublin or London societies but in co-operation and sympathy with both of those bodies, recently produced at Carnegie Lyceum, this city, three of the plays of W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet. The following article gives an interesting account of this extraordinary movement and what it has done for a national dramatic literature:

THAT the Gaelic revival, and kindred literary interests which it has aroused in Ireland, would, within a few years of their inception, lay the foundation of a national dramatic literature, was probably beyond the expectation of the enthusiastic spirits to whom is so largely due the present intellectual awakening of Ireland. Results prove that, as W. B.

Yeats has said, "the Irish people are at that precise stage of their history when imagination, shaped by many stirring events, desires dramatic expression.

The Irish revival has opened numerous ways of literary and artistic expression to those whose talents, under the old conditions, would have been smothered in the materialistic atmosphere of Anglicization, had they not turned back to build, upon the old Gaelic foundation, the structure of a distinctive art and literature which could never be reared under conditions imposed by a foreign civilization.

"Why seriously criticize an Irish drama?" asked a writer recently, when describing the latest Irish-American emerald production. If by "Irish drama" is meant the familiar outworn claptrap of second-rate melodrama, decked in coats of green, and thickly plastered with an impossible brogue;—this thing which, constructed on purely English lines, never did and never could truthfully portray one single phase of Irish life or character, but only the foreigners' extravagant idea thereof,—why, the answer is simple enough. There is no earthly reason why it should be seriously criticized. The mistake is in considering this nondescript article as "Irish drama." The mistake, even in Ireland, has been in supposing that a characteristic dramatic literature, expressing the true Ireland, could ever be evolved in the English language.

That the Gaelic, in the old days of its glory, never did evolve a drama, is the more remarkable when we consider the highly developed state of every other branch of literature among the Gaels; the well-known dramatic temperament of the race and the vast amount of heroic romance, poetry and legend which affords an inexhaustible wealth of material for

dramatic expression. But to the Irish renaissance has been left the inception and development of Irish drama.

It is scarcely five years since W. B. Yeats, Edward Martyn and Lady Gregory, wishing to establish a definite center for the newer literary interests of Ireland, planned the Irish Literary Theatre. A little later they were joined by George Moore. "I was moved to this," says Mr. Moore, "because I had come to know the hopelessness of all artistic effort in England." I discovered the English decadence before I discovered my conscience; at that time I merely

despaired of any new literary movement ever rising in England. I saw nothing about me but intellectual decay and moral degradation, so I said: 'well, my friends, let us try.' I knew Mr. Martyn's play "The Heather Field" and his "Maive," and I knew Mr. Yeats' "Countess Cathleen." 'These,' I said, 'will do for a start, but what have we got to follow them?' They answered: 'You will write us a play, and somebody else will write after you. One must not look too far ahead.'" One of the cleverest and most original dramas afterward produced by the Literary Theatre was "The Bending of the Bough," from the pen of Mr. Moore. At this time they attempted to find a play in Gaelic; but in vain, for Gaelic litterateurs had not yet turned their attention to the stage. Since then there have been written and produced successfully plays in Gaelic by Dr. Douglas Hyde, P. T. MacGinlay, Rev. Patrick Dinneen, Rev. Peter O'Leary, Eamonn O'Neill, "Conan

Maol" and other writers. To the organization known as "Inghinidhe na h-Eireann" belongs the credit for producing the first Gaelic play ever given in Dublin. This was P. T. MacGinlay's amusing one-act farce entitled "Eilis agus an Bhean Deirce" (Elizabeth and the Beggar-Woman) which was acted in the early autumn of 1901. In October of the same year, for the first time in any Irish theatre, was produced a Gaelic play. This clever little comedy of Dr. Hyde's, entitled "Casadh an t-Sugain" (The Twisting of the Rope) is founded upon an incident in the life of Tomas O'Hanrahan, an eighteenth-century Connacht bard. The author has drawn with artist touch this Villonesque vagabond,—a type of the pathetically contradictory Irish poetic temperament. On the first production of "Casadh an



Courtesy Literary Digest

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

The Irish poet and president of the Irish National Theatre

t-Sugain" Dr. Hyde, as he has since frequently done in other of his plays, himself enacted the principal rôle.

Meantime the Irish Literary Theatre had staged a number of serious and artistic plays, which, although written in English, were thoroughly Irish in spirit. Among these were such widely differing pieces as the picturesque "Last Feast of the Fianna" by Miss Milligan, and Edward Martyn's thoughtful and well-constructed play "The Heather Field," which, after its success in Dublin, was translated into German and produced on the Continent. Mr. Yeats' remarkable dramas "The Countess Cathleen" and "Diarmuid and Grania" in the two seasons during which they were produced occasioned heated controversy among critics, none of whom, however, questioned the poetic value of the former, nor the excellent stage construction of the latter play, in which George Moore had collaborated with the poet. "The Pursuit of Diarmuid and Grania," one of the greatest of Gaelic love-stories, is a legend of the Finian Cycle, that wonderful group of hero-tales and poems dealing with the adventures of Fionn Mac Cumhal and his warriors who flourished in the second century of the Christian era. The story is well adapted to the dramatic form, and the authors' treatment of it, philosophic although poetically symbolical, reminds one at times of the Wagner music-drama.

With the production of this play and "The Twisting of the Rope" the Irish Literary Theatre came to an end. It has been succeeded by the Irish National Theatre Society, of which Mr. Yeats is President, and Dr. Douglas Hyde, vice-President. A company has been formed, which, under the management of W. G. Fay, is producing plays both in English and Gaelic. Among the first serious plays presented



DR. DOUGLAS HYDE
Leading Irish dramatist and vice-president
of the Society.

were Mr. Yeats' "Kathleen Ni Houlihan"—the name being an allegorical one used by eighteenth century poets to signify Ireland,—and the tragedy "Deirdre" by "Æ," (George Russell) founded on the beautiful story of "The Fate of the Sons of Uisneach," long known as one of the "Three Sorrowful Tales of Erin." A few months ago there were acted in Dublin by this company several new plays that attracted considerable attention both in and out of Ireland. These were "The

Laying of the Foundations" by Frederick Ryan, a study of political and social conditions in Ireland of to-day; "A Pot of Broth" by Mr. Yeats; "The Sleep of the King," and "The Racing Lug" by Seumas O'Cuisin.

The scene of "The Racing Lug" is laid among the Pres-

byterian fisher folk of the wild north coast of Ireland. "Right through the piece we feel the chill of the bitter, dividing sea" wrote a critic in a Dublin review. "A dramatist who knows the sea, and can get the feeling of it into his work, can use no grander background. Maeterlinck has used the sea-background in many of his plays, but the sea in "The Racing Lug" is not the vague, half-lifeless thing of the Maeterlinckean drama. It is turbulent and terrible, splendid and strong, as in Ibsen's "Lady From the Sea" and Martyn's "Enchanted Sea."



LADY GREGORY
Irish authoress and one of the founders of the Irish Literary Theatre

Drawing his material from a familiar Irish folk-tale, Mr. Yeats constructed his clever little farce "A Pot of Broth," the genial humor of which, characteristically Irish, is entirely free from caricature or vulgarity. Among more recent plays given by the National Theatre Company are "The Hour Glass" a morality by W. B. Yeats, "Twenty-five," a pathetic sketch of western Irish life, by Lady Gregory, and "The Sword of Dermot," a three-act tragedy by Seumas

O'Cuisin. These, with "Kathleen Ni Houlihan," "A Pot of Broth" and "The Laying of the Foundations" have just been successfully produced in London.

There have been Gaelic plays since the first days of the movement. Among them are: Father Dinneen's "Creideamh agus Gorta" (Faith and Famine) a tragic drama of the '47 period, and a later and more simply constructed play of lighter character by the same author, "An Tobar Draoidheachta," (The Enchanted Well) which has met with great success. "Tadhg Saor," (Poor Teig) is a short farce written by the Rev. Peter O'Leary, one of the pioneers of the Gaelic revival, while a longer and ambitious play "Ar Son Baile agus Tire," (For Home and Country) by J. Dorney, also deserves mention. An historic drama entitled, "Aodh O'Neill," by Conan Maol, is perhaps the most important of the four Gaelic plays lately staged in Dublin.

Mr. Yeats insists on Irish dramatists studying the dramatic masterpieces of the world. "If Irish dramatists," he writes, "had studied the romantic plays of Ibsen, they would not have sent the Irish Literary Theatre imitations of Boucicault, who had no relation to literature. His own dream has always been to give dramatic form to the heroic ideals of his country. He writes in English,— "for we must speak in the language we think in, and write in the language we speak in. And more important than questions of language or politics it is to give new artistic form to beauty and truth."

MOIRA L. RAY.



EDWARD MARTYN
Author of "The Heather Field" which was
translated into German.



Photo Byron

JACOB ADLER AS SHYLOCK

This eminent Hebrew actor, who for years has been the idol of Bowery theatre goers, was seen recently at the Academy of Music supported by an English speaking company. Whether Mr. Adler's Shylock is the Jew that Shakespeare drew is open to doubt. But it is undeniably a striking and original conception wrought out not only of careful study, but from a racial sympathy and instinctive appreciation of the deeper motives of this profound and complex character.



SCENE IN PELL ST., BUSY THOROUGHFARE IN NEW YORK'S CHINATOWN



ENTRANCE TO THE CHINESE THEATRE, DOYERS STREET, NEW YORK

The Theatre of New York's Chinatown

晚明
新成
套藝
戲樂

Chinese Play-bill giving the title of the current attraction, "In Darkest China."

PELL Street, from the Bowery to Mott, with its little crooked-elbow branch called Doyers Street, is a section of the antipodes transplanted in New York. It is as distinctively Chinese as the adjacent Chatham Square is Manhattanese—perhaps more so. Not Hong Kong or Singapore presents at first view to the American tourist an aspect more picturesquely Oriental than does this strange, compressed, swarming little Mongolian world, within sight and sound of the electric trains on the elevated railroad. New Yorkers to whom Broadway is a twice-told tale, and whose jaded appetites a Delmonico, a Sherry, or a Martin scarce can tempt, surprise themselves with new sensations when they saunter through this populous but clean and orderly Chinatown, peering into its weird shops and stores, buying souvenirs from the

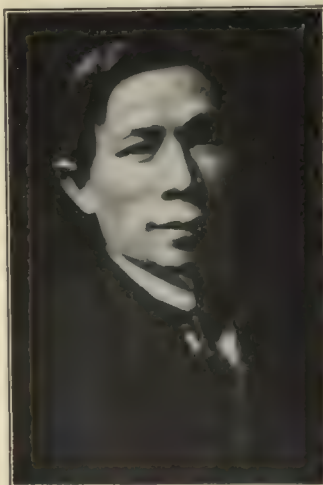
rich and gorgeous stock of its bazaars, and dining on *mo goey chop suey* with snow-like rice and tea that is a blissful revelation, in the "Chinese Delmonico's" or the "Celestial Sherry's." But to grasp the clew to all this novel and teeming life, to glimpse its real racial background and breathe the native atmosphere of the most ancient of earth's surviving Empires, it is essential to visit the local theatre, and sit through a section at least of its dramatic performances.

Charlie Gong is the Frohman of Doyers Street, and he presents his Chinese Empire company of players in the standard repertory at a little basement theatre fronting on the "bend." Plastered over as it is with play-bills and bulletins, this place from the outside resembles an enlarged tea chest. Only one

placard is written in English. On Sunday evenings, this bears the inscription: "Sacred Concert — for Chinese Only!" At other times it gives the anglicized title of the play current upon the boards, this being as a rule changed weekly.

Let it be noted here that our popular idea of the Chinese play as an interminable affair, running along continuously for several days and nights, is greatly exaggerated, if not wholly erroneous. The notion may have arisen from the fact that there is no drop-curtain nor division into acts; and that even when two or more short pieces are played in one evening's performance, there is no intermission between them, except a gong-signal intelligible only to Chinamen. The average play or performance, however, seems to be about twice as long as ours. In Doyers Street it begins before 6 p. m., and continues without pause or break until close upon midnight. Moreover, in the classic repertory there are cycles or successions of related historical plays of certain dynasties, like the Parts I., II., and III., of Shakespeare's "King Henry VI.," in the Plantagenet series. One celebrated drama consists of twenty-four scenes, or sections, which are virtually so many acts.

It is difficult, of course, for the average sight-seeing American who peeps in at this theatre of the slums, playing to an audience of pig-tailed laundrymen, to conceive that it bears any relation whatever to "classics" of history, literature, art or tradition. Further acquaintance will develop respect, then interest, possibly even admiration. Here, in truth, is a survival of forty centuries! Does not the *Shu-King*, or Book of History, compiled by the great Confucius tell of Chinese music and symbolical dances—the primitive form of the world's drama—fully 2,000 years before Christ? The actual standard repertory



CHARLIE GONG
The Frohman of New York's Chinatown

of the Chinese Theatre to-day—from which the imported company of players now in Doyers Street are said frequently to select their programmes—consists of some 550 plays written during the Mongol dynasty (1270 to 1368, A. D.), or more than two hundred years before Shakespeare.

We sip the parting thimbleful of tea at Chinese Delmonico's, let us say, at 7:30 p. m., light a cigar, and stroll around the corner to the theatre. The magnified laundry-tickets which serve as three-sheet posters announce (so our almond-eyed Mentor assures us) that those famous tragic-comedians, Quai Fay Horn, Sau Sang Horn and Sun Fun, with a full supporting company and unrivalled orchestra, are for a limited period engaged in elevating the stage of Chinatown; and that their offering this evening will be the great Pekin success, the lyrico-musical comedy drama entitled "In Darkest China."

True to the Chinese reversal of all occidental customs, a sidewalk speculator offers to procure our admissions at a *reduction* from the box-office price. We grandly wave him aside, pay fifty cents per head for our box seats, and are ushered in—there are no tickets, coupons, reserved seats, nor playbills. With the exception of a couple of raised balconies representing the "boxes," the entire auditorium consists of the single parquet, filled with straight-backed wooden benches to accommodate three or four hundred people. The place is bare and tawdry, but clean; the floor has

been freshly sprinkled, and mechanical fans keep up a languid circulation of air. The stage is of miniature size, without footlights, proscenium, curtain, lateral entrances, or any scenic accessories whatever, except such "properties" as may be carried on and off by coolies during the progress of the action. The back of the stage is hollowed

to a kind of alcove, where the musicians are installed, with their queer gongs, tympani, violins, flutes, horns and pipes. At either side of this alcove are doorways, one for the entrance and the other for the exit of the actors—though the order of their respective uses is occasionally reversed.

Music and dialogue are in merry progress as we enter, to an absolutely empty house. Besides our small party, the only other spectators, at this hour, are two pretty little half-breed-looking girls, not more than six or seven years old, who sit demurely on a front-row bench, munching lychee nuts. We are informed that nine o'clock is the fashionable theatre hour of the Mott and Pell Street four hundred, and so it transpires. They presently begin to drop in, and as the front rows fill up, later comers perch

themselves on the backs of the benches, tranquilly smoking, or chatting volubly among themselves, apparently oblivious alike to the players on the stage and the "foreign devils" in the boxes. Hats on, shoes off, is the prevailing usage. Stockings are correct form, though not strictly *de rigueur*, some first-nighters preferring to listen



A TYPICAL CHINESE HEROINE



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SCENE IN THE CHINESE PLAY "IN DARKEST CHINA" AS PERFORMED AT THE CHINESE THEATRE, DOYERS STREET

The hero, having passed the Governmental examinations and received promotion, is entitled to take another wife. This scene shows the confrontation of helpmeets No. 1 and No. 2



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This is a typical Chinese sentimental comedy scene. The mandarin gives his daughter to the hero, a young beggar-student whom he has adopted.

barefooted. Queues are worn uncoiled, hanging gracefully over the back of the seat. If you do not care to smoke all the time, you may eat oranges, or chew sugar-cane. The few of the *jeunesse dorée* who wear American clothes and starched linen collars look proud but uncomfortable. An object of universal envy is the dean of Doyers Street dramatic critics, who comes in very late—and leaves before the end of the play—dressed in brown silk blouse and trousers, a Panama hat, and with straw sandals on his feet; who has a bench all to himself, where he lolls luxuriously, puffing his long bamboo pipe, now and again casting a disdainful glance stageward through his huge iron-rimmed spectacles. We infer from his attitude that the play is devoid of literary merit, and the acting unworthy of old-school traditions. It seems to please the unthinking Chinese crowd, however, for, while they never applaud, their chuckling and laughter indicate keen enjoyment of the irony and epigram in which Chinese comedy is known to excel.

But, what is this comedy all about? The orchestra—to whose musicians refreshments are served from time to time by coolie "supers," supposed to be invisible—keeps up its persistent lyrical accompaniment, while actors in groups of two and three come and go, exchange long tirades, and frequently burst into by no means unmelodious song. The rich magnificence of their costumes—priceless old brocades, with gold and silver embroidery, fashioned in keeping with the historical period represented—compensates for the absence of scenery; while the broad symbolism of their action and gestures helps to make clear in pantomime the story whose drift we cannot follow in their spoken language.

It is the romance of a poor young man, a student of aristocratic birth but fateful vicissitudes, who is separated from his boyhood's fiancée, and cast adrift, penniless and a vaga-

bond. He is rescued by a princely mandarin, who, recognizing the young man's abilities, gives him his daughter in marriage. The student is encouraged to compete in the governmental examinations, which he passes with honor, winning a high official appointment and title. Returning from the capital, he finds installed as a serving-maid in his father-in-law's house a beautiful and submissive young girl, who turns out to be none other than the lost love of his early days, she also having suffered the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. The recognition is mutual, so is the revival of the old flame. Of course, the hero is now a married man; but, as he explains to the fair Sun

Fun, a little trifle like that need not stand in the way of their union, inasmuch as his official promotion, recently won, entitles him legally to take another wife. Sun Fun is coy and willing; but she is also spirited and shrewd. Before braving the jealousy of wife No. 1, and the righteous displeasure of papa-in-law, she, Sun Fun, wants to know just where she is going to stand after the storm shall blow over? She must be head wife, or none.

This is the crux of the plot—in the final dénouement of which let us hasten to say, Sun Fun wins her point, and the hero wins her.

It is uncertain just how much of this story we might have been able to unravel without the assistance of an interpreter; but the action was self-illuminative to an extraordinary degree. For example, a character about to depart on a journey would in pantomime mount a horse, or climb the gangplank of a steamer. A drunken scene would be symbolized by a few significant movements and poses, after the drinking of a cup of wine. When the blushing bride was to retire to her chamber, enter two coolies bearing on poles a tent-like structure with silken portières, through which the heroine passed, then nonchalantly walked off the stage in full view of the audience, followed by the coolies with their portable "scene." This is like Snout, the tinker, playing the Wall in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." In fact, the contemporary Chinese drama, with its repertory of histories and verse-forms, its continuity of action, its absence of scenery and constant presence of musicians on the stage, its employment of boys in women's parts (all the female rôles in "Darkest China" were played by men), may be said to exactly parallel the Elizabethan stage of England, at the period when Shakespeare wrote and played.

HENRY TYRRELL.

Importing Orientals

THE old manager was in reminiscent mood. Talking of foreign actors, he said, There's no difficulty in getting them over here as long as you stick to Englishmen and Frenchies and Dutchmen; the trouble comes when you go farther afield and try to import Japs and Chinese and Hindoos. They themselves are willing enough to come, but you've got to satisfy their government with a good fat bond that you're going to return them safe and sound, and then you've got to pay their passage both ways. So, before your first performance, you'll find you've spent a pretty penny, and it's a serious question whether you'll ever get it back again. Of course, the only kind of performance this sort of Dagos are useful for are "The Mikado" and "The Geisha" and plays of that style; and even then Harlem girls do about as well when they're well got up; on the stage everything depends on make-up.

The late Augustin Daly, however, didn't think so; he thought the public wanted the Simon-pure real article; so several years before his death he brought over a number of "sure 'nough" Japanese girls for "The Geisha," and, strange to say, he more than got his money back on them. As a usual thing, however, the manager who imports Orientals in the end wishes he had put his money in an old stocking instead.

About the only other successful venture of this kind I ever heard of was that of James C. Duff, Mr. Daly's brother-in-law, who brought over a bunch of the real Mikados subjects for Gilbert and Sullivan's make-believe "Mikado." Before they were allowed to leave Yokohama, Mr. Duff was forced to deposit \$25,000 with the Japanese minister in Washington as security that he would send them back home at the end of the engagement. Now, when you've bet \$25,000 nothing will happen to a certain person or persons, you are apt to be mighty careful of their health, and you'd almost rather be run over by a trolley car yourself than have them run over. You can imagine, therefore, the excitement that arose when it was discovered one night after the performance that the geisha girls had all vanished. An alarm was sent out and the city scoured for them. At last, when Mr. Duff's hair was beginning to turn gray, the precious creatures were discovered snugly ensconced in a Japanese club here in town in the midst of a circle of admiring compatriots.

Well, that's the bright side of the shield, but it's not the side that always turns up. Indeed, the surprising thing is that Augustin Daly had the nerve to bring over girls for "The Geisha" after he had made such a fiasco with importing East Indians for the opera "Janina" in 1878. On that occasion he had brought over nineteen Hindoos and Moham-



Theatre Magazine Studio

MISS IRENE HOBSON

F. C. Clarke

Cousin of Capt. Richmond Pearson Hobson and recently a member of Miss Elsie de Wolfe's company

medans, ten of whom were women. He counted, it seems, on making a great hit with the dance in the second act; but for some inexplicable reason, it didn't catch on.

Of course, Mr. Daly had to give a big bond to the Indian Government for the safe return of the troupe; and he rented the two upper floors of Bang's Café, almost opposite the theatre, so that he might keep them right under his eye. He was determined, moreover, that they should lack none of the comforts of home, so he had bath-tubs put in on each floor for their use. Then the suggestion was politely made to them that they proceed to make use of the bath-tubs. The suggestion was indignantly repelled. What—wash in any but the holy water of the Ganges?—never! They were determined to return home as pure and undefiled as when they set forth. Unfortunately, the management was equally determined that they should return home even purer; and a compromise being impracticable, the end of the mat-

(Continued on page 177)



JOHN DREW



MAUDE ADAMS



BLANCHE WALSH



OTIS SKINNER

Players' Characteristics Shown by their Hands

The following article by Mrs. Simmons-Meier, of Indianapolis, is not the work of a novice, but of a woman who has made a reputation in an interesting study. Mrs. Meier has been a student of palmistry for the past ten years, during which time she has had the opportunity of reading the hands of many famous persons, including General Lew Wallace, Charles Major, Lilli Lehmann, Mary Hartwell Catherwood, George Ade, James Whitcomb Riley, Emma Juch, Susan B. Anthony, Capt. Richard Pearson Hobson and others. She is especially interested in the signs of criminology as shown in the shape and lines of the hand and is convinced that impressions of the palm and thumb afford identification more complete and exact than the Bertillon method of measurement. Turning her attention to the dramatic profession, Mrs. Meier recently read the hands of Miss Maude Adams, John Drew, Miss Blanche Walsh and Otis Skinner, and her comments on what these players' hands reveal will be read with keen interest:



Mrs. Simmons-Meier

IN giving some of the characteristics of Maude Adams, John Drew, Blanche Walsh and Otis Skinner, as shown by the impressions of their hands, there could scarcely be selected four types more radically different. The hand of Maude Adams is of especial interest, not only because of the personal charm which makes all who have seen her on the stage feel a personal

interest in this young actress, but because of the contradictory reports regarding her health.

The impression of her hand reproduced here was taken in April 1901. The long, slim fingers indicate carefulness and the capacity for taking pains. The hand shows the actress to be conscientious to the smallest detail, orderly in temperament and with ability to teach others her ways in keeping order, a strong love for the intellectual, fastidious in surroundings and dainty in matters of dress and diet. It is a hand which, as a whole, indicates abnegation of self when backed by a sense of duty, which is a characteristic rather than a cultivated virtue.

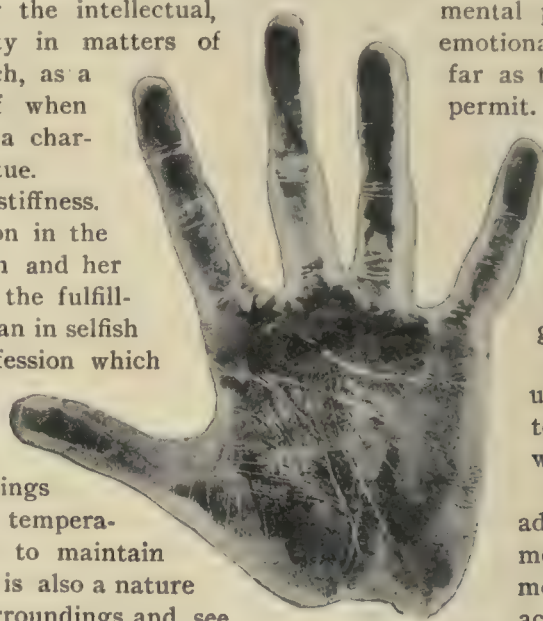
The flare of the thumb is curbed by stiffness. While Miss Adams would lack caution in the expenditure of her time, her strength and her money, it would be for others, or in the fulfillment of duty as she saw it, rather than in selfish enjoyment. While engaged in a profession which apparently admits of no privacy, Miss Adams has a strong love for solitude if those who are congenial are not around her. Even with surroundings and people both congenial, she has a temperament that must withdraw into itself to maintain the mental and physical equipoise. It is also a nature able to adapt itself to uncongenial surroundings and see

the humorous side of annoying experiences. There is a wide difference in the lines of her right and left hand. In the left is shown ambition and mental energy which far outstrips the necessary physical strength. She is naturally inclined to be trusting, optimistic and has an imagination that would bias judgment, and blind her to the true facts. In the right hand is shown an acquired caution, secretiveness, and conservatism; she has learned to look back of the gift to the motive. She has developed the practical side of her nature, dealing with unvarnished facts, analytical and far sighted. The childish dreamer has become the keen witted, level headed woman. She is strongly susceptible to the mental atmosphere of her surroundings. The friendliness of her audience is half the battle with her. She is inspired by their sympathy and sustained in the tax her rôles make on her physical strength. In undertaking a new rôle she must first absorb the character before beginning the mechanical part of memorizing the lines. The

mental phase appeals to her, as well as the emotional, and both are given their full value as far as the limitations of physical strength will permit. Miss Adams' talent, also her chief charm, is in the delineation of those rôles where the subtle changes of moods, coupled with the sway of the imagination, pleases the audience by the truthfulness of the interpretation rather than by an exhibition of "une grande passion."

The lines in John Drew's hand, particularly those of the left hand, show him to be one of those talented men who would make a success in any career.

This actor's natural disposition is to adapt himself to all conditions easily, meeting people more than half way, and molded more by environments than by actively seeking any special outlet for his



HAND OF MAUDE ADAMS



THE HAND OF OTIS SKINNER

talents. He has inherited the profession of the stage, as one inherits the profession of one's father.

Again, he is desirous of walking in pleasant places, both in mental atmosphere and material comforts.

His right hand shows a decided change in many characteristics. He is not as approachable by the masses, he is decidedly more conservative in his associates, the conventionalities of society are more closely observed, where naturally he was inclined to drift with the current.

He is courteous, affable when in the mood, but men don't clap him on the shoulder and call him "Jack." That is—wise men.

The fingers indicate one who dislikes details, especially as applied to business, one who is naturally disorderly in material things, but demanding that others keep things orderly around him. The stiffness of the thumb, in the right hand with the firmness of the palm, as opposed to the flexibility of thumb and softness of the palm in the left, shows the cultivation of perseverance and untiring effort that would enable him to master his dislike of the manual labor required to accomplish results. For instance, his attention to details now would seem to discredit his innate dislike of being bothered or tied down to necessary technique.

While decidedly inspirational, the right hand shows that the divine spark of genius is too much shaded by over caution which leads him to follow tradition and precedent instead of yielding to the originality that creates. In the left hand, the talent lines indicate one who could portray the many phases of human emotions and character, while the right would indicate that same conservatism which has kept him in a few paths so long. The limitations are stamped. Had Mr. Drew's talents in the intellectual world been as carefully cultivated as in the dramatic, he would have stamped his individuality and written his name far higher on the tablets of fame.

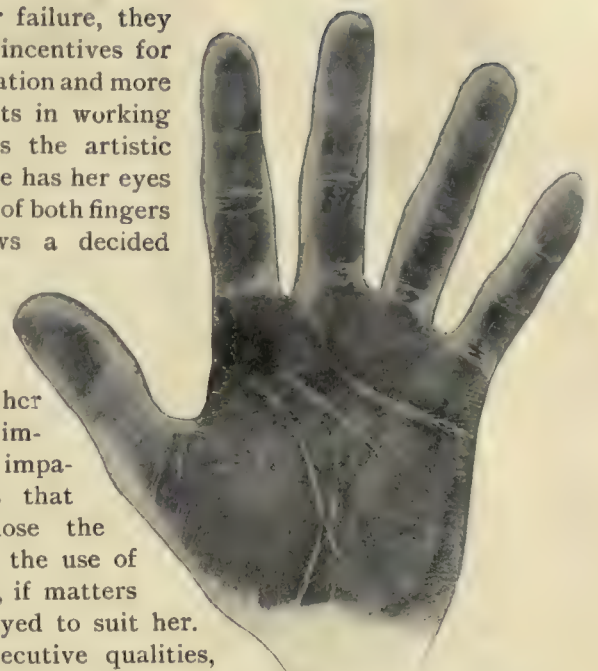
The hand of Blanche Walsh is firm to the touch, and has comparatively few lines. It indicates a nature not prone to borrow trouble and with a will that enables her to throw aside care, and one which accepts time as the great healer when the first poignancy of grief or disappointment is past. That same will, shown in the formation of the thumb, is the explanation of her success. Uncrushed

by opposition or failure, they seemingly are incentives for greater determination and more unwearying efforts in working her way towards the artistic goal on which she has her eyes placed. The flare of both fingers and thumb shows a decided disregard for conventional paths. While she can be diplomatic and tactful in gaining her point, she has an impulsiveness and impatience of results that cause her to lose the ground gained by the use of the first qualities, if matters are too long delayed to suit her. She has rare executive qualities, and an inspirational grasp of detail which enables her to determine in

a flash the necessary points, and discard the unimportant details that would but serve to take valuable time. Fond of power, both in the abstract and concrete—over matters as well as men—and with the caprice of a woman, valuing that which comes through effort, and possesses the tinge of uncertainty, more than complete surrender. While the life line is good, her ability to stand the demands on her strength from the emotional rôles she so artistically portrays is more a matter of will power and a peculiar mental poise that gives her the rare faculty of slipping the cloak of a rôle on and off at will. The impulsiveness of temperament, coupled with strong will, shows that logic is not always a basis for her desires. Reason, prudence, caution and advice are all thrown to the winds, and she can fully exemplify the truth of the traditional quotation, "when a woman will, she will, you may depend on't, and if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't."

The unreasoning power of abandonment that this shows, explains in part her ability to so faithfully portray all the emotional phases of the exacting rôles in Sardou's dramas, and her splendid portrayal of Katusha in "Resurrection."

The hand of Otis Skinner shows a combination of the artistic and the practical. The first finger shows a nature ambitious, but not over-bearing, although the stiff, pointed thumb, indicates impatience in dealing with people who bore him, or who are slow or stupid in grasping his meaning. The middle finger indicates that innate dignity of bearing which always marks the distinction between buffoonery and mirth, while the pointed tip of the little finger, coupled with the flare from the hand shows the mercurial temperament which enables him to run the gamut of the emotions from comedy to tragedy,



THE HAND OF BLANCHE WALSH



THE HAND OF JOHN DREW

with inclinations towards the latter. While the shape of the thumb indicates sufficient logic to act as a balance for decided will, the stiffness shows he will not always listen to reason or submit to advice in carrying out a cherished project. Mr. Skinner's keen intuitions in art are not always balanced by cold facts as to the financial returns, and his ambition inclines him to chafe under the necessity of considering the business end of a production. The left hand shows him to be one who must learn for himself, and his right hand indicates the lesson taught through experience, he having grown conservative with a firmer grip of the string to his kite of artistic aspirations. His thumb shows one who does not easily adapt himself to the short comings, or uninteresting personalities of others, but the tact and diplomacy shown in the pointed tip of the fourth finger, aids him largely in exhibiting his innate courtesy to tiresome people,—if the strain is not too great. He has a life line that cheers us with the feeling we shall have Mr. Skinner for many years as the exponent of the highest art in the dramatic field, if his inclination so wills, and he has a head line that shows a wide grasp of subjects, and the ability to express himself in them in a clear concise manner. The talent line in Mr. Skinner's left hand indicates that he has not yet reached the pinnacle of his fame in the possibilities he possesses. There are greater triumphs before him than he has attained thus far, and more pleasure in store for the discriminating public.

NELLIE SIMMONS MEIER.

America's Queen of Comedy

IN these days of Memoirs and biographies it is remarkable that so interesting a chapter of theatrical history as that of the early career of Charlotte Crabtree, better known as "Lotta," yet remains to be treated by a competent hand. For incident and variety the childhood of this most American *comedienne* can hardly be paralleled by the most exciting of romances. She is, moreover, the embodiment of what must long continue to be the type of our national girlhood; she is the very beginning of our feminine humor of the higher kind; and as such, possesses an interest more than personal and ephemeral, an interest fixed as marking a distinct epoch in the annals of the stage.

Born in old Nassau Street, New York City, in 1847, Lotta, the child of an English bookseller, was ushered into a little circle as quaint as ever Dickens put upon paper. But from this quiet haven of old-world characters, the scene of her life was soon shifted to the gold fields of "The Coast," and thus with the long sea voyage around the Horn, began the wandering life that was to lead her through many dangers to the chosen place she holds in hearts in every corner of this continent.

In her new home in California it was not long before that eventful night when the frightened child, at the close of her singing for a benefit performance, found the whole mining camp in an uproar, casting, instead of flowers, rough nuggets of gold at her tiny feet. For in the tawny-haired youngster with her exquisite face and air of innocent roguery, many a hardened heart caught that night a glimpse of a distant home and childhood, and felt the thrill of an ideal world as if in a flash. It was this spark of genius, for, as the sequel proves, it was genius that carried the name of Lotta Crabtree from camp to camp until the whole region was in acclaim; and from this point until her first recognition by the theatrical world, the story of Lotta reads like a romance. Frequently at the close of her little performance in one of the settlements, the pioneers saw her being strapped to her saddle, her hair drawn up under her cap, her dress like that of some prince-ling from fairyland, as she prepared to dash over the trails to reach the next camp in time for another performance. Often at night while the pack horses were picking their way across the mountain roads, this hardy family of thespians were warned away by the camp-fires of hostile Indians. The perils of the road were their frequent experience; there were the gloomy looking strangers that pursued them for miles; the wild creatures of the forest; the suspicious looking hostleries where by night, bullets were apt to riddle the thin partitions that merely screened them from the bar-room desperados.

The years of this life, which made Lotta one of the most expert horse-women of the West; which inured her to every danger of land and



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LOTTA AS THE MARCHIONESS in "The Old Curiosity Shop"



Photo A. Lambert

LOTTA'S MOST RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

sea, are no doubt to be credited also with the remarkable preservation of her youthful charm that is evidenced in the characteristic portrait—Lotta's latest photograph—which accompanies this article. To this end also her devoted mother contributed largely, in keeping from her knowledge the worries and excitements that were so large a part of theatrical enterprise in earlier days.

Of Lotta's triumphs in such plays as "Andy Blake," "Pet of the Petticoats," "Little Nell and 'The Marchioness,'" "Musette," "Nitouche," "Bob and Zip," critics most qualified have written enthusiastically, pronouncing them achievements that entitle her to an unquestioned place in the records of our national comedy. One prominent critic wrote recently: "The great public looked upon her as merely a clever entertainer, a winsome hoyden; she was much more; she was an *artist*. The public seemed to think that because she played the banjo and danced a breakdown better than the rest that she could not do anything else, whereas in fact there was not a one of them, not even Agnes Ethel or Mrs. Kendal that spoke dialogues of everyday life more intelligently than did Charlotte Crabtree."

Lotta retired from the stage some years ago, taking with her a fine fortune acquired during her theatrical career. She has spent much of her leisure of late years at Lake Hopatcong.

THOMAS WALSH.

IMPORTING ORIENTALS—Continued

ter was that four stalwart Americans were detailed to each separate Oriental, women as well as men, with orders to put

them in the tubs clothes and all, regardless of tears and screams and finger-nails. For an hour thereafter

upper Broadway was in an uproar, but the natives were washed nevertheless. That night at the performance remarks were overheard among the audience regarding the unwonted pallor of the nineteen.

But the bath-tub question was by no means the most serious in which Mr. Daly became involved through his Orientals. The bond provided for the return of nineteen Dagos, and in case one or more of them had died, it would have been a very simple matter to decide what damages were due. But suppose that more than nineteen should be sent back to India—what then? One day the wife of the manager of the troupe gave birth to a little brown baby and there were twenty little Indians where there should have been only nineteen. It was a very little baby indeed, but it threatened all sorts of complications. Was it an American or an English subject? Would it be allowed to 'return' to India under the bond? Could it become President of the United States when it grew up? Fortunately, however, to the infant itself food was the most important question, as by its incontinent efforts to satisfy an inordinate appetite it brought about a sudden crisis in its own affairs that incidentally rendered idle all ulterior questions. It became necessary to feed the disarranging atom by means of the bottle; but lacking the inherited instinct of Anglo-Saxon infants which guards them from swallowing the rubber tip under such circumstances, the little Hindoo proceeded to introduce the one attached to his bottle into his stomach, with the sad result that the troupe of Oriental mummies was suddenly reduced to its original number. Doctors were summoned, the patient was turned upside down, Allah and Brahma were invoked, even Christian Science was suggested—but all to no purpose; the twentieth little Hindoo insisted on carrying the rubber cone with him to the other world. A sigh of relief went up from England and America—the baby had settled the international question which the greatest legal minds had not been able to dispose of off-hand.

WILLIAM W. WHITELOCK.



Marceau

MISS PAULA EDWARDS

Will star next season in a musical play by Jakobowsky and Paulton entitled "Winsome Winnie." The part is that of a Hoydenish California school girl



Marceau

MISS ANNA LAUGHLIN



Gilbert and Bacon, Phila.

MISS DRINA DE WOLFE

Rising young actress who has attracted considerable attention during the past season. Miss de Wolfe will be seen next season at a special matinee of Rostand's "La Princesse Lointaine." Later she will be starred under the direction of C. B. Dillingham

His Star

When fell the dusky shadows of the night,
His face pressed close against the window-pane,
A tired child, he watched the stars come out,
And wished for them as playthings—all in vain.
Though all were bright and golden, real to him,
Still one he longed for more than all the rest:
And in his childish innocent delight
He deemed its rays the brightest and the best.

When fell again the shadows of the night,
His form pressed close against the stage-door wall,
A wearied Johnny watched the "stars" come out,
Waiting for one who said that he might call.
Though all were beauties in the calcium's glare,
When gazed on from the orchestra afar,
Still one there was, the fairest of the fair,—
He wished, as when a child, for that one star!

WELLS HAWKS.

A Rising Young Actress

DRINA DE WOLFE, seen recently as Mrs. Avian in "The Taming of Helen," at the Savoy Theatre, is a young Baltimore woman, of the well-known Walters family of the Monumental City. She is the wife of Elsie de Wolfe's brother, and may be styled the latest "recruit" from the ranks of our best society.

Her first experience was as one of "The Show Girls," at Mrs. Osborn's ill-fated play house. When one saw her performance of the *déclassée*, Mrs. Avian, one wondered where and how this handsome young creature, with the youth of the twenties and the authority of the forties, had secured the knowledge to do this thing so well.

Men who write such parts as Mrs. Avian in plays, and managers who cast them, realize how difficult it is to select an actress who does not in her personality more than merely suggest the social status of such a woman. It is so easy to overlook and overact it.

The rare thing about Drina de Wolfe's performance of this *demi-mondaine* was that the woman knew her place well enough, but in a dignified way was keeping her false position from being known to the world, and the actress with really remarkable tact, suggested this by her bearing, voice, manner, costume! Perhaps it was not acting, perhaps the artiste was giving us a side view of her own life. Be this as it may, it showed the innate instinct of the born actress. With hard work and study, this young society belle may develop this intuitive perception of artistic proportion in the composition of a rôle (a rare thing in an Anglo-Saxon, the French have almost a monopoly of it) until some day we may find in her an actress of the very first rank. But now she should play comedy rôles. If there is in her any sweetness of nature or heart, it should be cultivated. Playing the Mrs. Avians of the stage does not lead to a well rounded artistic development. It makes for coldness and hardness of manner and voice. She should learn to laugh and show her heart and to work with the latter and not as women who, having lost reputation, lose heart in themselves.

Drina de Wolfe has all the endowments to fit a woman for a successful stage career. Youth, beauty of person, a fine voice, distinction of bearing and education, now if she does not lose her head and imagine that knowing nothing she knows everything (confidence in herself is one of her salient attributes, but over-confidence is an insidious foe), Drina de Wolfe at some future day will have a place that is all her own on the American stage. She will be seen next season at a special matinee in Rostand's "La Princesse Lointaine," and later she will star under the management of C. B. Dillingham. Miss De Wolfe is ambitious and wishes ultimately to play Shakespearean heroines. In a recent interview, she said: "It was one of the greatest disappointments of my life that I could not accept Edmund Russell's offer to play Ophelia to his Hamlet. Some people who know that I have been on the stage but a short time have been disposed to think that Ophelia is too



MISS DE WOLFE AND HER CANINE PET "BOBBY" TAKING AFTERNOON TEA

much for me to attempt. But I have studied for the stage or many years, and it is my ambition to play, not only Ophelia, but Rosalind, Beatrice, and Juliet. The fact that I once appeared in musical comedy should not prove a detriment. I am through with musical comedy for good, now. The brief experience I had as a 'show girl' at Mrs. Osborn's Playhouse convinced me that no future lies before the comic opera favorite. Even if one succeeds in musical comedy, the success is evanescent and quickly forgotten. In the legitimate drama, if one achieves something worth while, theatre goers remember it. I intend to appear only in the legitimate hereafter, and I would gladly relinquish handsome gowns, jewels, luxuries, automobiles, everything, if I

could only attain success. I mean what I say. The atmosphere of frivolous musical comedy still follows me, and even now, I am known largely because of what the newspapers have said of my gowns, my jewels, my automobile, and my alleged private car. As for the private car story, I want to flatly contradict it. I never used a private car on tour, and I never will until I become a star—and even that may happen some day. But I am so tired of hearing of the luxury in which I am supposed to live, that I would willingly give up every comfort I have, and live in a garret, if people would only believe that I am seriously in love with my art, and that I intend to devote my whole lifetime, if necessary, in order to achieve a genuine dramatic success."



THE YOUNG ACTRESS LOVES FLOWERS AND LITERALLY LIVES AMONG ROSES



THE COWGIRLS IN "THE TENDERFOOT"

Chicago's Latest Musical Comedy "The Tenderfoot"

AN "Arizona" set to music—that is how one reviewer described Richard Carle's musical comedy "The Tenderfoot" which has been running successfully for some months at the Dearborn Theatre, Chicago. In truth, Mr. Carle has bravely entered the same field as Augustus Thomas and with a musical setting and Texas for a background, introduces on the stage cowboys, rangers, Indians and Mexicans. Add to these a Chinaman and a number of soldiers and such types as a gambler and a fighting parson and the result is a stage population that is dealt with for the first time in musical plays.

In contrast with these unconventional characters is Prof. Zachery Pettibone, L. L. D., B. A., of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, traveling tutor to a party of young ladies of the "Gibson Girl" variety. The professor is lean, lank and retiring and is speedily spotted as a tenderfoot. The story, when not concerned with the romantic love affair which dominates it, revolves around this lamblike individual and his tormentors who rope him, shoot at his feet to make him dance, shoot flies off his nose and make him drink more than is good for him.

The choice of Texas for the scenario is said to have helped the composer and the costumer as well as the librettist and the actor. H. L. Hearts was able to diversify his score by

writing music for Indians, cowboys, soldiers, Mexicans and the Chinaman and the color scheme for costumes profits by this same variety.

"The Tenderfoot" was presented for the first time on April 12 last, and is to run all summer in Chicago. The principal comedy part is that of the professor and is taken by the author, Mr. Carle. The principal parts in the story are Paul Winthrop, a tenor rôle for Edmund Stanley, and Marion Worthington (a Texas heiress) impersonated by Miss May De Sousa. There is a breezy comedy character, Sergt. Barker, which falls to Gilbert Gregory, and Miss Edna Hunter has agreeable opportunity as Sally, a maid. The piece will be presented in New York probably next January.

Miss May De Sousa is nineteen years old and has been on the stage only two years. She has been called "A Chicago edition of Edna Wallace Hopper," her first appearance having been made at the Chicago Opera House. Later she went to San Francisco, and there was "discovered" by Frank Perley, who gave her a prominent part in "The Chaperons," and made her understudy to Miss Alice Neilson. She made her first appearance as a prima donna last July with the Davidson Opera Company of Milwaukee, appearing in a repertoire of light opera.



MISS MAY DE SOUSA AS THE TEXAS HEIRESS.

An Ideal Theatre

EVERY time I take a certain girl to the theatre, she seems to be filled with an irresistible desire to turn around and stare at the people behind her. To prevent this I suppose I might secure seats at the rear of the house, or even in one of the boxes. But there are serious objections to either course.

There is a remedy. If it were possible to mirror the great curtain in front, so that it would reflect the entire audience, I am sure she would be quite satisfied. Just imagine 'a great mirror, yards and yards square, reflecting long rows of seats filled with people in evening dress. It would be an inspiring sight. How strange no progressive theatre owner ever thought of it!

Then, too, it would be a great improvement if there were a great mirror over the entire stage. Men could settle down in their seats, with a contented sigh, and gaze upward at an easy angle, straight over the picture hat of the lady in the next seat forward, and see the entire action on the stage. Of course, all this would hardly suit comic opera, as the reflection of a ballet girl's head and the tip of her toe launching upward toward the spectator's view would be entirely unsatisfying. For the play, however, I see no drawbacks.

My suggestions are offered gratuitously to theatre managers without patent or copyright. A moment's thought will convince all of their value. Think how the mirror overhead would reveal the parting of the villain's midnight hair. Think how the curtain falling just after a critical scene on a first night, would reveal to the anxious playwright nervously tramping in and out from the lobby, every expression of the pleasure or displeasure of the audience. And just think of training your opera glasses toward the curtain to study the plump shoulders of the girl two seats further back. The possibilities are unlimited.

LESLIE W. QUIRK.



RICHARD CARLE as Professor Pettibone



GILBERT GREGORY as Sergeant Bill Barker



PROFESSOR PETTIBONE AND THE GIBSON GIRLS



MISS LOTTA LINTHICUM
Recently seen at the Garrick Theatre in "Skipper & Co."

Theatrical Anglomania

WHAT is the reason that England and the Continent continue to exercise over us a fascination, as far as the stage is concerned, which we are very seldom able to exercise over them?

Irving, for instance, has been visiting this country continually for the last twenty years. Does anyone suppose he would do so unless he made a good deal more money here than in his native land? But, do we ever hear of Mansfield acting in London, and then making a successful tour of the British provinces? Yet, Mansfield is, in many respects, as good an actor as Irving, and there are those who think him better. Miss Terry has been received here with delight on innumerable occasions; yet the late Augustin Daly sank very many thousands of dollars in trying to establish Miss Rehan in London,—and she is, in various rôles, as charming as the English actress.

Upon very rare occasions an American star, through

a fortunate combination of circumstances, makes a successful London appearance, and may count upon a cordial re-welcome. Charlotte Cushman contrived to get a hearing less by luck than by an explosive expression of her personality. Edwin Booth failed to elicit any attention there in his youth, and if he was partially successful on the English stage in his maturity it was because he and Irving acted in company. Mary Anderson was one of the few who became London favorites. Recently Mr. Gillette played a very successful season there, and so did Mrs. Carter. But Mr. Sothorn has never appeared there at all, and John Drew has not done so since he became a star. Maude Adams' début in London has frequently been mentioned, but has never taken place. How long is it to be postponed, and why?

Mrs. Langtry has been coming here on and off for nearly two decades, but she is very little of an actress. What is the reason that Miss Viola Allen, who is an actress, cannot be received in London? Why is Miss Julia Marlowe limited to the United States and Canada? How happens it that Mrs. Patrick Campbell can come here and play to crowded houses and that it is never even whispered that Mrs. Fiske is about to venture upon the stage of the British metropolis? By what sort of justice was Toole able to effect an engagement here while Crane is not able to effect one there? Henry Miller is conceded by many to have been more powerful in "The Only Way" than Martin Harvey, yet Mr. Harvey dares to come to New York, while Mr. Miller's managers do not dare to take him to the cockney's home. Why is this?

Many years ago, James O'Neill, by virtue of his excellence as an actor, and one of the most delightful voices that ever man was gifted with, should have been a London favorite. Yet he is scarcely ever seen even in New York. Is there nothing tempting to Otis Skinner in the idea of taking the world's metropolis by storm? Miss Virginia Harned and Miss Blanche Bates are, in their respective ways, as capable as various English actresses who have either starred here or shared honors with a star; yet we never hear of these American actresses being desired on the other side of the Atlantic.

We do not mean to say that in all the records of the American stage there are no instances of European successes being achieved by American actors. But the number is very small. There is too great a disposition to overrate what comes to us from abroad, and vastly too great a disposition in Europe to underrate what we might send them. Charlotte Cushman and Edwin Forrest and Edwin Booth had as imperative a right to be applauded to the echo in every great city in Europe, as Ristori, and Salvini, and Bernhardt and Duse had to be acclaimed here. Then, too, think of the influx of English stock actors to fill places on the American stage that ought to be occupied by Americans. It is the duty of our managers to get adequate actors; and they ought not to sin against both art and patriotism by importing "leading men" who are no better than American actors waiting for a New York engagement. In former days, when the late Lester Wallack was in his meridian, his theatre was nicknamed "The English Theatre," on account of its stock company being continually replenished with London actors. It is to be hoped the twentieth century will not die without dealing theatrical anglomania its death-blow.

A. E. LANCASTER.

THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LIFE



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ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Photo Rentlinger, Paris

M^{LE}. AINO ACKTE,

Dramatic soprano of the Paris Opera House and engaged by Mr. Conried for the coming Opera season in New York. (See page 208.)



Byron

Final Tableau in Oscar Hammerstein's Extravaganza, "Punch, Judy & Co."—eighteen girls, all dressed in white against a black background, forming the words: "Good-night."

PLAYS and PLAYERS



THE silly season is here in deadly earnest. With one or two brave exceptions, the playhouses of the metropolis closed their doors with the advent of the dog days, and they will remain hermetically sealed for a few more weeks, when the new dramatic season, which is pregnant with promise, will be upon us. Rarely has there been so little of interest to see and chronicle. The roof gardens alone furnish material for comment. "Japan by Night," up among the sky-scrapers, beside the mighty tower of the Madison Square Garden, is a breezy novelty which strongly appeals to New Yorkers and the strangers within their gates these sultry summer evenings. Manhattan's only Japanese thea-

trical managers, the Messrs. Kushibiki and Arai, have succeeded in giving a real Oriental atmosphere to this domain, which includes a tea-garden, temples, fountains, and booths tended by child-like and bland natives of old Japan. Incidentally, it is a feast of a thousand lanterns, while the great search-light shoots its startling beam from the lantern of the tower, nearly two hundred feet farther up. There is a Japanese comic opera called "Otoyo," which compares favorably with productions of that class latterly seen in the Broadway theatres. Its plot is equally baffling, and its music—by Frederick W. Peters—seems, in that fairy environment, notably bright and captivating. It is uncommonly well cast, too, for a roof-garden performance. Miss Bettina Gerard, in the title rôle, reveals unexpected daintiness in her clever acting, and sings some pretty lyrics. Hobart Smock is an excellent tenor, and Miss Irene Jermain distinguishes herself in a coon song, "My Lallapaloosa Girl," with a dancing chorus of "white-pickaninny"

maidens. The Boston Ladies' Orchestra, all in white, is spiritedly conducted by Miss Gertrude Maitland Hall, who is, so to say, a Duss in petticoats. During the intermission between the two acts of the opera that mystifying Japanese magician, Sono Sonetaro, does some incredible illusionizing out among the miniature rocks and lakes of the Tokio Garden Promenade. Altogether, "Japan by Night" is a welcome addition to the summer diversions of the town.

Daniel Frohman, on his return from England the other day, gave utterance to two interesting conclusions: one that the day of the dramatized novel was over; the other that the star system would be modified in that greater attention would be paid hereafter to the play itself.

There was a time, not so long since, when managers fell over each other in their mad rush to secure the dramatic rights to every successful novel published. If it sold to the extent of one hundred thousand copies, entirely irrespective of the fact that it was utterly deficient in dramatic action, the bidding was just as brisk. What was the result? The public became bored to extinction over thin, feeble and futile adaptations, and the mere announcement that a new play was based upon a book was all-sufficient for a succession of preliminary gibes, and a general conclusion that the man who dramatized a book was in most cases a criminal deserving of a life sentence or the electric chair. The average book is not worth the adaptation, but one will have to search the records of the best of the original dramatists to find the successful equals of "Carmille," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "Trilby," "Under the Red Robe," "East Lynne," "The Forgemaster," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Never Too Late to Mend," "The Little Minister," "The Prisoner of Zenda" and others. Even such a comprehensive "snapper-up of unconsidered



Bieber, Berlin

MISS SARAH DUNCAN

A California girl whose classic bare-foot dancing has been the artistic sensation of the season in Berlin and Paris. A Berlin correspondent says: "Graceful and willowy in action, Miss Duncan succeeded in exhibiting her new terpsichorean art, her dance interpretations of Chopin and other masters of musical composition, with such refinement and grace that she was proclaimed the creator of a new art. The same Berlin critics who denounce Belasco's 'Du Barry' went into ecstasy over Miss Duncan's art. For three hours Miss Duncan danced before them and was able to hold and sustain their interest and admiration."

trifles" as Charles Frohman does not entirely overlook the book with dramatic opportunities. W. H. Crane, it is announced, will appear in a version of "The Spenders," and isn't it hinted that Miss Margaret Anglin may be seen in "Lady Rose's Daughter?"

It is, indeed, a cheering fact if what Mr. Frohman further says is true, that the play hereafter is to be the thing, and that dramatists are no longer to be limited to the stellar exactions of the actor-manager and the mental and physical limitations of that weird band of stellar lights forced into a ridiculous prominence by the absurd requirements of the present false system. A return to first principles, where the actor was required to be something more than a handsome, well-dressed puppet, commanding certain technical skill, will show up some of these towering geniuses in their true light and force them to give place to others capable of expressing with distinction and authority the great and fundamental phases of human passion.

There are a great many things which do not exist in fact that would be very interesting if they did. It is a theory in certain circles of modern journalism that anything is news that sounds like news. Freedom being thus given to the imagination, news and facts may be manufactured at will. It is a very interesting process and saves a great deal of labor. Any wild astronomer or weather prophet who comes along, if his tale is extravagant enough, and particularly if it overturns accepted notions of science, has full run of the columns. Special articles are usually made out of these revolutionary imaginings; they are all the better if half the page is taken up with illustrations. One of these weird articles announces that "Smith's play, which has held a Broadway audience spellbound for a whole season and poured thousands of dollars into the coffers of its manager, was written between meals on a few days' notice." The writers of such plays are supposed to live lives of luxury on incomes of \$50,000 a year from what they have accomplished in twenty-four hours. It is not impossible that a few of the authors who are put in evidence on this point may have claimed to the reporter the possession of this extraordinary facility in turning out plays. But the pose can only delude one of those who greedily feed on deception. It is easily possible that an author may have had suggested to him a situation that made a play by some incident which was entirely unexpected to him, and which he seized upon at the moment. But when an author says that seeing a buzz-saw in motion afforded him the idea of a play, he forgets that the same idea has been used frequently before he used it. In point of fact, the making of "situation plays" is a trade among inferior dramatists, and usually the use of some mechanical effect which may be entirely new, is merely the adaptation of an old play to a new effect. That it is possible to write a conventional play in a day or two, is being demonstrated constantly, but no dramatist worthy of the name can exercise his art to any wholesome result in a period measured by a few hours.



Otto Sarony Co.

ORRIN JOHNSON

This popular young actor will star next season in "Heart's Courageous," a play of Revolutionary days, dramatized from the novel of Hallie Erminie Rives by Franklin Fyles. Mr. Johnson is a native of Kentucky and began his dramatic career in Effie Elsler's company. Later he played with Sol Smith Russell, W. H. Crane, Georgia Cuyvan and Richard Mansfield. He played Romeo to Maude Adams' Juliet, and more recently he was leading man in Annie Russell's company.



Schloss

EDWARD HARRIGAN

This popular Irish comedian will make his re-appearance on the stage next season in a new play, entitled "Under Cover."

not have been refined enough; there would have been a pathos and a sweetness in the democratic social conditions which would have appealed in vain to the aristocracy. At any rate, the English public, so far as the report goes, can see nothing to their liking or understanding in American plays, except in those involving frontier life or the negro. This may be natural enough in a nation which is inherently provincial in its habits of thought. At the same time we may note that the cakewalk has taken possession of the Parisians. It remains to be seen whether this exclusively American diversion will invade Germany and involve the Emperor and his Court in high stepping.

Should W. B. Yeats visit America with his propaganda of Irish symbolism, as announced, he will encounter a habit of the American mind to look at matters in a very practical way. It may be said, that in America nobody is permitted to pose. It is true that the poseur may obtain financial results, but it is because of the entertainment which he affords. Mr. Yeats seems exceedingly in earnest, but he uses too many sophisticated phrases to pass unchallenged. In his recently published book entitled "Ideas of Good and Evil" occurs this sentence respecting the new literature: "I would have some of them leave that work of theirs which will never lack hands and begin to dig in Ireland, the garden of the

The reception in England of "In Dahomey" with the Walkers, the negro comedians, throws considerable light on the attitude of the English mind toward American drama. Mr. Herne always believed that "Shore Acres" could have no success in London. That is altogether probable. At all events, it would not have been played at the Palace of the King by royal command. It would

future, understanding that here in Ireland the spirit of man may be about to wed the soil of the world." Mr. Yeats will have to be a little clearer than this in order to secure the attention that he would like to have. Patriotism in literature is well enough, and, in a limited way, Mr. Yeats and his associates may give dramatic form to much of the symbolism and many of the myths of Ireland. But to write dramas wholly in the spirit, and largely in the form of the past, is a very formidable undertaking. Mr. Yeats who seems to be laboring under a great burden of responsibility, and to be conscious of great affairs in hand, would have to do a great deal of explaining, even to make himself interesting.

The National Art Theatre Society of New York continues to make remarkable progress, and everything points to a successful outcome of this campaign, which should have the support of all intelligent theatregoers. The membership of the Society has already reached 500 names and these include not only our leading authors and players, whom one naturally expects to see active in a movement of this kind, but also many well-known citizens in no way connected with the stage or its kindred crafts and interested in the theatre only as a place of recreation and amusement. Thus we find among them Nikola Tesla, the electrician and inventor; Rudolph Keppler, president of the New York Stock Exchange; Edmund Clarence Stedman, the poet; the Rev. Thomas R. Slicer; Fernando Miranda, the well-known sculptor; Professors W. H. Carpenter and Adolphe Cohn, of Columbia University; John R. Dos Passos, the lawyer; Frank Tilford, the banker; Ex-Judge A. J. Dittenhoefer; Commander J. D. Jerrold Kelly, U. S. N.; Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the poetess; Edgar Saltus, the critic; Isaac L. Rice, promoter; Hamlin Garland, the author; Irving Bacheller, the novelist; etc., etc. These names are significant, for they mean that there exists in this community a large class of intelligent theatregoers who love the Drama, but who are dissatisfied with prevailing theatrical conditions, finding neither pleasure nor profit in most of the pieces presented on our stage, and who would welcome and patronize a theatre conducted on the fine, broad lines of the proposed Na-



"JAPAN BY NIGHT" ON THE ROOF OF THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

tional Art Theatre—a theatre where more importance would be attached to the real worth of the play than to sensation and glitter and their supposed power to attract the unthinking, indiscriminating crowd; a theatre of short runs and constantly changing bill, on whose boards the world's classic and standard plays and new American and foreign plays would be adequately presented; a theatre which would be the home of a fine stock company and where acting would be cultivated as an art and a standard of speech, costuming and staging, set and maintained—such a theatre, in short, as France has enjoyed for over 200 years in the Comédie Française.

The influence and benefit of the subventioned theatre is readily seen in those countries where it exists. When a provincial visitor goes to Paris for the first time there are two places which he is anxious to see first. One is the Louvre picture gallery, the other is the Théâtre Français. How is it in America? Where does our provincial visitor direct his sophisticated steps on his arrival? Probably to Weber and Fields or the Rogers Brothers. Yet in other respects, the American enjoys greater advantages than his French brother of the same station in life. It is simply that the American's art education has been neglected. The Frenchman of the poorer classes will even prefer going to the Théâtre Français on a classic night, because, from his childhood, he is familiar with the great classics of the French stage. What do our theatregoers of the same walk in life know or care about the classics? Do they even know what a classic is? It is because the various states of Europe have long recognized the educational value of the Drama and provided the people with the means of becoming acquainted with the classic plays that we find in those countries the intellectual grasp and taste of the average theatregoer higher than it is either in England or America. The proposed National Art Theatre, privately endowed, will do for the American stage what State subsidies have done for the Drama in Europe—that is, lift it out of the sphere of mere business speculation, the tendency of which is fatally and necessarily to cater to the public taste of the moment, no matter how low and depraved, and raise it to the lofty heights of a dignified and noble art, worthy of its traditions and of this great and enlightened nation.

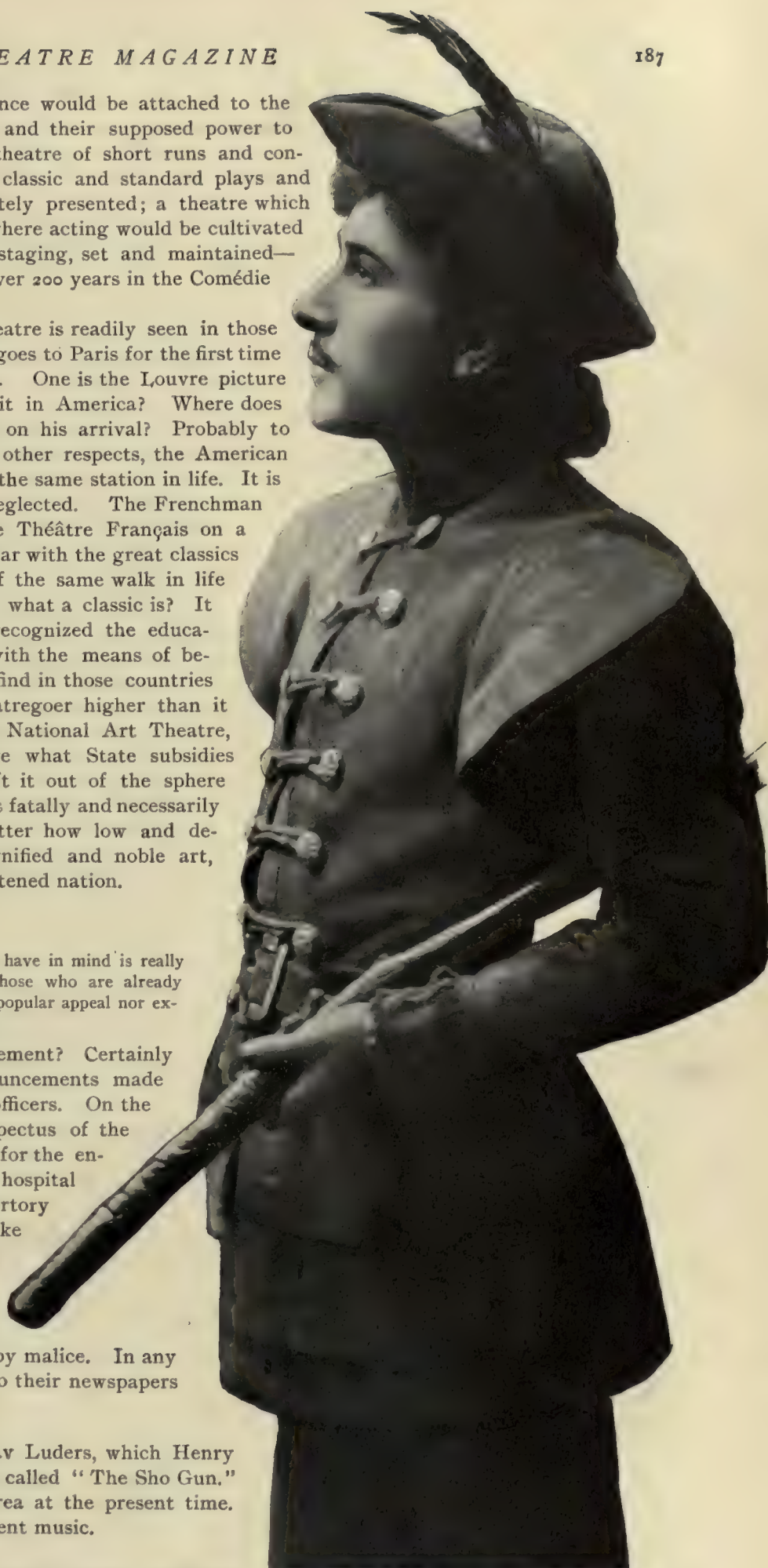
The Philadelphia *Ledger* in a recent issue said:

"The idea which the promoters of the National Art Theatre have in mind is really a place for dramatic experiments that would interest only those who are already interested in the drama as a literary form, and would make no popular appeal nor express any popular desire."

On what does the *Ledger* base the foregoing statement? Certainly on nothing that has appeared in any of the announcements made by the National Art Theatre Society or any of its officers. On the contrary, it is most positively stated in the prospectus of the Society that it is not to be a theatre of faddists, nor for the encouragement of any particular literary cult, nor a hospital for rejected manuscripts, but that it would be a repertory theatre, conducted on broad and conservative lines like the great subsidized theatres of Europe, which are semi-educational in character. Statements like that in the *Ledger* have been so frequent in the press and are so utterly without a basis of truth that it would almost seem as if they were dictated by malice. In any case, they are most misleading to readers who look to their newspapers for correct information.

The new musical comedy by George Ade and Gustav Luders, which Henry W. Savage will produce early next season, will be called "The Sho Gun." The piece is in two acts, and the scene is laid in Korea at the present time. Mr. Luders will now have a book worthy of his excellent music.

The announcement that Tommaso Salvini is to make another American tour is interesting. The veteran Italian actor will appear in "King Lear," "Othello," "Ingomar" and "The Civil Death," and will be supported by Miss Eleanor Robson. Salvini will, of course, play in Italian.



JOHN CRAIG AS ORLANDO

Mr. Craig is one of Boston's favorite actors. He has played leading parts in that city for four years, and in that time has appeared in nearly two hundred roles, which include Hamlet, Othello, Shylock, Richard III., Petruchio, etc.

"Babes in Toyland" Pleases Chicago

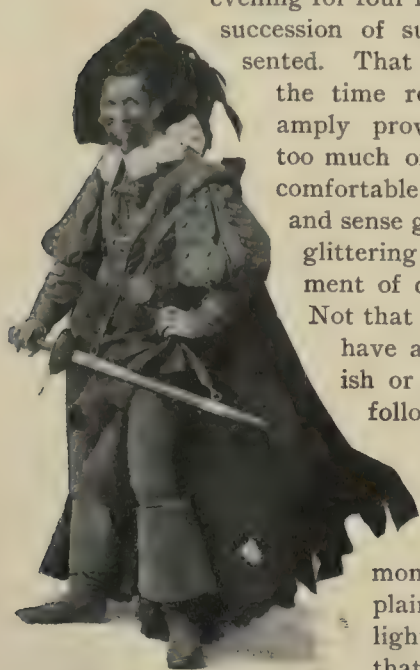


CHICAGO has long been famous for its big spectacular extravaganzas, and not infrequently it has happened that New York and other cities, supposed to be more sophisticated in theatrical fare, have endorsed Chicago's taste; as, for example, was the case with "King Dodo," and more recently with the "The Wizard of Oz" and "The Sultan of Sulu." Now, according to report, Chicago has again outdone herself, and the new Hamlin production, "The Babes in Toyland," the book by Glen MacDonough, music by Victor Herbert, is said to eclipse anything yet seen in this country. "As for the production itself," writes the critic of the *Chicago Tribune*, "it is more gorgeous than the 'Wizard,' which means that it is the most gorgeous the American stage has seen, for the splendor of the setting shown last year cut a new notch on the standard rule by which the elaborateness of productions in this country are measured. The claim that it is the most costly production ever made here is easily credited after sitting as one did last evening for four hours and a half watching the succession of sumptuous stage pictures presented.

That there is too much of the piece the time required for its presentation amply proves, and that there is not too much of gorgeousness to be entirely comfortable is a decided question. Sight and sense grow weary with so much of glittering splendor and long for a moment of quiet in color and movement. Not that Messrs. Hamlin and Mitchell have arranged anything that is garish or tawdry. They have merely followed the spendthrift spirit of the age and have supplied with so lavish a hand that the dazzled onlooker comes to feel that an occasional moment of simplicity and even plainness would be a relief and delight. There are certain scenes that stand out in the overcrowded

memories of the evening—the beauty of the storm scene in the prologue, when some remarkably realistic wave effects were obtained, and the presence of the demons of the tempest was skillfully suggested by the use of the stereopticon; a truly impressive view of a haunted wood where spiders, snails, frogs and bears abounded; a rarely pretty butterfly scene; and a view of the floral palace of the Moth Queen, which was the climax of splendor."

"There is some kind of story to Mr. MacDonough's book," says Amy Leslie in the *News*; "it is not especially poetic or brilliant and not at all coherent, but it spins along airily in a sort of Clyde Fitch butterfly style, which is new in extravaganza and extremely gratifying. It takes all our intimate friends from fairy and baby-book land and tells a lot of stories about them that we never dreamed had happened at all, so that part of it is intensely exciting. It seems that Mr. MacDonough knew all about 'Tom the Piper's Son' and the 'Babes in the Wood' and 'Bo-Peep,' and every single one of them, and 'Jack and Jill' and 'Red Riding Hood,' all the good little boys who sang for supper and the little girls afraid of spiders and who they belonged to, and a lot Mother Goose never said a word about. These stories are interrupted so often by glories of light, by dolls that march, by bears, by funny little songs and cunning little displays of pretty satin-covered feet in motion and distractingly pretty young ladies in gold and every color of the rainbow, jeweled and hung with splendors that it is rather hard to follow. But it is there, and if anybody wants to know what it is go and go and go again until the dazzle allows guessing at the libretto's romance. The lines are clever and original, full of a humor which is trifling but amusing. The lyrics are rhythmical assistants to the music, and the music is quite the most pretentious ever written for an extravaganza.



THE WICKED UNCLE
(Charles Barry)



INSPECTOR MARMADUKE
(Gus Pixley)

Victor Herbert always writes admirable music. It is not particularly catchy, and maybe would be a lot better if it were not so extremely good—a paradox which is the outgrowth of taste vitiated by ragtime epidemic and the style of commonness cultivated by musicians who cannot write charming scores. Mr. Herbert's music is closer to lyric opera than burlesque or melodramatic composition. It is very serious most of the time, dainty, original and varied. One number is a stunning operatic composition and introduced a Miss Marié, who has a beautiful voice. Several piquant songs and dances are sure to make big hits, and the choruses are capital; but the beauty

strictly legitimate vein, but can hardly be said to have got at the possibilities of Alan. He rose to real dramatic heights in Alan's stirring defiance of the master toymaker, who sought his undoing, believing Alan a toy of his own creation.

"Various characters from the pages of Mother Goose were neatly assumed by Miss Amy Ricard, who was Contrary Mary; Miss Nella Webb, who made a pert, pretty Bo-Peep; Miss Hattie Delaro, who had the rôle of the Widow Piper; and Miss Bessie Wynn, who sang beautifully and looked a picture in the part of Tom Tom; Miss Doris Mitchell was a stately Tommy Tucker; Miss Irene Cromwell was the essence of 'cuteness as Miss Muffet; Miss Nellie Daly's Jill was a broadly grotesque bit of clowning that delighted the audience, and her knockabout dance with Charles Guyer won more applause than any other single number of the performance. The most brilliant surprise was the singing of a hitherto unknown young woman named Frances Marié, who stepped modestly out of the chorus ranks and fairly electrified the vast house by her rendition of a ballad. Her voice is a singularly pure soprano, of good range. The comedy hit was made by Charles Barry, who played the first assassin with a real grasp of the broad, hearty, frolicsome and absurd style that is essential to extravaganza."



BOY BLUE
(Miss Nella Webb)

BOY BLUE
(Miss Bertha Kriehoff)

of Mr. Herbert's score lies distinctly in the incidental music, which is brilliant and intensely musical, full of swinging tune and atmosphere. His marches, rhythmical movements and intermezzos are delightful."

Regarding the players, James O'Donnell Bennett in the *Record-Herald* says: "William Norris played his rôle in a



GERTRUDE
(Miss Frances Marie)



SCENE IN THE NEW EXTRAVAGANZA "BABES IN TOYLAND"

"Business Is Business"



WHEN all Paris acclaims a new play at the Comédie Française, it is an artistic event of international interest. When—as is but very rarely the case in the classic House of Molière—the new and successful play is ultra-modern, actual, almost brutally realistic in theme and character as well as in spirit, form and letter, then it makes special appeal to us here in America, where its ultimate second-hand exploitation is manifest destiny. Such is M. Octave Mirbeau's three-act "comedy" drama, "Les Affaires sont les Affaires," or "Business is Business."

The imposing figure here set up for the contemplation, admiration, abomination, terror or pity of men, is that of Isidore Lechat, the typical parvenu magnate of money and "business." In a restricted, literal sense, he is the French type; but in a broader, truer sense, he is universal. Lechat is a multi-millionaire, a promoter and man of "deals," a politician, and a social tuft-hunter. In all his various pursuits he is totally devoid of honor, sentiment, or feeling for others, his one criterion being "success"—which, as the world goes, he seems finally to have conquered, despite a past record of repudiated debts and the suicide of at least one of his victims. He owns a newspaper, with which to manipulate the stock market and to support his political machinations; a country estate, where he indulges in fantastic agricultural experiments, and a magnificent historic château, whence he directs his elaborate schemes for breaking into aristocratic society. Lechat's family consists of a good, complacent, bourgeoisie wife, whom he compels to go to mass, notwithstanding the fact that he is an anti-clerical candidate for deputy; a worthless spendthrift son, whose gambling debts to dukes he generously and even proudly pays, although at the same time posing (for political purposes) as a socialist; and a strong-minded, self-willed daughter, who despises her father, and—like him—domineers over her mother.



From "L'Art du Theatre," Paris

M. DE FERAUDY

As Isidore Lechat, the Money Magnate



Photo Dornac & Cie., Paris

OCTAVE MIRBEAU

Well-known French novelist and author of "Les Affaires sont les Affaires," a play which has had a sensational success in Paris and which will be seen here next season.

It is through these two children that Lechat's inevitable retribution comes, and poetic justice is satisfied. At his château—where the entire action of the piece passes and culminates in a single day—two rascally engineers come to him with a promising scheme for capitalization. It is mere play for the great financier to turn their plot inside out, and to propose for their consideration a revised contract, by which the lion's share of the profits will accrue to himself. The next visitor is Lechat's ruined neighbor and debtor, the Marquis de Porcellet, who desires to borrow more money. "Ask the hand of my daughter Germaine for your son," suggests Lechat, "and your fortune is re-established." The old marquis reluctantly assents to this proposition. Germaine and her mother are summoned; the brilliant marriage plan is set forth. To the stupefaction of all, the girl decisively refuses the honor "I have a lover," she says. This lover is an employé on Lechat's estate, with whom the rebellious daughter is ready and willing to be cast adrift. In his rage and mortification, the father would not stop at physical violence, but for the interference of his wife, upon whom his impotent wrath now turns. Baffled in his pet project, by his own daughter, in his own house! It is a hard blow for the autocratic Lechat, but nothing to that which Nemesis has yet in store for him, and is about to inflict. While

the father is still fuming, the awful news comes that his only son has been killed in an automobile accident. Even now the mangled body is on its way home. But before it arrives the two engineers come back to Lechat and urge him to sign the revised agreement. Glancing it over he discovers that they have cunningly omitted the articles insisted upon by him. In hoarse and terrible tones he dictates the whole thing anew, compels their signature to the document; and then, having concluded this affair on his own terms—business is business!—he staggers out to receive the dead body of his son. Final curtain.

Monster as Lechat appears, he never ceases to interest. Mirbeau, in masterly fashion, has drawn him from life—a man of indomitable natural force, but enslaved by the passion for power and grandeur, as compassed by material wealth. De Féraudy, the actor who impersonates Lechat, has achieved a superb characterization, which is at once the crowning of his artistic career and the sensation of Paris.

Two contrasted speeches of the great scene between Lechat and the Marquis de Porcellet, may serve to show the concentrated energy of the author's style:

LE MARQUIS.—I pride myself upon never having yielded to that abominable, insolent and ferocious democracy which has replaced with the single cult of money, the old cult of honor, of patriotism, of faith and of pity. . . . You pretend to dominate, to be the masters—and so you are, for the time being; but masters even more ridiculous than you are disastrous. The moment you acquire fortune, you have no longer but one idea—to ape us. Our mansions, our estates, our follies, our vices, are what you are after—our ancient and honorable names, even to our antique furniture. [*With insolence.*] What can't be bought—there are other ways of coming into possession of. . . . If you would conquer the world, as you say, why don't you have the courage to invent something new, instead of parodying what has gone before? Create traditions of your own. But, no! you have no thought or care for manners, art, or elegance. You totally lack the sentiment of greatness.

LECHAT.—Greatness! greatness! a meaningless word, as you employ it. There's only one thing that makes a people, or an institution, or an individual, great—and that's money. Nobody understands that better than the Church does. . . . Oh, yes! to you, we are brigands, crooks, pirates, creatures of prey. And so we are, at bottom, may be. But we are the sort of brigands who do things, who contribute to human progress, and that means to human happiness; low vulgarians, if you like, who fill our own coffers first, but then we put money in circulation, scatter wealth around, and give a pulse to life generally. In those good old times, when *you* were in power—since you insist on calling up traditions—you despoiled the people, even to starvation, and what did you give them in return? Kicks and blows, and servitude. I gave them machinery, railroads, electric lighting, hygienic quarters, a common school education, the best products at low prices, and steady employment. That's not so high-toned as your kicks and blows and livery, perhaps, but it suits the people better.



From "L'Art du Theatre," Paris

SCENE FROM "THE SYSTEM OF DR. TARR AND PROFESSOR FETHER"

The lunatics attack the two reporters. "Gouge his eye out! Throw him out of the window!" cries the bogus Dr. Tarr. Happily, the keepers—whom the lunatics had overpowered and put in the padded cells—succeed in making their escape and arrive on the scene in time to effect a rescue.

A Poe Tale Dramatized



EDGAR ALLAN POE

IT required a three-months run at one of the minor Parisian theatres (the Grand Guignol) to spread the renown of "Le Système du Docteur Goudron et du Professeur Plume," a one-act shudder by M. André de Lorde, who last year achieved a similar success with "At the Telephone." Good Americans who go to Paris have lately discovered

that Messrs. Goudron and Plume are none other than our distinguished lunatic friends, introduced more than half a century back by Edgar Allan Poe, in his grotesque tale entitled "The System of Doctor Tarr and Professor Fether." The approaching season is sure to bring forth one or more American versions of the piece, now that it has acquired the stamp of foreign approval.

Poe's story, as all readers will remember, recounts the frightful experience of a gentleman of inquiring turn of mind, who visits a private madhouse and is entertained at supper by the supposed director and his family friends—these being in reality the lunatics, who, as it transpires, have overpowered, tarred-and-feathered and locked up their keepers.

M. de Lorde has eliminated the tar and feathers from his play, though he retains them in its title. He has also introduced other changes and modifications, which in sum are said to make the scene as enacted more horrifying than the Poe narrative. In the stage version, it is two newspaper men who visit the asylum. They find themselves locked in with a pack of violent maniacs, who, when rescue finally comes for the visitors, are found to have not only overpowered, but killed, their guardian, the real director of the establishment. The alterations appear to have been made

with the double purpose of condensing the dramatic action, and intensifying the *frisson* so dear to the jaded playgoers of the French capital.

The piece was originally offered to Antoine, who promised to produce it, though convinced that the dramatist's mind was far from normal. After a month's rehearsal, during which the actors showed a general spirit of revolt, M. de Lorde withdrew "Le Système du Docteur Goudron" from the Antoine Theatre, and gave it to the Grand Guignol, where its presentation and popular triumph promptly ensued.

In *L'Art du Théâtre* André de Lorde tells how he came to dramatize the Poe story:

"I was at Etretat visiting my uncle, Paul Mounet. His cottage overlooks the sea, and in stormy weather it is sometimes roughly shaken by the wind. One night there was a frightful thunderstorm. I couldn't sleep, so I went into the library for a book. The first I laid hands on was a volume of Poe's Tales, and in it I came across the story 'The System of Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether.' I read it to the end, while outside the thunder crashed, the wind howled and my room was lit up with vivid flashes of lightning. The next day I wrote out a scenario, and the day after the piece was finished.

On my return to Paris I took the little play to Antoine. I arrived at the theatre at 10 o'clock in the evening. Antoine was busy with a new production and very nervous.

"I've brought you a play," I said, not without uneasiness.

"Very well, I'll read it some time or other. Leave it."

"No, I want to read it to you at once."

"Now? Impossible. You see how busy I am."



MISS VESTA TILLEY

Well-known English vaudeville performer, who will appear in America this coming season in a new play

"Well, presently, when you come off the stage."

"I cannot hear it now—it's out of the question."

"It's worth your while," I persisted; "I've got something good."

"All right. I'll hear it. Come to my dressing room when I leave the stage."

An hour later I read him my play. When I finished Antoine seemed stupefied. He stared at me for five long minutes without speaking; then he took my hand.

"You're not ill, are you?" he asked. "Are you quite sure there's nothing the matter? Really," he went on, "you frighten me. Your play is terrible. I was already familiar with Poe's story, but you have outdone him in horror. Take care,

mon cher, it's a dangerous game. One must never play with such subjects as that."

The manager sat thinking for a moment, then he exclaimed:

"I'll try the piece, but I'm afraid the audience will run out of the theatre. But we'll try. The *mise-en-scene* will certainly be interesting. I'll attend to that."

Then we discussed scenery and the cast. Antoine was to have played Dr. Tarr.

The next day I read the piece to the company. The effect it produced was entirely different to that produced on Antoine. Thunderstruck and displeased, and vaguely uneasy, as if they took me to be an escaped lunatic myself, the actors went out whispering: "It's the work of a madman! How could Antoine produce such a piece?"

As it turned out, Antoine did not produce it. After a month's rehearsals, and contrary to the wish of Antoine himself, I withdrew the play, thinking that a piece so quickly written should be quickly acted. I took it to the Grand Guignol, where it was immediately accepted.

Shakespeare as a Prophet

THE CARTER RED: "Her hair is auburn; mine is perfect yellow; I'll get me such a colored periwig."—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

THE FONETIC FAD: "Here is the cat-log."—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

TABLOID JOURNALISM: "Speak, discuss! brief, short, quick, snap!"

—*Merry Wives of Windsor*.

THE "ELEVATED" R. R.: "Though our silence be drawn from us by cars, yet peace!"

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

THE "MAX-O'RELLS," etc.: "Have I lived to stand at the taunt of one who makes fritters of English?"—*Merry Wives of Windsor*.

ALL ON ACCOUNT OF AUTOMOBILES: "I do not without danger walk these streets."

—*Twelfth Night*.

THE SPREAD OF ANGLOMANIA: "I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney."—*Twelfth Night*.

THE CYCLE OF CYCLES: "Then may I set the world on wheels."

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

HOW TO DRAMATIZE FICTION: "He took his story from a novel, which he sometimes followed and sometimes forsook; sometimes remembered and sometimes forgot."

—*Ben Jonson on Shakespeare*.



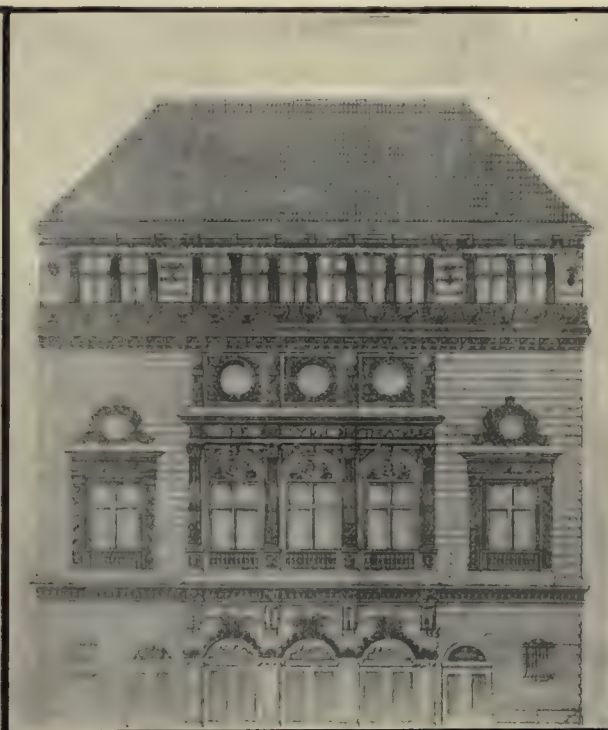
MISS VESTA TILLEY

In one of her impersonations

New York's Magnificent New Playhouses



NEW LYCEUM THEATRE



LYRIC THEATRE

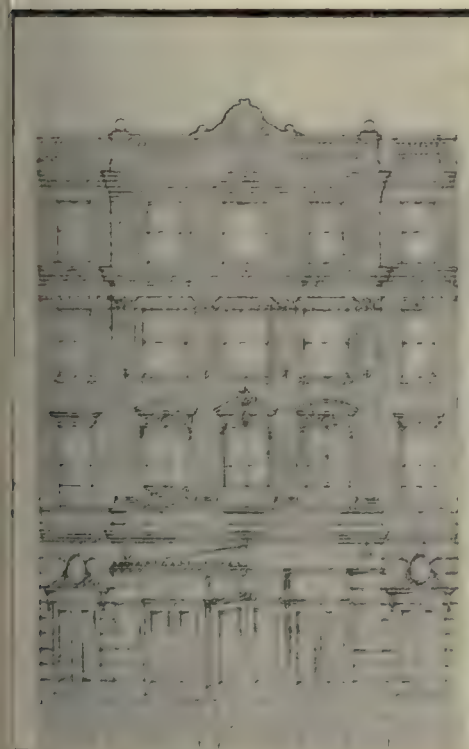


NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE

to the twenty odd first-class theatres of which New York City already boasts. These are the New Lyceum, the New Amsterdam, the Lyric, the Hudson, the Drury Lane and the Liberty. All handsome edifices, these new temples of Thespis will contribute to the beautifying of our metropolis, and it is a rather curious fact that they are all within a stone's throw of Long Acre Square, already famous for its theatres and restaurants, and which seems destined to become one of the busiest amusement centres in the world.

The New Lyceum, situated on Forty-fifth Street, just west of Broadway, will be controlled by Charles and Daniel Frohman and will be opened on September 21st next by Edward H. Sothorn in his new play by Justin Huntly McCar-

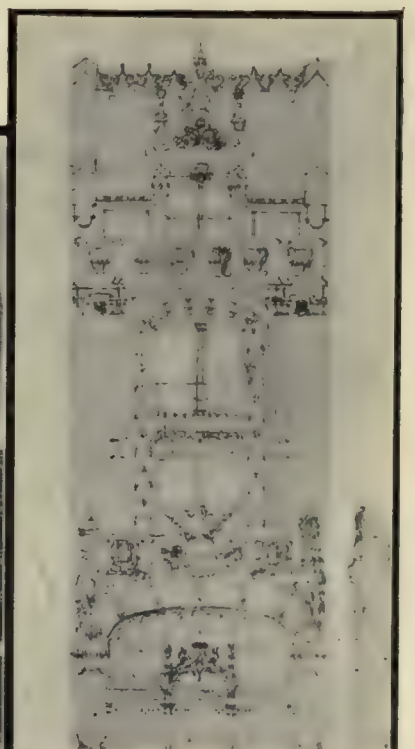
thy, entitled "The Proud Prince." With the exception, however, of a few star engagements of this character, the theatre will be the home of drawing-room comedy, as was the old house of the same name at Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. The new theatre, designed by Messrs. Herts & Tallant, the well-known firm of architects, is constructed on classic lines. Gray limestone has been used, and the façade is divided into bays by columns of noble and imposing proportions. The high-peaked roof surmounting the three stories is of purple slate with bronze ornamentation. The marquise, extending the entire width of the building, permits eight carriages to drive up at the same time, while inside the theatre everything is modern and comfortable. There are no unsightly or view-obstructing pillars, the balcony and gallery be-



HUDSON THEATRE



DRURY LANE THEATRE



LIBERTY THEATRE

ing swung on cantilevers, and there will be ample space between the rows of orchestra seats.

The same architects are responsible for the two Klaw & Erlanger theatres, the New Amsterdam, on West Forty-second Street, and the Liberty, on West Forty-first Street. The former house will be devoted to big spectacles, the character of which is partly indicated by the decorations, the entire façade being a mass of sculpture in gray terra cotta and all the figures of which are of heroic size. The Liberty Theatre will be the future home of the vaudeville performers known as the Rogers Brothers. The plan is a reproduction in miniature of the New Amsterdam. The New Amsterdam will open the first week in September with "The Rogers Brothers in London," pending the completion of the Liberty, which the German comedians will open later.

Oscar Hammerstein promises that his new playhouse—the Drury Lane—on Thirty-fourth Street, near Eighth Avenue, and so called after London's historic theatre of the same name, shall be the largest theatre in the world. He purposes to give there for one dollar such performances as may be seen on Broadway for twice that amount. Melodrama will be the chief attraction, and opera will be an occasional feature. It is estimated that the Drury Lane will seat 4,800 persons, while the present Metropolitan Opera House seats only 3,200. The stage will be the largest known, its arch being seventy-one feet, and one thousand persons can be massed upon it. Beneath the stage will be a water tank deep enough to float a three-masted schooner, and aquatic scenes—a novelty in this



Otto Sarony Co.

MISS MADGE CARR COOK

Will play the title rôle in Messrs. Liebler's forthcoming production of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

country—will be one of the features of this house. Another innovation will be a balcony for the exclusive use of colored people.

by Messrs. S. & L. Schubert for twenty-one years, and it will be opened October 5th by Richard Mansfield, in repertoire and with one new and as yet unnamed play. Mr. Mansfield will open each season at the Lyric for ten years. His will be the only dramatic attraction. Mr. Mansfield's engagement will be followed by Reginald De Koven's new opera, "The Red Feather." The Lyric will also be the home of the American School of Opera, of which Mr. De Koven is president.

The Hudson Theatre is on West Forty-fourth Street, and is controlled by the Henry B. Harris Company. Miss Ethel Barrymore will open the theatre the middle of October, either in "Cousin Kate" or the new play Justin Huntly McCarthy is writing for her. The theatre will be devoted chiefly to drawing-room comedy. One of the features of this playhouse will be the manner of its lighting, all the lights being concealed, and the illumination being provided by means of reflection. A special feature will be exceptionally roomy lobbies and a foyer. J. B. McElpatrick & Son are the architects.

A. P.

Miss Madge Lessing, a former New York Casino favorite, is to create the rôle of Little Em'ly in

the London Adelphi production of "Uncle Dan'l," which is a dramatic version of "David Copperfield," to be presented during this month of August by the Charles Dickens Syndicate, organized for the stage exploitation of that great novelist's popular works.

Mme. Emma Calvé has a new one-act opera, of Provençal theme, entitled "Magnolone," by Messrs. Michel Carré and Edmond Missa. It has just been given in London, and is said to be romantically picturesque, the heroine being a fisherman's daughter who saves the life of her lover. Provençal airs are blended with Missa's music, as in Gounod's "Mireille" and Bizet's "L'Arlesienne."



MISS MABEL TALIAFERRO

Miss Taliaferro, a few years ago well-known as a clever child actress, will play the part of Lovey Mary in the dramatization of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."



WILLIAM T. HODGE

This clever comedian, whose rustic lover in "Sky Farm" was the best feature of the piece, will play Mr. Stubbins in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."



"MISS CROSMAN IS FOND OF ROWING"



ON THE VERANDA OF THE ACTRESS' SUMMER HOME AT SUNAPEE LAKE, N. H.

With Rosalind in Arden

An Interview with Henrietta Crosman

Chats with Players, No. 21

"My way is, to conjure you!"—As You Like It.

MISTRESS NELL is a familiar figure of delight, and so is a certain individual fair-haired Rosalind.

Henrietta Crosman combines the winsome traits of both these blithe girls, and adds thereto her own pensive charm of womanly cordiality, as spontaneously felt as it is rarely surprised and captured by strangers; for this favorite actress has an Ariel-like way of transforming herself the instant her theatrical season ends, and spiriting herself away from public haunts as effectually as if she really became invisible. One clue to her summer whereabouts is that she is sure to be near the water, where there is plenty of paddling, sailing and fishing. Last year travelers returning from far Nantucket declared they had seen Miss Crosman, or some one very like her, tending nasturtiums and playing golf and tennis on the far seaward downs of gray old 'Sconset. This summer Rosalind has found her Arden on the shores of Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire—one of those lovely inland bodies of water which the Indians used to call "Smiles of the Great Spirit," and where to-day such men of wealth and distinction as the Hon. John Hay, ex-Secretary of State, have luxurious and secluded country-seats.

Seated with her needlework on a broad, open veranda, whose profusion of chairs, cushions and hammocks seemed a veritable stage-setting for *dolce far niente*, Miss

Crosman welcomed her inquisitory guest with the laughing gayety of one found out in a game of hide-and-seek.

"So, this is where and how you store up breeziness for your professional season?" is our obvious greeting.

"Oh, I love the open, for its own sake," she says, in a hearty way, which shows how very remote the theatre is from her present thoughts. "Did you not know I was brought up as an Army girl in the Western wilds?"

"No! then it is partially explained, how in 'The Sword of the King' you succeed so marvelously well in putting on 'a swashing and a martial outside.'"

(This suggestion was purely from stage memory, for no one could be more gracefully, frankly feminine, more gentle-spoken and quiet-mannered than this pretty little lady with her wicker work-basket on the veranda at Sunapee.)

"Yes," she went on, reminiscently, "all my early surroundings made for venturesomeness, not to say tomboyishness. My father was a United States officer, and his stations took us all the way from Montana and Dakota to the Texas border. I learned to ride and shoot and live in tents. My mother was the only indoor teacher I had until, when I reached my teens, I was sent to boarding-school in Philadelphia. But those young West Pointers out on the plains were my best dancing and riding masters. I am very fond of the Army. I think the men in



MISS CROSMAN AS NELL GWYNN

the service are the finest in the world." Miss Crosman's animation of temperament and sheer physical exuberance, combined with quick intelligence and natural artistic taste, are so unmistakable, that it might be supposed her going on the stage was the simple fulfillment of manifest destiny. Such was not the case, she tells us.

"Necessity first prompted me. We were poor. My father had left the army, and I wished to support myself. I went to Paris and studied for grand opera, but illness ruined the hope of that career, so I turned to the dramatic stage."

"And with great success," the interviewer remarked, with his usual superfluity.

"You say that now. But how hard and earnestly I struggled! and how long! Even now there are times in

my career which I can never recall without a shudder—without pity for myself. Do you know how I got the money to hold out for my first engagement? I earned it painting pictures. I needed a certain sum for costumes and traveling expenses to join the company, and for board during the time of rehearsals. I felt that I ought not ask my parents for it, so as I had always been fond of painting I went at it seriously for a time, and was so fortunate as to earn more than enough for my needs."

Hard work and untiring perseverance won the battle for Henrietta Crosman. Few actresses now before the public have been through so rude a school of rebuffs and disappointments. Her first part was Letty Lee in "The White Slave," which she played about a dozen years ago. Then came successes in New York, first at the Madison Square Theatre, then at Daly's, and finally at the Lyceum for two seasons.

But the crowning success of her early career came the next year in "Gloriana," and the morning after this production she was the most talked of woman in New York. Then the tide turned again, and after playing "Gloriana" for three performances she was taken seriously ill and did not play again that season.

Upon her recovery the next year, strange as it may seem, Miss Crosman found it impossible to secure an engagement, and for some years she was completely forgotten by Broadway. During this time she was playing in obscure companies in the West, where her merit received recognition. In 1900 she reappeared again in New York in George C. Hazelton's romantic play "Mistress Nell," and her success as the dashing Nell Gwynn now forms a chapter by itself in contemporary theatrical history. Vulgarly speaking, Miss Crosman, forgotten, almost unknown, took the metropolis by storm.

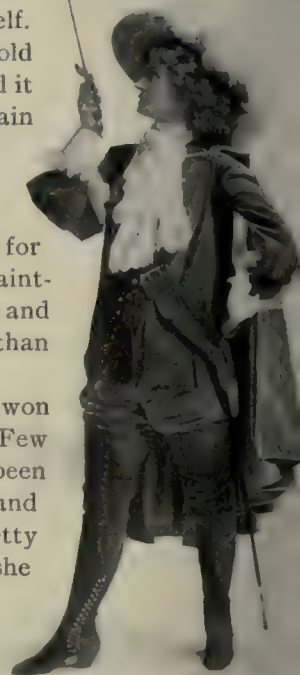
The following season she produced "As You Like It," and was at once accepted as one of the best Rosalinds ever seen on the stage. A truly beautiful picture she presented as Shakespeare's heroine. To hear her exquisite voice, to see her graceful bearing, to study that lovely ebullient nature, compounded of glee and maidenly passion, was an un-mixed delight for which all were duly grateful.

No one who has seen Miss Crosman's Rosalind will be surprised to learn that it is her favorite rôle.

"Rosalind!" and she blew a kiss to her ideal. "How I had longed to appear in that character? Do you know, I had studied Rosalind for twelve years before I played her? I am studying her still, always, constantly. I shall never cease to study her. It seems as if I can never attain the beauty of the character. She grows upon one, with long acquaintance, just like a living person. One is never perfect in any part. Those who think they have reached perfection in a character will never become truly great artistes, I fear. No matter how long one is playing a certain character, it always has its reserves and possibilities, capable of further development, that is, if one's thoughts are on one's work."



"Enthusiasm, — Yes, that is the one thing needful in the theatrical career"



AS MISTRESS NELL

More recently Miss Crosman was seen in a comedy by Ronald MacDonald, entitled "The Sword of the King." Her repertoire also includes "Nance Oldfield," and "Madeline," a little tragedy by Mrs. W. K. Clifford.

Whatever disappointments may have fallen to Miss Crosman's lot in this most disappointing of professions, her disposition remains as sunny as her hair, and she is apparently beyond the reach of bankruptcy in enthusiasm.

"Enthusiasm," she repeated, "ah, yes, that is the one thing needful. Indeed, it seems to me that we of the theatre have that quality beyond persons in other walks of life. In every branch of theatrical work one sees it among the players, the playwrights, the managers. All and always, they are enthusiastic. Disappointments, discouragements, failures may be their portion for long, and fall heavily, but still you find them eager for the next undertaking, confident of success this time, enthusiastic in the new enterprise. Notwithstanding the toil and hardships, which often seem by far the greater part of theatrical endeavor, there must be a sustaining element of exhilaration about it. don't you think? Else why this saving grace of enthusiasm?"

In such spirit does Miss Crosman look forward eagerly to opening her coming season with a revival of "As You Like It." As for the mysterious new production which is to follow later, she discreetly restrains her enthusiasm, or else transfers it to "my sweet Rose, my dear Rose," and is merry.

With the parting picture of this fair and lovable artiste, as she stood brightly there in the New England breeze and sunshine, the involuntary thought of those courageous struggles in her earlier career suggested a paraphrase of the words which as Rosalind she speaks so bravely to Orlando: "Madame, you have wrestled well, and overthrown more than your enemies."

HOLLIS LORRAINE.



MISS CROSMAN—A STUDY HEAD

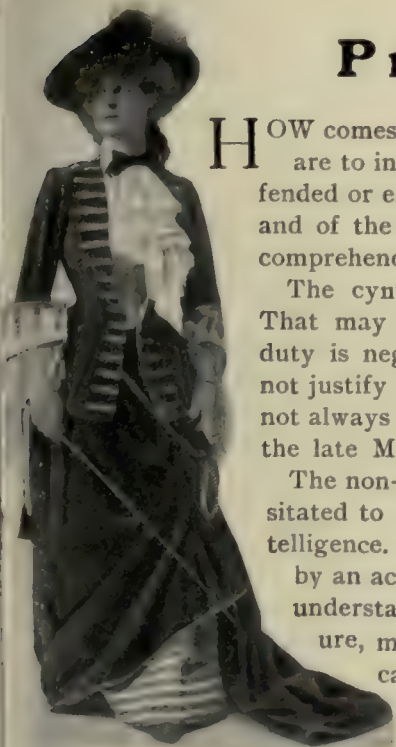
Pre-Rehearsal Play-Reading

HOW comes it that when a new or an unfamiliar play is to be produced it is not read to the company who are to interpret it? Upon what plea can the omission of this extremely important duty be defended or explained away? How can the actors understand the relation of the parts to the whole and of the rôles to one another unless the story be comprehended? And how can the story be comprehended unless the play be read?

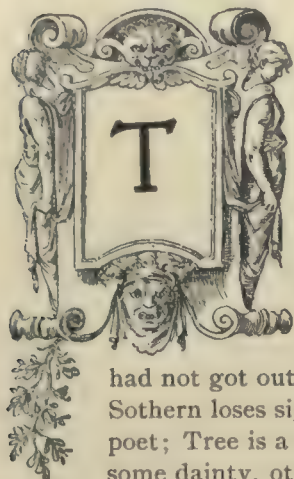
The cynical may suggest that the story may be incomprehensible, though read to perfection. That may sometimes be the case; but never with a play that ought to be produced. That this duty is neglected by some of the most celebrated managers of the day is to their shame, and does not justify less prominent managers in following their example. Sir Henry Irving, it is said, does not always see that the plays he is about to do are read aloud to his company. On the other hand, the late Mr. Daly, as far as is known, never neglected this task.

The non-reading of a play puts the actors who are to take part in it in the position of puppets, necessitated to do exactly what they are told by the stage-manager, without any exercise of their own intelligence. Thus the meaning of a very important passage may be utterly and blamelessly distorted by an actor who has been deprived of his right to read the play, or to have it read to him. Not understanding the inter-tissuing of the respective rôles, a wrong emphasis, or intonation, or gesture, may contradict the meaning intended to be conveyed, and no stage-manager, however alert, can always be counted upon to correct these very pardonable slips made by an actor who has not had the advantage which the stage-manager had in becoming intimately acquainted with the story.

A. E. L.



Forbes Robertson's Coming Visit



TO UNTRAVELED Americans, the English players who loom largest in the imagination are Irving, Tree, and Wyndham. But the younger generation in England, especially the romantic, pin their faith on John Forbes Robertson. For them, he is the embodiment of all that is poetical in acting. He has incarnated Hamlet as no other living Englishman has done it—not Irving, not Sothorn, not Tree, though all of these men have made studies of the moody Dane that bear the stamp of individuality and insight. Irving had not got out of his melodramatic self when he played the part; Sothorn loses sight of the philosopher in his anxiety to realize the poet; Tree is a middle-aged Hamlet, a poseur and full of conceits, some dainty, others fantastic. But Forbes Robertson nature had prepared through a long series of lives to live Hamlet over again. These, at least, were the thoughts begotten in the mind of the writer when, as dramatic editor of a journal in the English midlands, he delightedly followed the actor's reading of the most complex of all stage characters.

When Mr. Robertson played Buckingham to Irving's Richard, people cried out that he was born to play Hamlet, and, had he followed the advice of his admirers, he would have gratified them by an early appearance in the part. But John Forbes Robertson is an artist through and through. He loved Hamlet too well to attempt to realize him until his art had reached its ripest maturity. So he waited, waited long years, and, when, at last, he dared the task which so many have tried and failed in, he rose magnificently "to the height of his great argument," and all England believed—except old playgoers who would not entertain the idea of rivalry with the gods of their youth—that here was a Hamlet to vie with the great ones of the past.

It was as Dunstan Renshaw in Pinero's "Profligate" that the writer first saw Mr. Robertson. John Hare was the Lord Dangars; Miss Kate Rorke played Leslie Brudenell, and little Olga Nethersole was weeping her prentice tears as Janet Preece. She has wept copiously since then, many times and oft, until her tearfulness has become aggressive to the point of monomania. Mr. Robertson's Dunstan was a study in subjectivity and fine suggestion. In the great "Deny it" scene, when Renshaw's profligacy is revealed, he stands a picture of penitence and shuddering fear. That scene is an unforgettable one. Another Pinero character, Lucas Cleve, showed Mr. Robertson's sense of half-tones of character. He was delicately sybaritic, a study in artistic selfishness. Mrs. Patrick Campbell played Mad Agnes; but, having to fulfill another engagement, she yielded the part to Miss Nethersole. London had just gone into the seventh heaven over Mrs. Campbell's Paula, and when London takes up a favorite it has eyes for no one else. So poor Miss Nethersole was a failure. The writer saw both Mrs. Campbell and Miss Nethersole. They were an intensely interesting contrast. Mrs. Campbell was more effective in the Trafalgar Square side of Agnes; Miss Nethersole excelled in emotional passages. But London could not have its idol and would not go to see any one else; so the play was taken off.

A whole chapter might be devoted to the costly devotion which Mr. Robertson showed to Mrs. Campbell. He tried her as Juliet, and in place of the young Capulet she gave us one of Ibsen's melancholy women, "The Second Mrs. Montague," said



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FORBES ROBERTSON as Sir Lancelot



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AS HAMLET

some one, and the description was so apt that even fascinated London agreed that it was just. She played Magda to his Schwartz, Ophelia to his Hamlet, Melisanda to his Pelleas. When the twain parted, England was glad; for, though it is generally admitted that Mrs. Campbell is a woman of great cleverness in a narrow line of character, Mr. Robertson's admirers by no means share his enthusiastic estimate of her powers.

A romanticist par excellence, Mr. Robertson shares with John Hare's admiration for the steel-engraving finesse of the French school. Educated in France, Mr. Robertson was a passionate admirer of Mounet-Sully. From him he learned to speak verse with a melodious, ever-varying cadence. But the idol of his soul's idolatry, in an artistic sense, was that great actress, Aimée Desclée. She taught him that the highest art, something more subtle than technique, comes from within, is the expression of the poetic ego.

Nature had endowed him with a graceful figure; his face is clean cut; his look full of command. He has a voice of unexcelled purity; Romeo's lines were never more beautifully spoken than by Mr. Robertson.

One of Mr. Robertson's most signal successes was in François Coppée's "For the Crown." Here the romanticism is Byzantine, and the actor's methods, which are not those of the flamboyant Dumas school, but incline to the classicism of Racine and Corneille, made him an ideal Constantine. An added virtue: in the exquisite love passages with Militza there were a lyric beauty, a pulsating warmth,

that are to be sought in vain in the statuesque characters of the classic French drama.

From Constantine to Colonel Schwartz in "Magda" is a change from pole to pole of the artistic sphere. But Mr. Robertson is catholic in his tastes; he loves the strong and the beautiful wherever he finds it. That it is which has made him produce plays by Maeterlinck and Sudermann, at a time when the British public was clamoring for adaptations of French farces. His love of art for its own sake has kept him poor. A painter himself and a carver in wood of considerable skill, he is scrupulously, fastidiously exact in details of setting. An anachronism with him would be a deadly sin. Year in, year out, he has labored with all his might and main to do something really worthy in the world of dramatic art, and to-day, among people of culture, his name is a synonym for historical accuracy and good taste.

Mr. Robertson lives in a sleepy old house in Bedford Square. But the home is not drowsy, for it is enlivened by the presence of an American wife. Miss Gertrude Elliott, sister of Miss Maxine Elliott, is the presiding genius and her husband's helpmate and incentive.

A talk with Forbes Robertson is an intellectual treat. One cannot enter his home without at once feeling oneself in an artistic atmosphere. Every room bears the stamp of the refined, cultured mind, preserved from dilettantism by that indefinable something which bespeaks exquisite feminine taste. The actor is one of the most retiring and modest



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MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT

Sister of Miss Maxine Elliott and known in private life as Mrs. Forbes Robertson



Photos copyright, W. & D. Downey
AS OTHELLO



AS HIMSELF



AS LORD NELSON

of men, and he thinks more than he talks. Certainly, he does not seem to care to talk much about himself. But of the drama and the elevation of the stage he is full. Regarding the future of the drama, he is an optimist. He admits, however, the lack of means of proper training in England for the younger generation of actors and actresses.

"I do not think," he said recently, "that a subsidized theatre would improve matters. But it would undoubtedly be a very fine thing if some public-spirited, wealthy man were to come forward to endow such an institution with a sufficient amount of money to run a school of acting in connection with a national theatre, in the same way as the Royal Academy. That is a royal institution, and at the same time one of the richest private bodies in existence. Its aim is to promote the study and cultivation of art. Why not a similar institution for the promotion of the actor's art?"

"In these days of long runs, without the old system of stock companies, it is difficult to see where the actors and actresses of the future are to come from; but players like playwrights, seem to come along in groups. There are periods when they are not very strong, and again another time comes when we get a galaxy of remarkable exponents and interpreters of the drama. We have not many great dramatists, because the making of plays is a very difficult thing. I remember when I was a boy hearing Mr. Swinburne say about play-writing: 'I consider it so difficult to write in dramatic form that I have the greatest respect for a man who can write a respectable farce.'"

The conversation then turned upon the up-to-date problem play, a sensational example of which was at that moment the talk of London. "Of



From "The Tatler"

MARTIN HARVEY AS NAPOLEON

Martin Harvey recently produced in London a Napoleonic play, "The Exile," written by Lloyd Osbourne (the stepson of R. L. Stevenson) and Austin Strong. The play, which is in three acts, deals with a plot to rescue the Emperor from St. Helena, which is frustrated partly by Napoleon's increasing physical weakness and partly by his resolve to shed no more blood. The English actor may be seen in this piece during his American tour next season.



Tonnele & Co.

MISS MABEL CARRIER

Now appearing in "The Runaways" at the Casino

course,"

said the actor,

"the public taste changes in this as in everything else. It is difficult to draw the line at what is called the problem play. You might call 'Hamlet' a problem play. There will always be a public—a limited public—which will support Shakespearian revivals, and this is a healthy sign. But if an actor or actress is ambitious, Shakespeare will not be found so remunerative, perhaps, as the more popular drawing-room comedy, or whatever may happen to be the 'fad' of the moment. You find the same in music, in painting, in the writing of novels. The man who makes up his mind to paint, to compose, to write merely popular things, makes more money than the man who devotes himself to more ambitious and more idealistic work. And yet the more serious workers influence the others. Take Ibsen, for instance. He has had remarkable influence on the work of all dramatic authors; but he himself, from the financial point of view, has not reaped great pecuniary reward. You may not care for Ibsen's methods, but you cannot shut your eyes to his ability, his power, his influence. I do not think that the problem play will have a lasting influence. You will always find that the play which has a real human interest, an everlasting interest, attracts most, and that the real interest of the general public tends in the direction of purity and wholesomeness."

Several years ago Mr. Robertson told the writer that the average late-diner in London, who came to the theatre when the play was half through, just to drive away ennui, was usually ignorant of the story of an ordinary Shakespearian drama.

When Mr. and Mrs. Robertson visit America next month they may be seen in "Hamlet," and "Othello." The principal feature of their repertoire, however, will be Miss Constance Fletcher's dramatized version of Rudyard Kipling's novel "The Light that Failed."

J. REDFERN MASON.



VIEW OF ELITCH'S GARDENS, DENVER, COLORADO

Denver's Paradise for the Players

OF ALL the summer engagements open to the players, none is more tempting than that offered at Elitch's Gardens, Denver, a truly bewitching spot poetically described by Henrietta Crosman as "The Orchards of Hesperides." This resort is unique in various ways. Its theatre is managed by a woman who has had the shrewdness, or at any rate the good fortune, to have starred half a dozen actresses who have lately come from the West to their triumphs on Broadway. When Blanche Bates, Henrietta Crosman, Amelia Bingham, Blanche Walsh, Maude Fealy and Eleanor Robson made their hits in the East, Mrs. Elitch Long quite properly said, "I told you so."

New York, of course, has little sympathy for the hungry provinces, and having drawn upon all regions for her entertainment, is not inclined to be generous in the matter of returning favors. The winter season in Denver, with four handsome theatres packed to the doors whenever the offerings are in the least degree better than mediocre, has been unusually barren; and with the coming of the apple blossoms, high hopes are centered upon Elitch's. In summers past this theatre among the trees has actually surpassed the city playhouses in the quality of entertainment provided, with the result that Mrs. Elitch Long has been put to her wits' end to maintain that enviable reputation.

She wanted Blanche Bates, and came to New York to get her. Yo San was willing enough, for she has happy memories of summer in the Orchards of Hesperides. But she was found mewed up in walls of Rose du Barry silk, and guarded by one who would not listen to any pleading. However, others of that favorite sextette of stars will for some brief period in

the season take anew the oath of fealty to this seat of their early successes.

Even the Easterner who attaches small importance to mere vegetation until he has crossed the dull, brown plains, finds the Gardens beautiful. Their beginning was a cluster of cottonwood trees, on a low hill on the outskirts of Denver. The cottonwood, though not an aristocrat among trees, and much disliked when it sheds its feathery cotton late in summer, has yet a dignity and symmetry of its own, and a courage, too; for it flourishes in the hard, dry West. In the midst of this grove, John Elitch, twenty years ago cleared away a space, and planted there an apple orchard; set a few spruces in the background, and a row of locusts at one side; and built a fence around it all. The theatre was built later, greenhouses, too, and a cottage, where the lady manager now lives and dispenses rare hospitality. When the founder died, she carried on the work, beautifying the place year by year with flowers and shrubbery, bossing the animals in the menagerie, managing the theatre.



MRS. ELITCH LONG

In all the land there is no summer resort so beautiful as this. In May the Gardens begin to flame with color. Outside the high fence, the low hills, faintly green, but bare of trees and ever desolate in their aspect, climb solemnly away toward the mountains—a hundred miles of mountains in plain view, sitting like hunched-up, wrinkled beldames, with their snowy nightcaps on. Inside the gateway, with its lodge of picturesque pine slabs, all ivy grown, the apple orchard bursts upon the view, compelling exclamations of delight.

As summer advances the Gardens assume new phases of loveliness. Roses in their turn redden the picture; birds

frolic in multitudes; children come in companies to picnic among the tall cottonwoods; and at night the theatre is filled with people, over whose heads the soft breezes play refreshingly.

The work of the actor in a place like this becomes in some degree a pleasure. Miss Crosman has found it so, season after season. Denver knew her first in 1896, when she was no star, but just a hard-working, ambitious actress in stock work. She appeared in many such plays as "Alabama," "The Jilt," "A Scrap of Paper" and "Divorçons." If Denver has a favorite actress, it is most likely she. When Denver discovered Blanche Bates she was hanging timorously to the skirts of a light part in a stock company at the Lyceum Theatre in Curtis Street. That was in 1896. Then Mrs. Elitch Long took a notion that

Miss Bates would one day be a star. It was not long afterwards that Broadway agreed with her.

Amelia Bingham in "The Last Word," "Gossip," "The Jilt," "The Wife," "The Banker's Daughter" and similar plays; Eleanor Robson in ingénue parts with Miss Crosman; Blanche Walsh in "Aristocracy," "A Southern Romance," "Divorçons" and the Sardou plays; and Maude Fealy as Juliet, Glory Quayle and other ambitious creations, were familiar and accepted figures here while New York and London were still waiting for them.

Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon; Brandon Tynan, Jane Kennark, Robert Drouet, Howell Hansel, Rose Coghlan, Frederick Perry and many others are also familiar faces in this players' paradise. E. A. BINGHAM.



Interior of Butler's Playboat

The Water Days of the Drama

Described and Illustrated by a Veteran Manager

IN the early history of the drama in America there is no chapter more curious than those days when, in the absence of railroads, enterprising Thespians utilized the great rivers and waterways to supply the newly settled towns along their banks with theatrical entertainment.

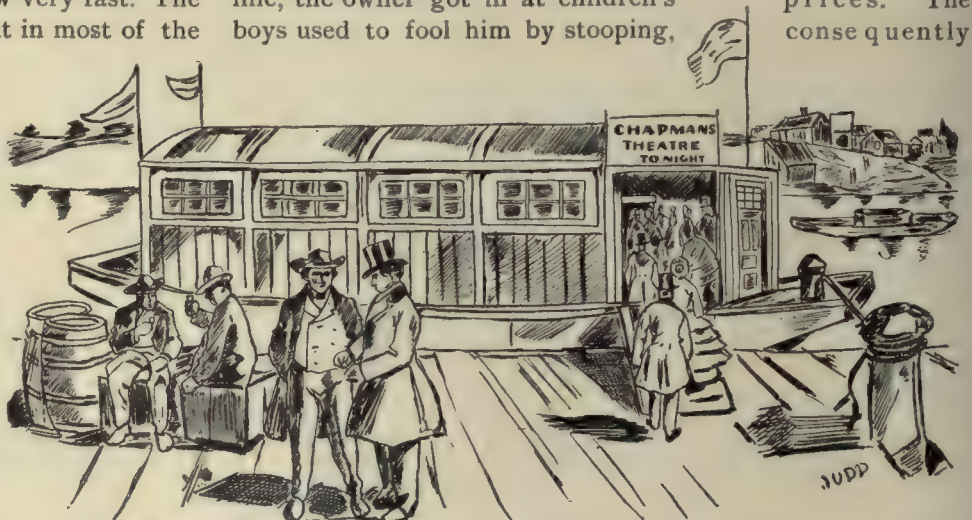
The Erie Canal was completed in 1825 and it was a success from the very start, contributing largely to the growth of the towns between Albany and Buffalo. For a long time it was the great artery of passenger as well as freight traffic between the northeastern sections of the United States and the newly settled States of what was then called the West. Light packet boats, drawn by frequently changed horses which were made to proceed at a trot, made the trip from Albany to Buffalo, 363 miles, in three and a half days.

New towns sprang up along the banks of the canal and the older towns took a new impulse and grew very fast. The inhabitants began to desire amusements, but in most of the towns theatre companies coming along could not find halls or suitable rooms to play in. They were barred out of the churches, which could be rented only by lecturers and concert companies.

About 1836 Henry Butler, an old theatrical manager, saw no reason why the Erie Canal could not be utilized for the amusement business as well as carrying passengers and freight. He had previously been up and down the Mohawk Valley with his theatre company, and had found difficulty in finding rooms to play in, so he conceived the idea of fitting up a canalboat for a traveling theatre, and in the same year

gave performances on the little stage erected at the end of the boat.

He had among his actors Jack Turner, who had a reputation for playing sailor parts, and the company would present such plays as "Black-eyed Susan," "Long Tom Coffin," and other dramas of the sea. Butler sailed up and down the raging canal with his playship in this manner for a number of years till he went blind; but he stuck to his old boat, which he finally turned entirely into a museum. Although blind, he could be found at all exhibition hours in his little box office dispensing tickets to adults for one shilling, and to children under a certain age for sixpence. He had no way of telling a child's age except by ascertaining the height. This he would do by feeling for their heads. If that useful appendage came under his conception of the six-cents line, the owner got in at children's prices. The boys used to fool him by stooping, consequently



Chapman's Floating Theatre Moored to a Wharf and with Doors Open for the Performance



MISS ADA REHAN

This coming season Miss Rehan will join forces with Otis Skinner, touring with that actor, under the management of Messrs. Liebler & Co., with a repertoire which will include "The Merchant of Venice," "The School for Scandal" and "The Taming of the Shrew." Miss Rehan is seen here in her famous part of Lady Teazle.



Otto Sarony Co.

MISS OLIVE ULRICH

Singing soubrette seen lately with the Rogers Brothers

he often touched and passed judgment on heads out of their proper sphere.

Another floating theatre famous in its day was that built and managed for a number of years by William Chapman, Sr., who was born in England in 1764. When quite a young man he joined Richardson's Traveling Theatre, which at that time was one of the principal exhibitions of its kind visiting the fairs throughout England, traveling, exhibiting and lodging in their own vans. In 1803 he made his first appearance on the London stage as Sir Bertram, in "The Jew." In 1827 he came to America, and on September 14th of the same year he appeared at the Bowery Theatre, New York, as Billy Lackaday in "Sweethearts and Wives." The next year he brought over to this country his family, wife, sons and daughters, who had all followed in the footsteps of their father and had adopted the same profession. Shortly after, Chapman formed a company of thespians consisting

of his folks and others, which he called the Chapman Family, and started for the southwest. At Pittsburgh, Pa., they made a long stop, and for the want of a hall or suitable room, they played in the dining room of the Old Red Lion Hotel. While in Pittsburgh one Captain Brown built for them a floating theatre, which was the first of the kind of any pretensions that played up and down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. Chapman adopted the old English way of exhibition and living on his boat, and for many years he traveled with his ark up and down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, visiting all the principal towns. He died on his boat in 1839 and was buried at Manchester, Mississippi. Mrs. Chapman then undertook the management and conducted it very successfully for a number of years.

In 1847 Mrs. Chapman, who was getting old, retired from the business with ample means, and sold her floating theatre, which had been rebuilt for her a few years before, to Sol Smith, another well-known Western theatrical manager and actor of those days. But Sol Smith was not long in the possession of the boat. The first season he was out with it, when winding his way down the Ohio, he came in collision with a steamboat, which split his craft into halves. Sol Smith and his company managed to escape with their lives, and after a hard struggle up the precipitous and clay bank of the stream succeeded in finding a firm footing at the top, but they were obliged to walk until daylight before they reached shelter.

Sol Smith's forte was low comedy. In these river towns old people may be found to-day who, on hearing his name, will recall their younger days when they saw him in those characters for which he was so deservedly celebrated, and these same persons will declare that they saw better acting in the old boat performances than they see in the luxurious theatres of to-day. Many long to see again those old thespians on the little stage built upon one end of the boat, the muslin curtain, and tallow candles for footlights. They would like to sit once more on the hard board seats, stretched from one side of the boat to the other. The only undesirable seats on the boat were under the blazing tallow-dropping chandelier,

which consisted of a circular hoop with tallow dips, hanging over the audience from the ceiling of the old boat.

In 1856 Sol Smith retired from theatrical management and went into the law and real estate business in St. Louis. He died February 14th, 1869. In the Bellefontaine Cemetery at St. Louis, on a plain stone which stands at the head of old Sol's grave, there is the following epitaph, which he prepared himself before he died:

SOL SMITH,
RETIRED ACTOR.
1801--1869.

"Life's but a walking shadow—a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more.
All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players."

EXIT SOL.

DR. JUDD.

A Bold Biblical Drama



HE coming season will probably witness further representations of that extraordinary poetical drama of the New Testament, entitled "The Holy City," which last winter was experimentally produced in Philadelphia. Meanwhile, the author, Thomas W. Broadhurst, intends to publish the work in book form—a course not only justified by its literary interest, but also prompted by the necessity of preparing the

public, in some degree, for the acceptance of so bold a conception in the form of an acted play.

"The Holy City" in some respects resembles Paul Heyse's "Mary of Magdala," lately presented by Mrs. Fiske with such distinguished success; but, while the pervading presence of the Master is only felt, and not seen, his words are constantly on the lips of the various dramatis personæ, and his trial, passion, crucifixion and resurrection are so vividly interpreted in action that only the most reverent and artistic treatment can hope to reconcile Christian spectators to the audacity of its stage exploitation.

This question apart, the sincerity and sound theatrical craftsmanship of Mr. Broadhurst's piece must undoubtedly be conceded. It is written in blank verse throughout, rising in many passages to real poetic fervor, and always vibrant with dramatic force. In "The Holy City," Mary the Magdalene is the central visible figure. In Act I., the scene of which is Magdala by the lake of Galilee, Mary is shown as the luxurious courtesan, whose Circe-charms have enslaved alike the Roman and the Jew. In her insolent triumph, she exclaims:

"'Tis women like myself who rule the world.
We smile, and at our feet are slaves who kiss
Our garment's hem. Where we appear, we vanquish;
Men die, and women weep, because of us.
For fair Delilah's amorous lips and eyes
The mighty Samson paid with strength and life;
For beauteous Helen's face high Illium fell,

And proud Andromache shed bitter tears;
In Cleopatra's arms great Anthony lost,
And deemed well lost, the empery of the world.
Into the wanton's lap the whole earth pours
Its gold and gems and all things beautiful.
For, call her by what name ye may—
Helen, Delilah, Egypt, Mary—the scarlet woman
Is conqueror still. [Aside.]
But, oh, the price we pay!"

Barabbas, the Hebrew patriot and insurrectionist (the "robber" who was subsequently imprisoned at the time of the trial of Jesus before Pilate), is one of the suitors of the Magdalene; and another visitor at her house is the red-haired, avaricious Judas Iscariot. The growing spell of the gentle Nazarene is felt from the very first scene, in which Barabbas thus describes him to the pensive Mary.



MARY
(Miss Iva Merlyn)

BARABBAS
(Harry Burkhardt)

BARABBAS: "Thee only in this universe I want."



CALCHOL

PILATE

MARY

BARABBAS

CAIAPHAS

SCENE IN THOMAS W. BROADHURST'S DRAMA, "THE HOLY CITY"—THE APPEAL TO PILATE

"The Nazarene? Once did I know him well.
As boys, we played together on the hills;
Dipped in the self-same brook, tended the sheep
Through winter's storms and quivering summer noons.
A gentle shepherd, he. Oft in the night
His voice I've heard calling the wandering lamb,
Which found, his arms would bear back to the fold.
All tender things did love him, and he them!"

With the coming of the Master and his disciples to Magdala, Mary's conversion is effected. She gives all she has to the poor, and starts penitently for Jerusalem, following him. At Bethany, in Act II., she is lovingly received by her sister Martha, and by Lazarus, the brother who had died (as Peter told her) grieving for her sins, but who is now raised to life again. Here, in the twilight, is enacted the beautiful episode (unseen by the audience, save in imagination, vividly awakened by the words spoken by Martha, Lazarus, Peter and John) of the anointment of the Master's head with Mary's precious box of ointment, and the washing of his feet.

The blind old priest, Zacharias, is miraculously made to see. The Last Supper, the betrayal and arrest of the Nazarene, follow quickly, in this same scene on the olive-shaded hillside of Bethany, within sight of the walls of the Holy City.

In the two succeeding acts the trial and crucifixion are powerfully portrayed—the former in straight dramatic action, with the denial of Peter, the fierce prosecution by Caiaphas and the mob, and the release of Barabbas; the latter by picturesque indirection, profoundly moving, with Mary's faithful following even to the cross, the loyal championship of Barabbas, the guilty fear of the high priest, and the remorseful ravings of Judas. To accomplish the effective dramatic presentation of this stupendous climax with the dominant character never on the scene, appears a hopeless problem, yet Mr. Broadhurst at moments comes startlingly near to its solution.

The resurrection scene, in the fifth and final act, is another example of the skillful blending of poetico-religious symbolism with the frankly theatrical. It comes perilously near to sacrilege, yet an impartial reading of the text of the play tends to confirm the opinion of most thoughtful persons who have seen it acted, that an effect of exalted beauty is obtained at no positive violation of the traditional sacred reserve investing the theme.

In any event, the publication of "The Holy City" will be of interest in the line of demonstrating whether or not the time is now ripe for the open and free secular treatment of the mystic arcana of the Christian faith.

HENRY TYRRELL.



MISS MIRIAM HUTCHINS

Who played the role of Martha in "The Holy City"



J. E. DODSON AS SIMONIDES IN "BEN HUR"

This distinguished actor will be seen in this role in the forthcoming revival of the piece at the New York Theatre. The Daily Telegraph (of London), speaking of Mr. Dodson's performance, says: "The profound pathos, the gentle dignity and sweet nobility of his finished study of Simonides are beyond all praise. Of its kind the portrait is a masterpiece."

Immoral Drama

ACCORDING to its real linguistic value, the adjective "moral," in standing as attribute to the noun "conduct," signifies "good." By the plainest deduction herefrom, "immoral," in relation to conduct, means "bad." And there is no tithe of proof, either in etymology, or logic, or the clouds, or anywhere else in the whole realm of ideas or of space, that bad conduct is only one kind of bad conduct. Bad conduct may be any kind of bad conduct. Slander, hypocrisy, non-payment of debts, cheating at cards, inflicting wanton bodily hurt, drunkenness, buying votes—each of these is bad conduct, that is to say immoral.

Now, a drama, any sort of drama—tragedy, comedy, farce, operetta, burletta, extravaganza, fairy pantomime—which holds up for our commendation, admiration, emulation, some species of grave mis-conduct—such a drama has a tendency to work mischief in our mind. When it so does influence human character, that drama may be called immoral.

Copious examples lie at hand of immoral plays. No need to refer to the classics, nor to send the memory back even five years. The American playgoer of to-day scorns erudition and hates mental exertion; to him scholarship is pedantry and thinking a bore. So he shall be spared here. But not altogether. It is good for him, though he likes it not, to have his wits pulled about a little. More would be better. But if a theatre-going reader of this magazine fancied he were obtaining too much instruction, he might withdraw his subscription, and instead buy one-cent scarlet newspapers—from which, O, Lord! deliver all Thy servants!

We have, then, immorality galore in the drama of the day. Nearly all the recent plays dubbed "romantic" or "historical," paraded before us with much blood, thunder, and similar appurtenances of the country-fair proscenium, are immoral. These plays extol vain boasting and quick temper. They teach the sublimeness of ferocity and revenge. They exalt the desperado and the duelist, and crown the manslayer. They sing the glory of the gun and the sword. They proclaim the message "Thou shalt kill!" They canonize the beast in man. To advertise such romantic, historical butcheries, the town is placarded with puerile prints seven feet high, gaudily colored, exhaling the noble hero in shirt sleeves, naked rapier in hand, about to despatch a villain—or several villains—in defense of some imaginary "honor" or some silly baggage of a girl. "The Pride of Jennico" was an affair of that kind; "The Gentleman of France" was another.

Sometimes bloodguiltiness is pleasingly commingled with adultery. There was the crude "Du Barry," for instance, which, besides wanting balance and lacking unity, was devoid of verisimilitude and comprised not one plausible character. And it brimmed over with vulgarities. Yet fine staging and meritorious acting aided in a successful attempt to enlist the public's favor for the amours of a murderous concubine. "Du Barry" was an obvious pæan to violence and debauch.

But much worse than any of those roaring melodramas

are some comedies, that through a certain beguiling elegance, a certain smooth gracefulness, have an outward seeming of innocence. "Cynthia," for example, a new comedy of London high life, belauded by New York, and later sent through the country, is an insidiously harmful work—doubly specious through the clever dialogue and the heroine's impersonation by a most charming actress. The newspapers of the metropolis acclaimed "Cynthia" "wholesome," "clean," "pure,"

"unobjectionable," "delightful," and heaven knows what else, and the common spectator of this play would be amazed if told it was immoral. But it is—extremely.

Cynthia is a fool—another fact unobserved by the daily press. She lives in a fool's paradise of finery and frivolities with a foolish husband. Neither is of the least use in the world, nor ashamed of gilded futility. The female fool, abetted by the male fool, gratifies her extravagant whims to a criminal extent. The defrauding of tradesmen; shifty borrowing from a Hebrew money lender, whom there is no thought of repaying, squandering on prodigal luxuries money due in wages to household servants—it is all made pretty and pardonable. When at last the bailiffs step in, the tender-hearted author, instead of putting this pair of aristocratic swindlers into prison, or at least punishing their dishonesty with years of bitter privation, lets them play childishly for a few weeks at picnicking in cheap lodgings, and then sweetly comes to their rescue with a miraculous gold mine. Meanwhile Cynthia has treated an offer to earn honest money as an insult. In this, and all her miscon-

duct, the author skillfully secures for Cynthia the full sympathy of the spectator. He leaves the theatre unbored—but not uninstructed. For he carries away in his heart the unconscious lesson:

"I needn't worry about working or paying my bills. I have a right to spend as much money as I can in any way I choose. When it's all gone I'll live on my debts, and get everything for nothing, the work of my servants included. So long as I have a good time I don't care a straw. Providence is sure to keep me out of jail somehow."

Oh, romantic Gentleman of France! oh, historical Du Barry! oh, delightful, wholesome Cynthia! how righteously superior are you all to the *immoral* creatures of the morbid Ibsen, the unpleasant Tolstoy, the unhealthy Sudermann!

LIONEL STRACHEY.



Reutlinger, Paris

MISS EDNA AUG

Will star this coming season in a three-act comedy with music, book by Martha Morton, music by A. Baldwin Sloane, entitled "The Four Leaf Clover"



Sands & Brady

MISS MADELINE BESLEY

A young actress who will be seen in Edna Aug's company



Hall

MISS PAULA MARR

Who will also be seen Edna Aug's company

Anna Held's New Play

A NNA HELD will be seen at the Knickerbocker Theatre late next month in a new spectacular piece written especially for her by the well-known French author, Jean Richepin. The scene of the play is laid in France during the most brilliant period of the Napoleonic



Mlle. Mars

régime, the character assumed by Miss Held being the historic one of the great Emperor's favorite actress, Mlle. Mars, that charming player to whom a critic of the time applied these lines from Racine's "Esther":

"Your slightest words have
some mysterious grace;
Proud modesty imparts to all
you do
A' worth that royal largess
could not give."

A remarkably beautiful woman—a patrician beauty, in which unrivaled

grace of manner was blended with rare elegance of person,—Mlle. Mars was regarded by her contemporaries as the ideal of the accomplished actress. She had, moreover, the advantage of a remarkably youthful physique, which preserved her charms far beyond the usual time limit. At the age of sixty she was still playing youthful rôles, and as she went on the stage when quite a child, her professional career covered half a century. A characteristic anecdote is told of her. She had always been treated with marked favor by the Emperor; her brother was in the Imperial Guard, and she was known to be an ardent Bonapartist herself. One day, after the return of the Bourbons, and the monarchy was re-established, some one told her that the Life Guards were unfriendly to her. "What have the Life Guards in common with Mars?" she retorted quickly. This pleasantry, with its double meaning suggested by mythology, made all Paris laugh, and angered the Guards, who went to the theatre in a body to hiss her. Happily, the people took the actress's part, and the incident was closed.

The Richepin play is entitled "Mlle. Napoleon." It is in three acts and four tableaux, and has no fewer than forty-four speaking or singing parts, to say nothing of a chorus of over one hundred persons.

The first act shows the green room of the Comédie Française in 1809. The green room serves at the same time as a dressing room for Mlle. Mars, who dresses and undresses herself behind a screen. In this act will be seen a procession of the illustrious personages of the period, mingling with actors in stage costumes and social leaders in full dress.

The second act takes place on the lake at Compiègne, Napoleon's summer residence. The stage represents an island in the middle of the lake, in moonlight, and with the château illuminated for an Imperial fête in the background. In this act there is a scene between Mlle. Mars and Napoleon.

The third act, divided into two tableaux, will probably prove the most picturesque. The scene represents the interior of the Café de la Paix, Paris, during a masked ball at the Opéra. All the costumes, fancy and otherwise, of the

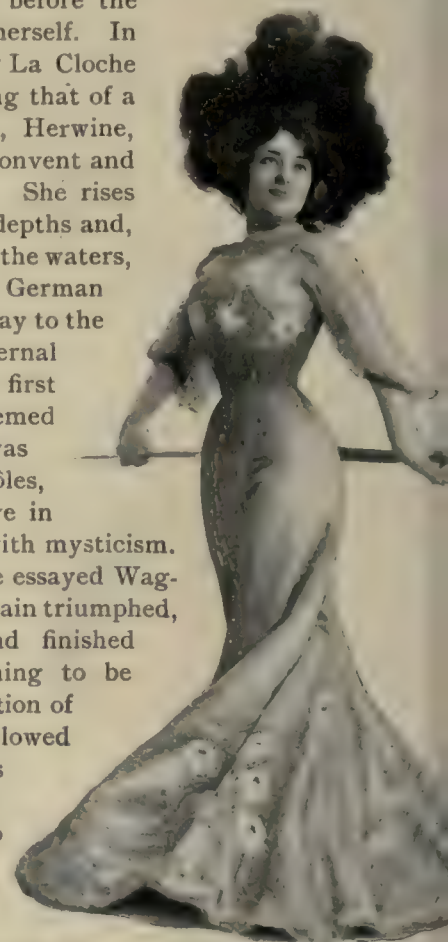
period are seen in succession, followed by a dance by the Opéra ballet, and popular songs sung by Mlle. Mars. The tableau closes by an enormous crowd of masked dancers and French and foreign officers marching past the emperors of Russia and Austria. The second tableau shows the historic Return from Elba. One sees Mlle. Mars disguised as Napoleon, then the Emperor himself and his staff on horseback at the head of a battalion of Grenadier Guards. Mlle. Mars—that is Miss Held—will appear in no fewer than seven different costumes. These are: 1, Disguised as a young peasant of the Louis XV. period; 2, en deshabillé; 3, en peignoir, hair down; 4, street dress; 5, fancy dress for mask ball; 6, disguised as Napoleon; 7, in riding habit.

Mlle. Ackté to Sing in America

M LLE. ACKTÉ, the well-known dramatic soprano of the Paris Opera House who has not yet been heard in this country, has been engaged by Heinrich Conried for the forthcoming opera season in New York.

Mlle. Aino Ackté was born in 1876 in Helsingfors, Finland, where her father was director of the Academy of Music. She received a good musical education in her native country, and later went to Paris and entered the Conservatoire. In 1897 the young singer carried off a second prize with the grand aria from "Pardon de Ploermel," and later won another prize with the prison scene from "Faust." The directors of the Opera immediately secured her services, and Mlle. Ackté made her début in the rôle of Marguerite. She was well received by the press, but on her second appearance in the rôle of Juliet she was less fortunate, her personality and method proving unsuited to Gounod's voluptuous music. Since then she has sung very rarely in "Faust."

But it was not long before the young singer redeemed herself. In 1898 she appeared in "La Cloche du Rhin," the part being that of a young Christian maiden, Herwine, who is snatched from a convent and thrown into the Rhine. She rises again from the river's depths and, gliding like a spirit over the waters, joins a dying young German chief, who carries her away to the sun-kissed countries of eternal love. This was her first great success and it seemed to suggest that Ackté was best suited for similar rôles, poetic and contemplative in character and blended with mysticism. The following month she essayed Wagner's heroine Elsa and again triumphed, her beautiful voice and finished technique leaving nothing to be desired in her interpretation of the rôle. This was followed by her appearance as Elisabeth in "Tannhäuser." Mlle. Ackté has also sung Benjamin in Méhul's opera "Joseph."



Burr McIntosh

MISS ANNA HELD

THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LIFE



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MISS IRENE BENTLEY, in "The Girl from Dixie."

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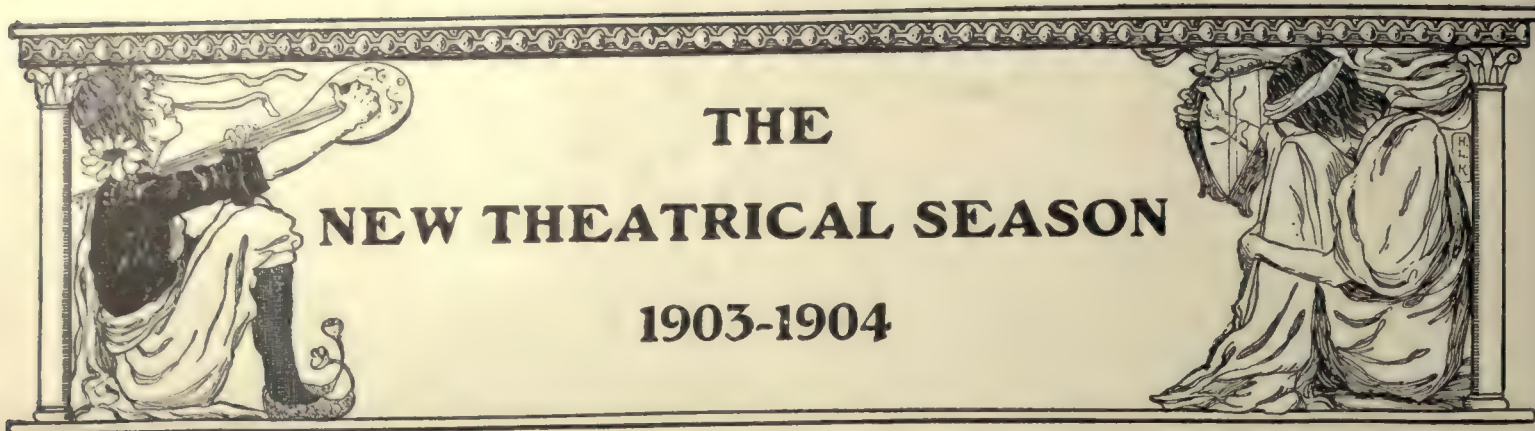
VOL. III., NO. 31

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1903

ARTHUR HORNBLLOW, Editor



Mrs. Langtry in her new play, "Mrs. Dering's Divorce," in which the English actress will be seen shortly at the Savoy Theatre



THE NEW THEATRICAL SEASON 1903-1904

THE curtain rises, for the theatrical season of 1903-'04, upon a scene of unprecedented activity and brilliant promise. Never before in the history of our stage has such a varied and dainty dramatic menu been offered to tempt the public palate. An imposing array of players, native and foreign, is discovered; the list of plays underlined for production is long and varied, embracing all sorts and conditions of works, from Shakespearean revivals and modern poetic drama to pantomime-spectacle and home-made comic opera; and half-a-dozen new theatres, of first-class pretensions, are added to the thirty-odd already in active competition for the play-going patronage of this metropolis. Inasmuch as the best-laid plans and bookings of managers go oft agley, especially when strikes hold up their houses in course of construction or reparation, and make indefinite postponements almost the general rule as to the Fall openings, THE THEATRE will not attempt to set down its forecasts in chronological order or according to individual theatres and dates, but rather present them in

classified groups in connection with the preliminary announcements of the various managers and independent stars.

Beginning with the high-class dramas, in the order of their literary importance and distinguished authorship, we have to give first honors to sundry European productions destined for exploitation here, such as Sardou's "Dante," with Sir Henry Irving as the epic bard; Stephen Phillips' "Ulysses," with Tyrone Power and Rose Coghlan, and "Herod" with William Faversham and Julie Opp; Octave Mirbeau's "Business is Business," from the Comédie Française, in which W. H. Crane may be seen as Lechat, the great rôle created by De Féraudy in Paris; and (probably) Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," "Pelléas et Mélisande," and "Joyzelle," in French, to be interpreted by the author's own company, headed by his wife, Mme. Georgette Leblanc.

Of the very few new plays by American authors, the most interesting thus far announced are Clyde Fitch's "Her Own Way," for Maxine Elliott, and "Major André"; Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Pretty Sister of José," for Maude Adams; Percy Mackaye's "Canterbury Pilgrims," to be produced by Amelia Bingham; Edward Harrigan's "Under Cover," George Ade's "straight comedy," entitled "The County Chairman," and at least two versions of "Alexander the Great," in which James K. Hackett, Messrs. Warde and James will appear respectively. There are, moreover, about a dozen dramatizations of American novels.

From English sources, we are to have: "The Admirable Crichton," by J. M. Barrie, with William Gillette as the hero; "Captain Dieppe," by Anthony Hope and Harrison Rhodes, for John Drew; "Fools of Fortune," by Henry V. Esmond, for Julia Marlowe; "The Golden Silence," by Haddon Chambers, for Virginia Harned; "The Proud Prince," by Justin Huntley McCarthy, for E. H. Sothern; "Cousin Kate," by Hubert H. Davies, for Ethel Barrymore; "Merely Mary Ann," by I. Zangwill, for Eleanor Robson; "Mrs. Dering's Divorce," with Mrs. Langtry; "The Marriage of Kitty," with Marie Tempest; "The Man from Blankley's," with Charles Hawtrey; "The Whitewashing of Julia," by Henry Arthur Jones; and two roaring melodramas entitled respectively, "The Best of Friends," and "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!"

From France—in addition to the dramas already mentioned—come Henri Bataille's "La Vallière," for Eleanor

Mlle. Charlotte Wiehe

Distinguished Danish actress who will head a company of French players who are coming to New York under Charles Frohman's management

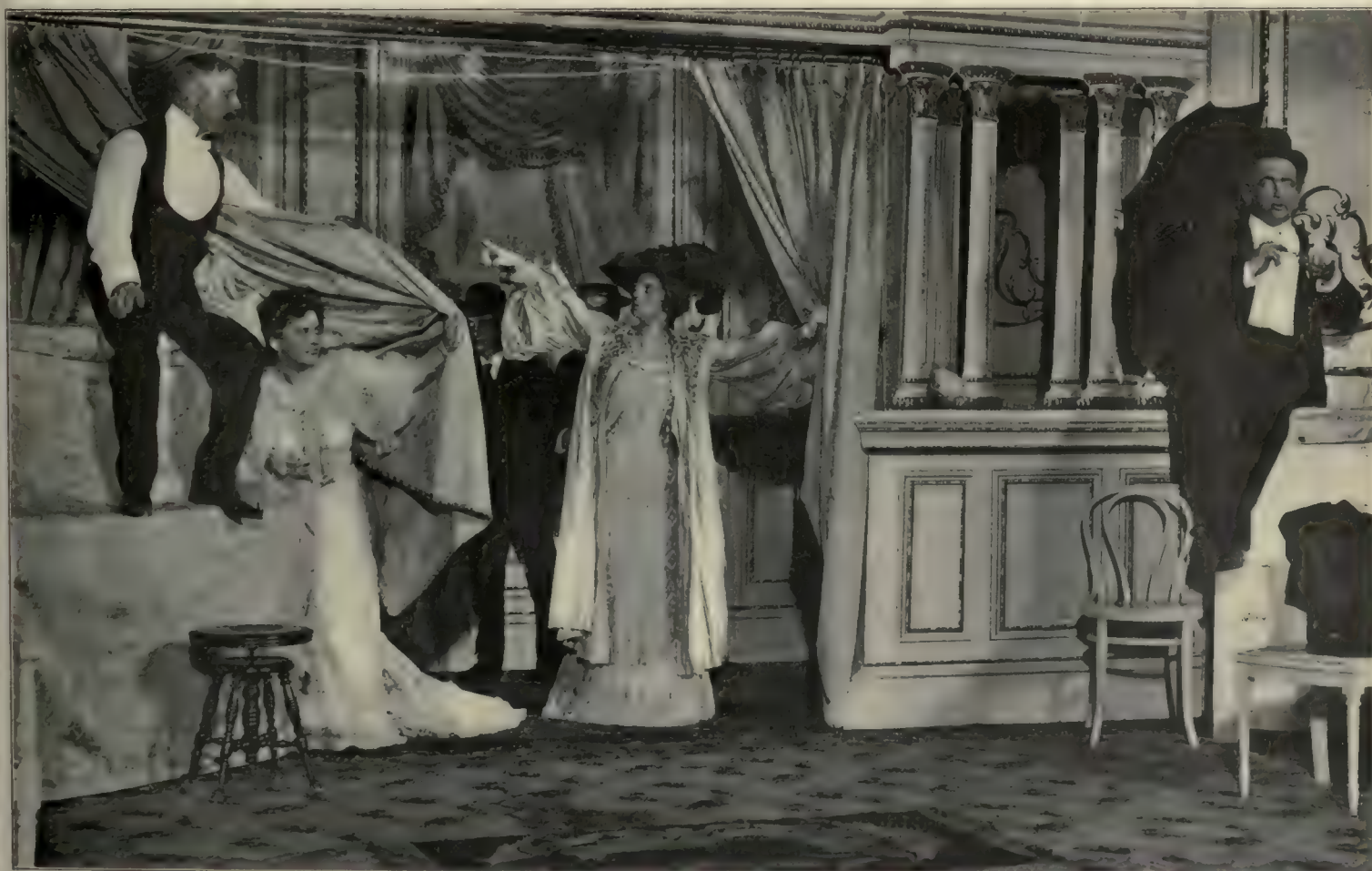
Robson; Pierre Berton's "Yvette"; Pierre Wolff's "Le Secret de Polichinelle," for W. H. Thompson; "La Rabouilleuse," an Odéon melodrama; "Cranquebille," a one-act Paris street-sketch; "The Third Moon," a Japanese comedy, by Mme. Gresac; a company of French players headed by Charlotte Wiehe, the distinguished Danish artiste, to present one-act musical pantomime pieces; and André de Lorde's dramatization of Poe's story, "The System of Dr. Tarr and Prof. Fether." Two German pieces in sight, to be Englished and presented in New York, are "The Mountain Climbers" and "The Blind Passenger." Mrs. Fiske's "Marta of the Lowlands" is from a Spanish original.

The list of dramatized novels, this season, is longer than ever. It includes: Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter," with Fay Davis in the name part; Kipling's "The Light that Failed," with Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliott as Dick and Maisie, respectively; Frederic Remington's "John Ermine of the Yellowstone," for James K. Hackett; Owen Wistar's "The Virginian"; Alice Hegan Rice's "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage-Patch"; Charles Major's "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," for Bertha Galland; Richard Harding Davis' "Ransom's Folly"; Egerton Castle's "The Bath Comedy"; Frank Norris' "The Pit," with Wilton Lackaye as Jadwin; Leon Wilson's "The Spenders," destined for W. H. Crane; Sir Conan Doyle's "Brigadier Gerard," for James O'Neill; Hornung's "Amateur Cracksman," with Kyrle Bellew as Raffles; Hallie Erminie Rives' "Hearts Courageous," with Orrin Johnson as Patrick Henry; Onoto Watanna's "A Japanese Night-

ingale"; Israel Zangwill's "The Serio-Comic Governess," for Cecelia Loftus; Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina"; a new Clyde Fitch version of Dickens' "The Old Curiosity Shop," for Millie James; Mrs. Kennard's "The Marriage of Reason"; and a series of Charles Dana Gibson's drawings staged under the title of "The Education of Mr. Pipp."

Italian dramatic art will have splendid representation here, this season, in the visits of the veteran Tommaso Salvini, and the representative modern actor, Ermete Novelli. Salvini will probably repeat the familiar standard and classic repertory of his former American visits. Novelli also plays Shakespearean parts, notably *Othello*; but as he is noted for his zeal and enterprise in new productions, he will doubtless vary his bill occasionally with something up-to-date. Signora Duse may not cross the Atlantic during the coming Winter. When she does, she will be found to have partially emancipated herself from the D'Annunzio plays, and to have added Maslova, in "Resurrection," to the number of her rôles.

The number of Shakespearean revivals promised is unprecedentedly large. Besides Mr. Mansfield's and Mr. Sothern's regular annual presentations, N. C. Goodwin will appear in the "Midsummer-Night's Dream"; Wilton Lackaye in "Othello"; Martin Harvey, and perhaps also Forbes Robertson, in "Hamlet"; Viola Allen and Marie Wainwright as Viola in "Twelfth Night"; Henrietta Crosman as Rosalind, in "As You Like It"; Otis Skinner and Ada Rehan in conjunction, Mary Mannering, Grace George and Nance O'Neill as individual stars, all in Shakespeare.



Byron N. Y.

John C. Rice

Hattie Williams

Esther Tittell

Thomas A. Wise

"VIVIAN'S PAPAS" AT THE GARRICK THEATRE



MISS CORONA RICCARDO

Memphis girl of Italian parentage, possessing temperament and intelligence, and who will play the title role in the Spanish play, "Marta of the Lowlands," at the Manhattan next month

Besides which, persistent though vague and unconfirmed rumor couples the names both of Mrs. Fiske and Mrs. Carter with Lady Macbeth.

Melodrama has already set in, with James W. Harkins' "The Winning Hand," at the Metropolis Theatre, and Theodore Kremer's "The Evil that Men Do," at the American. At the last-named house, as at the Academy of Music and the Fourteenth Street Theatre, to say nothing of Third Avenue and the Bowery, the artistic atmosphere will be more or less lurid for the next forty weeks to come. As for comic operas, music-farces, spectacles, pantomimes and extravaganzas, their name is legion. Amongst those soon to be seen here are: "Three Little Maids," "The School-girl," "The Girl from Kay's," "Madame Sherry," "Fatana," "Winsome Winnie" for Paula Edwardes, "The Infant Prodigy" for Fay Templeton, George Ade's "Peggy from Paris," "The Sweet Girl" in English, "The Jockey" for Frank Daniels, "A Princess of Kensington" for James Powers, "The Girl from Dixie" for Irene Bentley, "The Duchess of Dantzig" for Fritz Scheff, "Mademoiselle Napoleon" for Anna Held, "My Lady Lola" for Blanche Ring, "The Red Feather" for Grace Van Studdiford, Victor Herbert's "The Medal and the Maid," the perennial Rogers Brothers "in London," Klaw and Erlanger's

"Mother Goose," "Babes in Toyland" from Chicago, and a few more such trifles as Messrs. Harry B. Smith and George V. Hobart can turn out for Broadway managers while they wait.

It remains only to add certain plans of certain individual players. Richard Mansfield begins his season with a new Russian historical drama, "Ivan the Terrible." Mary Mannering has an emotional drama by Ramsay Morris, entitled "Judith." William Collier is about to appear in "Personal," by Eugene Presbrey. Elizabeth Tyree has Réjane's Paris success, "Heureuse." Mrs. Le Moyne is rehearsing "Lady Berinthia's Secret," a new comedy by Stanislaus Stangé. Robert Edeson has a new comedy of American life, entitled "The Rector's Garden," by Byron Ongley, a member of his company.

Such is the general survey of the field, as the first of September rolls 'round. It is not unlikely—to adopt befitting turf parlance—that some of the numerous favorites may be left at the post; while a safe wager is that among the season's eventual winners will be more than one dark horse of to-day.

TO A WOULD-BE STAR

Why should you wish to be a star?
Your place is plainly where you are;
A leading man,—yet scarcely that,
Since everything you do so pat,
By precedent that's universal
Is taught to you at each rehearsal.

It will be news to most people to hear that Charles Frohman disapproves of orchestras in theatres, that is to say, in those houses where the play does not make a special call for music. The manager is convinced that the music—which at best is only a poor apology for music—does not draw an additional dollar, and he disposes of the argument that the Matinee Girl loves the noise and clatter made by the orchestra by declaring that, in his opinion, this important young woman likes to make all the noise herself. Mr. Frohman is strongly in favor of the Continental system, or music only when called for by the manuscript. The custom of fiddle scraping, trombone screeching and kettle-drum banging at present in vogue in our most fashionable theatres he rightfully denounces as inartistic and barbarous, to say nothing of the \$300 a week which each orchestra costs. Mr. Frohman would have abolished the orchestra long ago, but he has always been deterred by a purely sentimental reason. He lacked the moral courage



N. SHELDON LEWIS

Will play an important part in "Marta of the Lowlands." Mr. Lewis is a Philadelphian, and was brought to New York by Augustin Daly. Later he supported Ada Rehan on the road. More recently he was a member of the Murray Hill stock company.



Schloss, N. Y. ROBERT EDESON
As the Reverend William Prince in "The Rector's Garden," which will be produced
on August 31 at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston

bill composed of the best features of her repertoire.

If a few years ago it had been suggested to a Broadway manager that a Shakespearean revival would probably result in substantial support, the author of the idea would have been sniffed at with scorn and declared to be a fit candidate for parietic honors. But now how changed! A few have succeeded, and with that imitative quality so characteristic of the profession candidates for legitimate laurels are springing up with mushroom growth. There is to be, this season, an inundation of yearning Juliets, sentimental Violas, lachrymose Lady Macbeths and ebullient Beatrices. It never strikes the average actor that the play-goer may not care to see the same Shakespearean play more than half-a-dozen times in a season. Yet each star will visit the same town in turn, the same play will be given, but the same sized audience will not be in attendance. A good thing, instead of going to one, will be divided into sixths. Can this deduction be brought home to any of them? Impossible! Each serene in the glory of his own importance, declares I AM IT; and when the box office returns show another result he consistently and con-

to deprive a large body of men of a means of livelihood. By the same reasoning, however, the manager would feel bound to employ incompetent actors. It is sincerely to be hoped that some manager will set an example in this direction, and sweep away the theatre orchestra, which irritates the musicianly ear and pleases no one particularly, except, perhaps, a few visiting Reubens who think the music an inseparable part of the evening's fun. Who could set such an example better than Mr. Frohman with his many theatres? He can be assured that his fellow managers and the intelligent theatre-going public would be duly grateful.

Charlotte Wiehe [pronounce Vee-ä], who is coming to America shortly at the head of a company of French players, is a distinguished Danish actress, singer and pantomimist who enjoys almost as great a reputation in Paris and other European capitals as in her native Copenhagen. She is a pupil of the famous school of dancing founded at the Royal Court Theatre, Copenhagen, by the late Auguste Bournonville, and she early acquired fame not only as a ballet dancer, but also as an actress. She has sung successfully Judic's famous rôles, "Nitouche" and "Niniche;" she has scored as the Prodigal Son in the pantomime of that name, and moved audiences to tears with her Frou-frou and her Camille. In Paris her vogue was such that the late Henri Becque, the dramatist, and Victor Maurel, the singer, considered it an honor to be allowed to appear in pantomimes and plays with her. Becque even dedicated a poem to her. She is married to an Hungarian author, Henry Berenye, who writes most of the pantomimes in which she appears. Her husband wrote the "The Hand," a drama acted entirely in pantomime and in which she scored her greatest triumph. She is a consummate actress, but it is in pantomime that she finds the readiest expression of her art. A face in which every fibre instantly declares and illumines the emotion demanded by the situation; a body, hands and feet which never fail to emphasize what is intended to be conveyed—such is, in brief, her artistic individuality. Mr. Frohman, who has induced Mme. Wiehe to come to New York, expects to present her in a triple



MISS HELEN WALL
Favorite model of F. S. Church, the artist and who recently made her operatic debut in "The Wood-
witch" at Carnegie Lyceum



FRANK WORTHING

This popular actor will play the leading male role in Julia Marlowe's forthcoming production of H. V. Esmond's comedy "Fools of Nature"

clusively proves to his own satisfaction that the trouble was elsewhere. Perhaps, though, certain projected revivals will never be given, but in the meantime there is no harm done to one's professional standing to have the dear public know that Mr. Jambon and Miss Peroxide are giving up social and frivolous gayeties for a thorough study of some of the Immortal Bard's greatest rôles.

A GREAT SINGER

We gauged her greatness by her song
That rendered mute a listening throng;
And calmed, as by a high degree,
The surges of a human sea;
And, as the rustling curtain fell,
We tarried in the singer's spell,
To render in that moment's pause
Our truest homage and applause.

Of her sweet grace she came one day
Into a ward where children lay;
And while she sang, each weary face
Lost something of its commonplace,
As if some shining sisterhood
At every little bedside stood;
And they, the children, did no wrong
Who gauged her greatness by her song.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

Managerial Idiosyncrasies

THE average American theatre manager, and even some of our most important managers, seem surprisingly deficient in that grit and moral courage which the London and the Continental managers constantly display. For instance, two very conspicuous New York managers recently returned from Europe, each bringing with him a number of foreign plays which had either been successfully brought out in London or Paris, or, though unproduced as yet, had been written by foreign authors of so much prestige as to probably convey a prosperous impulse to their plays, when once staged.

It requires very little ability of any kind for an American manager, upon seeing a play performed to crowded houses in London, Paris, or Berlin, to decide that it is just the play for his *clientèle*, and to forthwith purchase the rights.

Real intellectual ability is shown in the capacity to judge of the acting value of a play from the typed manuscript alone. This requires experience of the stage, and sufficient imagination to project vividly before one the succession of scenes, as though they were being acted upon a real stage, and to calculate the probable effect that adequate actors would produce while interpreting them.

After this the courage is evinced in willingness to assume the risk of production. As a rule, the risk of reproducing in New York a successful foreign play is very small. If it were not, the foreign play would not so ubiquitously make its appearance here to the ignorement of unproduced native material.

When these facts are laid before the American manager his reply is that he is not in this business for his health. This blithesome and airy manner of evading the question leaves much to be inferred, especially as it had not been presupposed that hygienic considerations had impelled the manager stageward. The manager is certainly not in the theatrical business for his health, nor, in many cases, is it for the health of the theatrical business, his sole object being the acquisition of the maximum of money in the minimum of time.

One of the most difficult of feats is to induce any American manager to bring out, at his own expense, a play by an American author who has not already secured considerable success. Several of our most conspicuous New York managers refused to have anything to do with a certain American playwright until the latter had contrived, by a combination of talent, commercial instinct, hard work, and good luck, to achieve a victory in a neighboring city. This being done, a metropolitan manager who had previously disdained him, gave him warm welcome. Not much courage here! No grit whatever! The truly great manager has higher qualities than the passion for mere money and fame. He has the merit of discovering merit. He has the courage to give it a chance. While he cannot expect to thrive without attending closely to the business end of his enterprises, he is not so blind and cowardly as to wait for success to be achieved before recognizing its author. He does not temporize for the talent, which he ignored, to be discovered, and then pounce upon it as though he had been its Columbus.

Does anyone acquainted with managerial methods believe, if "Cyrano de Bergerac" had been written by an Ameri-

Some of the classic figures which will be seen at the Garden Theatre
 & shortly in Stephen Phillips' poetic play "Ulysses" &



ULYSSES



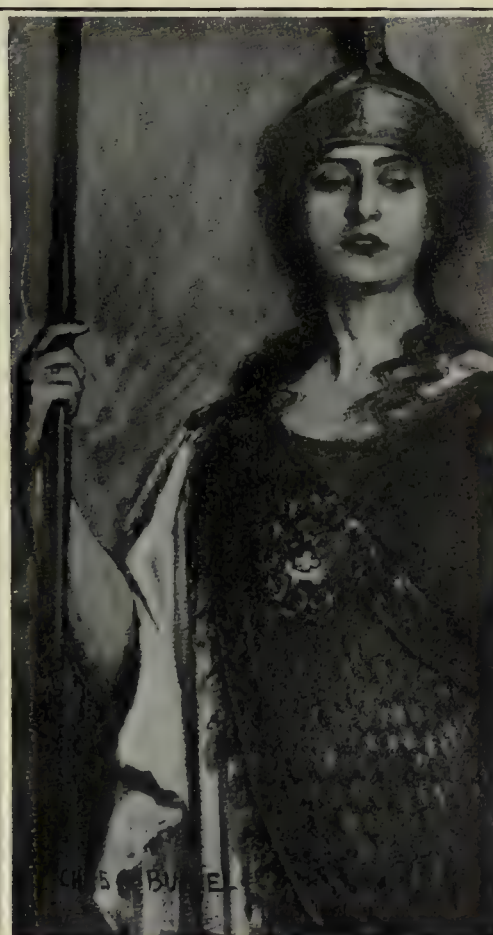
Symbolical figure showing the vengeance of Ulysses upon the Suitors



TELEMACHUS



CALYPSO



MINERVA



PENELOPE

"Ulysses," the third of Mr. Phillips' dramas, is a poetic comedy, recalling Virgil and Dante at times, Shakespeare in "The Tempest" more often, and echoing withal "the surge and thunder of the Odyssey." A prologue, in rhymed heroic couplets, shows us the gods in session on Olympus, whilst Athene pleads with Zeus for her protege, Ulysses. Zeus permits Athene to go to Ulysses and offer him the choice of remaining with Calypso or returning home through desperate trials, in which he must go "from dalliance to the dolorous realms below," heavily winning his way back to Ithaca. Ulysses being aroused from his spell, does not hesitate. Calypso offers to make him immortal, like herself, if he will but stay. Ulysses nobly refuses. The stupendous descent into Hades, with Hermes for mentor, follows the hero's departure from Calypso's isle; and in the final act his return, in the disguise of a beggar, to his faithful wife, Penelope, in the palace at Ithaca, is wrought out with graphic effect and infinitely varied charm. The part of Ulysses will be played here by Tyrone Power, whose Judas in "Mary of Magdala" was one of the artistic sensations of last season.



MISS MABEL NELMA

Australian singer who has made a reputation in Italy and India and engaged by Henry W. Savage for his English opera company. Miss Nelma is a cousin of Marie Studholm, the noted English beauty.

can, that any star-actor or manager would have put it upon our stage? But, having been written by a Frenchman, and produced successfully in Paris, there was a general rush of American stars and managers, until the world of the stage vibrated with the agitation of theatrical coat-tails flapping in competitive onslaught.

A peculiarity that characterizes the provincial manager is his fondness for the lowest type of melodrama. Anyone who wishes to investigate this branch of the subject need only examine the date-list in any dramatic weekly to be convinced of the truth of this statement. Plays of this description, as well as of a much better, make their way to New York from time to time and become visible at some of the cheap theatres. Here they are triumphantly reproduced, with all their enormities of construction and crowded criminalities of incident. If you are so fortunate or unfortunate as to enjoy the confidence of the manager who aids and abets these monstrosities of the drama, these stupendous freaks of play-building, he will tell you that he knows they are bad plays, but that they are also the kind he wants. He will ask you to observe that they fill his house very many weeks out of the fifty-two; that they make "big money" for their authors as well as the manager; that, in spite of their being very bad, from an artistic point of view, they contain a central "heart-interest," which makes them "go;" and that this heart-interest, bellowed forth as it is by his company of loud-lunged and overworked actors, charms the frequent coin from the pockets of his subscribers, and wrings their bosoms to a degree unknown in the Théâtre Français. He will tell you that he does not want good plays, in the technical and artistic meaning of that term. In one sense, he says, these exceedingly bad plays *are* good; for, though their authors have no position among estimable dramatists, they know how to deal, however crudely, with terror, laughter, and "heart-interest," so as to fascinate the ignorant multitude.

When a manager is doing a bad business with a society comedy, and his neighbor is doing a good business with a musical comedy, manager number one leaps to the conclusion that musical comedies are needed and that society comedies are not, and forthwith applies himself to the musical comedy. Hence the presence, recently, of so many of those operatic outrages, in which busts and legs are substituted for wit and humor, and the lyricist and the librettist have conspired with the manager to glorify with brilliant frippery the fantastically vulgar and the unfathomably silly. Art is a repast at which the Three Graces and the Nine Muses sit, recuperating themselves, from time to time, with the nectar and ambrosia divinely provided; and it is upon this repast that the manager who despises art sometimes unwittingly breaks in, constituting himself the thirteenth guest, most unwelcome, at a banquet he is unable to appreciate, and with neither taste nor digestion for the dainties the gods have placed there. No wonder that the twelve normal guests resent the presence of the involuntary interloper, who is equally embarrassed to find himself accidentally in their company. No wonder that he blunderingly retires before they turn him out to feed upon the husks that suit him better than their delicate fare.

EDOUARD LENORMANT.

BOSTONIANS FOR A NATIONAL ART THEATRE

The latest players of prominence to give their support to the National Art Theatre movement are Messrs. Henry Clay Barnabee and William H. MacDonald, managers of the famous Bostonians. They wrote Secretary Sydney Rosenfeld as follows: "We shall deem it an honor to appear on the stage of the National Art Theatre to help establish a generally higher plane of theatric art that will eventually typify the American standard." Richard Watson Gilder, the well-known editor of the *Century Magazine*, has also joined the Society.



MISS ANN ARCHER

As Vi Thompson (The Girl from Butte) in "The Stubbornness of Geraldine." Miss Archer played the part last season and will resume with Miss Mannering this season.

A French View of our Stage

M. JULES HURET, a French journalist and critic, has been writing to the Paris *Figaro* his impressions of the theatre in America, from observations made by him in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and Pittsburg. Like most Europeans coming suddenly from the conservatism, repose, and in some respects, stagnation, of the Old World into the twentieth-century rush and restlessness of the New, M. Huret finds theatrical art, as everything else on this side of the Atlantic, practised with too much extravagance and haste, without preparation, deliberation or selection, for the easy suffrage of the most patient, good-humored, and child-like public on the face of the globe.

"The typical American piece," our Parisian critic avers, "is naïve and puerile to an extraordinary degree. It is usually a kind of vague operetta, turning upon the intrigues and misunderstandings of a pair of very youthful lovers, who are happily married in the end, after having dropped into song-and-dance at frequent intervals, upon every possible pretext, or without any at all. Everybody dances, from the principals to the chorus-girls, and usually to the accompaniment of singing, either in chorus or solo. The voices are nearly all throaty. Few of the women know how to sing, and the men ignore the art completely.

"These crude music-farces are sometimes patterned after French models, but very roughly and unskillfully done. In France, the cheapest vaudevillist takes at least the trouble to present a logical plot or anecdote, with complication and dénouement bearing some resemblance to rational consistency. We have the sense of proportion, the taste for orderly progression; and the humblest effort, according to our talent, is in its way a work of art. The American authors are shockingly careless of such considerations. From the view point of artistic technique, their education has yet to begin. They must put conscientious work into their efforts, and take time to shape their ideas—to search, to combine, to select. Will they ever submit to such schooling? Ask them, and they point to crowded houses, to the paying patronage of an easily-pleased public, which—for such purposes of exploitation—is in fact ideal."

M. Huret has here in mind, as he is careful to explain, the sort of entertainment, of native product, which seems most in general vogue with the masses. For the higher aspects of serious dramatic art in America, as exemplified by Mr. Mansfield, Mrs. Fiske, Julia Marlowe, and Mrs. Carter, he is by no means lacking in intelligent appreciation. Characteristic, also, and with something of veritable distinction, our Parisian guest finds the singing of our Afro-American artistes, with their inborn genius of the rhythm and passion of music. But his real enthusiasm is reserved for the chorus or "show" girls.

"In all this hurly-burly of strange and glittering stage-spectacle," he says, "what has struck me as the most original and the most delicious creation I have yet encountered in the United States, is the dancing of the chorus-girls. In this is resuscitated the art of rhythmic ensemble movement, of appropriate animation of gesture, of making the whole body speak—and all with a grace, a charm, a seduction that is incomparable. It adds to our old French can-



Otto Sarony Co.

MISS AUGUSTA GLOSE

Clever young actress who made a hit last season with her piano imitations in "Liberty Bells," and who will be seen again shortly in a series of operatic matinees at the Manhattan

can something of the waltz-step, and more of the exuberant rhythm of the cake-walk, all blended and refined to a measure, delightfully, fascinatingly, creatively American. This kind of dancing, as perfected under the drilling of a genuine artist in his line, Mr. Julian Mitchell, ranges from a delicate, almost imperceptible terpsichorean accompaniment of song and chorus to what may be termed a rousing refrain of well-moulded limbs, the most bewildering sensation imaginable. With us, in Paris, the chorus-girls have a joyless, fatigued, disenchanted look: here in New York they are full of life and laughter, dancing as if they really enjoyed it. Their enthusiasm carries across the footlights, and each spectator feels its magnetism. These girls are all very young and pretty, chosen with fastidious care, and proportionately well paid.

"In this combination of song and dance exist the necessary conditions for the development of a new and national art, destined perhaps at no distant day to supersede the worn-out conventional ballet of the century-old schools of Paris, Milan, and Vienna. But it will require time and culture. In this country, at the theatres and everywhere else, things are done in too great a hurry to permit any pauses for the respiration of an art-atmosphere. It is life on an express-train, with change of cars ten times a day! Whatever an American does—whether he dines, converses, pays a visit, or amuses himself at the theatre—he seems to be aboard a flyer, bent on breaking a record."



MAUDE ADAMS AS THE EAGLET

The Real Maude Adams—A Study



AS LADY BABBIE

THE return of Maude Adams to the stage after a year's absence on account of ill health, or as she herself prefers to put it, "after a period of recuperation," is regarded as cause for felicitation by a large portion of the theatre-going public, especially by the women folk, who, it is calculated, form two-thirds of our playgoers.

We have on our stage actresses of more forceful individuality, and there are others who have more beauty, whose art is more mature and therefore more finished. But it remains incontestable that from the box-office standpoint Maude Adams is the biggest money-maker, and, inferentially, the most popular of all the women stars on the American stage to-day. Certainly, no other actress has more of that indefinable quality described vaguely as charm.

The young actress has succeeded in obeying to the letter Charles Frohman's advice to the players: "Please the women, for without them the theatres would have to close. If the women do not like a play, it is doomed. If they do not like a player, he or she may as well take to another profession."

Maude Adams has pleased the women. She is idolized by many, and the favorite player of them all. Her popularity with women and girls was shown early by the enormous sales of her portraits, for men seldom purchase theatrical photographs.

The return of a popular actress to the stage, after an interruption of her career, is always in the nature of an experiment. The American temperament is generous, but fickle, and its memory brief. For her reappearance has been chosen a play by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, entitled "The Pretty Sister of José," the scenes of which are laid in Spain. This is one of Mrs. Burnett's early stories which Mr. Frohman commissioned the authoress to dramatize for Miss Adams over a year

ago. It is believed that the character of the heroine will furnish another part as good as that of Lady Babbie.

It is no secret for those who know Miss Adams intimately that there are in her two distinct personalities. The Maude Adams of the stage and the Maude Adams in private life are two entirely different beings, and very few know her in this latter rôle, for she avoids people and lives away from the world, preferring and seeking solitude. On the stage, a gossamer, spritelike quality, ephemeral, but radiant as the golden dust on the butterfly's wing, is her teasing, pre-eminent characteristic. Critics have described her as elfish, diaphanous, analysis-defying, mysterious, almost weirdly winsome. Elusiveness is, perhaps, her dominant note as an actress. Away from the footlights the woman is a recluse. Asceticism is the keynote of her life. If she had not taken to the stage early in her career and grown to look on it as second nature, it is probable that she would have taken the veil and passed her life in a convent. Yet the asceticism of Maude Adams is without austerity, it is a wholesome merri-

ment wedded with stern simplicity, the lonely serenity of the scholar, a smile upon the brooding features of the monk, the sunlight playing upon the coif of the nun.

This voluntary withdrawal from the public gaze every second that she is not literally on the stage is certainly singular enough. Other players weary at times of the human crowd, and seek seclusion for health's and study's sake, but to Maude Adams solitude is a luxury which has become a necessity to her nature.

There is a suggestion of this isolation in the set melancholy of her face which is pensive and thoughtful in repose and haunted as by some secret sorrow even when radiant with her sweetest smile. Hers, too, is a highly nervous temperament, always tuned to the snapping point and her frequent physical collapse arises from this alone. She will get up in the morning fresh and gay as the lark and by noon her vitality is exhausted and lassitude and moodiness have seized upon her. When



Maude Adams' New York home in East Forty-First Street

the evening comes she seems herself again, full of merri-
ment and enthusiasm for her work, but it is only an
artificial reaction brought about by the exertion of her
tremendous will-power, and the effort gradually saps
her strength until at last nature rebels and she can go
on no more before she has taken another long rest.

She told the writer with a touch of anger how a party
of New Yorkers drove across her farm, Sandy Garth,
Long Island, and how she hid behind a tree until they
had driven on, disappointed because they had caught no
glimpse of their beloved, elusive Lady Babbie.

"It is because the public loves you that it wants to see
and know more of you," we protested.

"If it really loved me it would leave me alone," which
reply, given in a tone of finality that closed the subject,
is proof of her sincerity.

Yet she tells gleefully of her friendship with an old
Western photographer for whom she had sat every year
since she made her stage debut at five years of age. One
morning when she was posing in his studio in a girlish
white gown, and looking very slim and young, he asked:
"Who will be John Drew's leading woman next season?"

"Why, I shall."

"You?"

"Yes, I."

"You? Pshaw!" The old man frowned and relapsed
into an obstinate silence, broken only by vexed grunts.
He discouraged flippancy.

"You, indeed!" he said, finally, shaking a threaten-
ing finger at her. And he never believed, until he saw
the billboards at the door of the Baldwin Theatre, that
his little sitter had really grown to the stature of a
leading woman.

Miss Adams tells, too, of the sympathy of a conductor on
the Long Island Railroad who asked her one day during the
third year of the run of "The Little Minister," if she were
not tired of playing the same part so long.

"It is tiresome," the star admitted.

The conductor leaned upon the back of the car seat in re-
flection for many minutes. Then he burst out in sudden in-
spiration: "Miss Adams, why don't you try to get an-
other job!"

These stories the actress tells with girlish-glee. It is the
merriment which tinges her asceticism, the sunlight playing
upon the coif of the nun.

When she went abroad for the first time three years ago,
it was thought that news of social attentions received by her



Byron, N. Y.

"MISS ADAMS IS A FINE PIANIST"

in gay capitals would be cabled daily. But life often forms
sharp contrasts with expectation. The cables brought tardy
news of the actress. She had been found at last in a con-
vent in Tours where she was studying French with the
nuns and taking daily walks with the Mother Superior.
Thus she spent her first summer in Europe. Her ascet-
icism was again dominant.

The few visitors who have been admitted to the narrow
four-story English basement house which Miss Adams owns
at No. 22 East Forty-first Street describe it as an oasis of
scholastic peace amid the roar of the busy metropolis. Ser-
vants glide noiselessly about, speaking in the hushed tones
of those accustomed to the enforced quiet of a sickroom,
and as if watching jealously to guard a nervous and highly
strung temperament from the jar of city turmoil. The

furniture is scant and simple, but every piece smacks of romance,
for the mistress of the house is an ardent collector of antiques and
possesses some valuable specimens enriched recently by a number of
art treasures picked up during her travels in Egypt. The prevailing
color is dark green, her favorite
tint, and this color and also the
old woods noticed in the reception
room, appear again in the square
central hall, where a French Sedan
chair forms the telephone booth.
Beyond is the library, another



Exterior of the convent. Miss Adams' room is marked by a cross.

The room in the French convent in which Miss Adams lived for a year, and of which her bed room in her New York home is an exact duplicate.



Byron, N. Y.

GENIUS IS MERELY THE FACULTY OF SEEING THINGS STRAIGHT."

small square room, whose four sides are lined from floor to ceiling with rare old books. Here are complete sets of all the English classics, and English and French plays of every period. Here, too, are the English philosophers, and if Miss Adams were asked to name her favorite author she would unhesitatingly answer: "Herbert Spencer."

Opening from the library and extending in a straight line like a steamer gangway to the rear of the narrow court is the actress' private suite.

If the visitor expects to see here a vision of rosy light filtering through silk-and-lace draped windows, daintily upholstered furniture, and the gleam of half a hundred silver toilet articles, a rude disappointment awaits him. In these private rooms of the actress, where only the most intimate friends may enter, one comes face to face for the first time with the soul of this remarkable woman.

The suite is screened from the rest of the floor by a small fernery, filled with tall, green plants, and having passed through this, one enters a small room of about ten by twelve feet. Surely not Miss Adams' room, this? Her maid's? Not at all. This is Maude Adams' bedroom, and it is an exact replica of the little cell she occupied in the convent at Tours—the bare, white walls, the narrow iron bedstead, pathetic in its simplicity, the brown, home-woven rug, the tiny, severe white bathroom beyond, the solitude and intense quiet, all this Maude Adams has duplicated in the house of which she is mistress and which is hardly half a block from fashionable, merry, matter-of-fact Fifth Avenue!

No noise from the street ever reaches this retreat. No intrusive sound from a neighboring ménage penetrates the

high walls of the court. Here Maude Adams finds the silence and the peace she loves. Here she can indulge to the full her fondness for introspection.

Some one once said in her presence, "Self-study is unhealthful."

"Oh, no!" was the quick reply. "It is one of the best means of development."

"Genius," she said, "is the talent for seeing things straight." She repeated this earnestly, pointing a slim, level finger for emphasis. "It is seeing things in a straight line without any bend or break or aberration of sight, seeing them as they are, without any warping of vision. Flawless mental sight! That is genius!"

There is one element missing from the cell-like bedroom in her New York house, which is ever present in its prototype at Tours. That is the religious element. In Maude Adams' room there are no rosaries, no images, no crosses, no colored prints of the Crucifixion or of the Mater Dolorosa. The actress is not a devotee. She belongs to no sect, has adopted no creed. Hers is the practical religion of altruism.

Her charities are many, but unobtrusive. A faded gentlewoman, one of the inefficients in the battle of life, came to the writer one day with a long, sad story of defeat. She must leave the small, bare room where she and her son were living unless help came quickly. Friends had helped her, but friends get weary of helping. There was one who never wearied. If Maude Adams were only here, but she was in Europe.

"She returned this morning."

The woman's face brightened, then clouded again.

"She has helped me so often. I dread asking her again.

If you would tell her that I am in distress."

That afternoon, a note reached Miss Adams as she was leaving for Ronkonkoma, her Long Island home. She placed it with a bill in the hands of her maid, and an hour later the little bare room had bloomed into a spot of sunshine.

Other instances of her goodness of heart are many. A lonely little girl who had come to New York to seek her fortune had a hall bedroom on the fourth floor of a house in which Miss Adams lived. The actress had never seen the little girl, but in some way the fact of her existence came to her on the child's birthday. Miss Adams took two handsomely bound books from a package just arrived, wrote on the fly-leaf of each: "To a ladye on her birthday. MAUDE ADAMS," and carried them upstairs to the hallroom. A careworn, anxious young face appeared at a crack of the door.

"My name is Adams," said the actress. "I have rooms on the second floor. Some one said this



MISS ADAMS' HOME IN THE ADIRONDACKS



Photo Byron, N.Y.

MISS MAUDE ADAMS AS JULIET

was your birthday. Will you accept this little present?" This with a sunny Lady Babbie smile.

The girl took the books and read the inscription with a grateful little sob. Thereafter the name of Maude Adams led all the rest in her calendar of saints.

Many unfortunate actresses have known her bounty, delicately given.

Not a few have found in her home a sailor's snug harbor until they were strong enough again to brave the storm. One of these while seeking an engagement found a home in Miss Adams' town house for three months. Another who had been deserted by her husband and was planning suicide was sent to her farm, where she remained for a year.

Charitable as she is to her unfortunate sisters of the profession, Miss Adams seldom asks managers for engagements for them, never unless she has seen them play. This is because her standard of art is high and because she knows the cares that beset the busy manager. Her home, her purse, her womanly sympathy, are easily drawn upon, but her recommendation of a player as a player is almost as rare as her newspaper interviews, and she never gives an interview.

A veteran magazine writer claims the distinction of being the first of the interviewers whose attentions Miss Adams firmly declined. He relates his experience as follows:

"It was several years ago, a day or two after Miss Adams made her first hit in 'The Masked Ball.' I met her at the stage door and asked her for an appointment. She hesitatingly gave me her address, and asked me to call the next morning. I called early and found her waiting for me, ready dressed and looking like a schoolgirl. She greeted me merrily, but said at once: 'I've changed my mind about the interview. I shall never give interviews.'

"'Why?' I had just breathed enough to gasp.

"'Duse is never interviewed. Why should I be?' said the baby.

"'I thought she was an impertinent child,' added the elderly interviewer, 'but at least she has been consistent.' On her trips abroad she has usually travelled incognito. Her name seldom appears on the sailing list. She goes to the ship early and so escapes the newspaper men. When she arrived recently, one hardy man of the pencil and note-book penetrated her ship disguise of 'Miss Allen.' He lifted his hat and smiling with Sherlock Holmes satisfaction, said:

"What sort of a passage did you have, Miss Adams?"

"Miss Allen" started and looked reprovingly at the bold man. She stopped with one foot on the carriage step and shook her finger at him.

"Run away, bad boy," she said gravely, and the carriage rolled out upon West Street.

Intelligent and intellectual as Maude Adams is, she is not without the superstitions common to stage folk. The writer has seen her step quickly back to the landing so that she might not make one of an ill-fated trio on the stairs. She has mascots without number, one of them a curious blue, heart-shaped stone which she wears about her neck, and she is afraid of beggars. An old woman one day asked her for a coin. The actress remembered that there were only bills in her purse, so walked on without replying.

"She cursed me horribly, and I have never since given anything to beggars. I am afraid of them," she said.

The money she denies to beggars she spends in less open but grateful charities. Through her professional life she had come to know a woman who was fast sinking into the bondage of a dangerous drug. The young actress pleaded with her to break off the habit and secured her promise.

"I am leaving on tour to-morrow," said Miss Adams to her, "but I will remind you every day of your promise." And every day during her long tour a big bunch of violets inscribed, "From Miss Adams," came to the woman's home and gave their fragrant message of warning and cheer.

Her mild asceticism, untinted with austerity, is shown in the simplicity of her



MISS HESTER TRAILL

An American actress who took to the stage by advice of Bronson Howard, the playwright. After studying a year in Paris, Miss Traill went to London and appeared in "The Mummy and the Humming Bird," playing in that piece throughout the English provinces. Later she was equally successful in H. V. Esmond's "One Summer Day."



SEÑORITA ROSA FUERTES

Popular Spanish singer now starring in Mexico City. She is a native of Barcelona, where she made her debut a few years ago. Her repertoire includes "The Three Musketeers," "Carmen," etc.

dress. She cares little for modes or fashions. For society she cares not at all. Her friends are few, but they are friends forever. It was at the request of one of these old friends that she made her only social appearance for years. That was at an informal evening at the home of the late Major Pond on Jersey Heights. A friend of many years is Mrs. Hastings, wife of the architect, and daughter of E. C. Benedict.

Accountable for many of her seeming idiosyncracies is her singleness of aim, the fulfillment of her ambition. Those familiar with that ambition know that her career has not yet settled into the smooth-running groove of her hopes, that path of least resistance of her tastes. For Maude Adams would not be the Bernhardt of America nor yet its Duse. Her ambition is to be its Réjane. The French comedienne is the actress she admires most. This gravest of American actresses in private life would be its gayest in public. The vestal by day would be the merriest of mummers at night. Again the sunlight is playing upon the coif of the nun.

She insisted upon leaving school forever when she was fourteen in spite of her principal, who urged her to become a teacher. But her real education began when she left school, and she has been a student ever since. She speaks and reads French fluently, she is a fine pianist and has a well-cultivated contralto voice. Her taste for architecture is shown in incessant improvements in her town house, and at her country place on Long Island. She swims and rides well, and country life is a passion with her and yet not the ruling passion.

For life to her is truly the stage and all of her world are players, and genius, she has said, is seeing straight the things which concern us. ADA PATTERSON.

Our Play Competition

THE THEATRE'S play competition closed, as announced, on August 1st last, and the judges, F. Marion Crawford and William Seymour, are now actively occupied in reading the numerous manuscripts which have been submitted. As is usually the case in contests of this kind, most of the competitors delayed sending in their plays until the last moment.

During the last week manuscripts arrived at this office at the rate of twenty a day. This resulted in great congestion, and the plays accumulated so rapidly that it has been impossible for the judges to examine them all at once. Everything is being done to assist the judges in their work, and it is hoped that we may be able to announce the result in our next issue. Authors of these plays failed to enclose the card:

"Noblesse Oblige," "The Subterfuge," "Jean Lafitte," "Passing he Love of Women," Paula.



Hall, N.Y.

MISS FAY TEMPLETON

Popular vaudeville performer who has recently made a hit in "The Runaways" at the Casino

Night View of Luna Park, New Y



Copyright, Falk, 1903

Although situated in the heart of Coney Island, the home of blatant music and dubious frankfurters, Luna Park is far more refined in its amusements and lagoons. There are 39 different side shows, including Hagenbeck's Animals, A Trip to the Moon, Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the

Edmond Rostand's Plans for the Fu

PARIS, August 5, 1903.



EDMOND ROSTAND

SERIOUS differences have again arisen between Sarah Bernhardt and Edmond Rostand, and this time it is believed that the rupture is complete, the author of "L'Aiglon" having even gone so far as to declare that he would not write another play for the divine Sarah. After the dramatist's reception at the French Academy Mme. Rostand was the centre of an animated group receiving graciously the congratulations of a large number of

friends. Some one asked her what play her husband was then engaged upon and Mme. Rostand replied:

"My husband has a number of things on hand. One is a play for the Comédie Française, to be called "La Maison des Amants." It has two splendid parts for Mlle. Bartet and Mme. Segond-Weber, and he is writing another piece for Coquelin entitled "Le Théâtre."

"And how about 'Le Procès de Jeanne D'Arc'?" asked another.

"Oh, he has laid that aside for the present. Besides, we have no one to play it."

"I thought it was for Sarah Bernhardt——?"

"Oh, no," replied Mme. Rostand, decisively; "the piece wouldn't suit her at all. Besides, my husband says he

will never write another play for Sarah Bernhardt."

Just at that moment Mme. Bernhardt happened to be passing, and as Mme. Rostand was talking in a loud key, the actress heard every word. She managed to control herself and passed on in silence, although bystanders noticed that her eyes were full of tears. When she reached her home she had a violent attack of hysterics, and that, they say, is why "L'Aiglon" was not performed at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt on the night of the day Rostand was received at the Académie Française.

In these days of high-pressure living, when even the more enlightened classes of humanity are stricken with the prevailing malady of hurry, Edmond Rostand stands forth as an interesting example of a dramatist who will not allow himself to be "hustled" by success. It is now three years since the welcome which greeted "L'Aiglon" confirmed the triumph of "Cyrano de Bergerac," and M. Rostand has added no new play to his record during that period. Yet he is now, seemingly, at the most productive age.

Of course, since the production of "L'Aiglon" M. Rostand has not been absolutely sterile. He has printed three or four poems on topics of the day, which have not improved his reputation, and has written his reception speech for the Academy, which has shown his powers to be of wider scope than his more captious critics would admit. Still, an Academy speech and a few verses in three years is not all one would expect from a young writer with such a fertile imagination as M. Rostand. In fact, his failure to produce

's Latest Summer Pleasure Resort ❧ ❧



ing in common with the noisy Bowery by the Sea. It covers 22 acres of ground and is picturesquely laid out with ornamental buildings, plazas of which is said to represent an outlay of \$1,500,000, and the scene at night, with its 224,000 electric lights, is a vision of Fairyland.

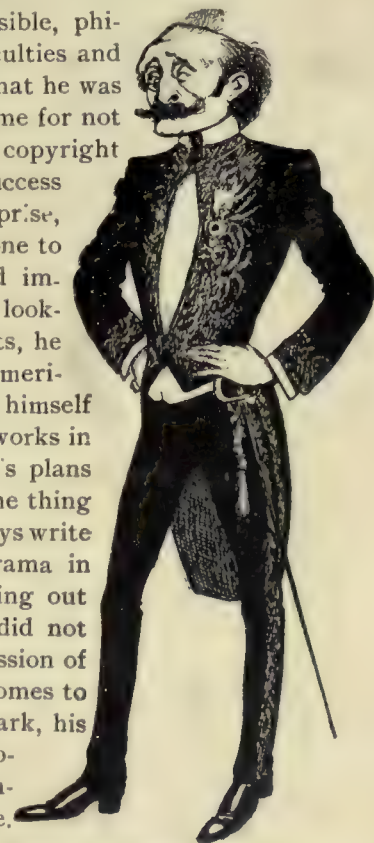
do not Include Sarah Bernhardt

anything during so long a period gave rise to a good deal of gossip. It was said that as the result of the strain of producing "Cyrano" and "L'Aiglon" M. Rostand's health had broken down and he would never be himself again. It was said also that "Cyrano" must be regarded as a sort of happy "fluke," and that conscious of never again being able to equal it, the poet, after "L'Aiglon," had decided to rest on his laurels and abandon writing for the stage.

The facts of the case are, I believe, much more simple. M. Rostand has been very seriously ill, and that for a considerable time; but he is now in comparatively good health, though he must live in the country and not attempt to face the exigencies of existence in the capital. M. Rostand has by no means decided to rest on his laurels, but will continue to write plays in the style of which he is the acknowledged master—the heroic, romantic comedy-drama. He has four or five subjects in his head ready for treatment, but none of these pieces is anywhere near completion. The piece he is writing for Coquelin, entitled "Le Théâtre," is a romantic comedy of theatrical life. Whichever of these plays he may select to complete first, the piece will certainly be written in the style which M. Rostand has adopted with such success hitherto, because this is the style with which he has the most personal sympathy and which he thinks the best adapted for the theatre. He is an enemy of the problem play. He thinks that people go to the theatre to be amused and to have their imaginations pleasantly stimulated. At present, however, M. Rostand is mainly occupied with the building

of a new house at Cambo in the Basque Country, near Biarritz and not far from the Spanish frontier.

The dramatist takes a very sensible, philosophic view of his American difficulties and cheerfully admitted to the writer that he was himself, to a certain extent, to blame for not having taken the necessary steps to copyright "Cyrano." But the fact is the success of "Cyrano" took him quite by surprise, and being a young man, more prone to thinking of harmonious verses and imaginary dramatic scenes than to looking after his own material interests, he neglected the requirements of the American copyright law. He expressed himself as gratified by the success of his works in America. Although M. Rostand's plans as to future work are unsettled, one thing is sure, and that is that he will always write for the theatre, for he has the drama in his blood and cannot help thinking out dramatic situations, even if he did not write them. But, since the expression of his thoughts on dramatic poetry comes to him as naturally as singing to a lark, his admirers may rest assured M. Rostand will continue to create romantic heroes and heroines for the stage.



From "Le Cri de Paris"
M. ROSTAND AS AN ACADEMICIAN
"This little green suit's the only one I want."
—L'Aiglon, Act I.

REVIVAL OF GENERAL LEW WALLACE'S

"Ben Hur"

STORY of the DRAMA
TOLD IN 6 PICTURES



Photos by Hyron, N. Y.

ACT I.—The wise men in the desert beside their camels awaiting the appearance of the star in the East which is to guide them over the trackless sands to the city of David, where is to be born the Child they would worship.



ACT II.—Ben Hur, unjustly condemned to the galley for life as a rower, saves the life of Atrius, the Roman tribune, and is accepted by him.



ACT III.—Temple of Apollo in the grove of Daphne, the famous pleasure ground of Antioch. Here Ben Hur meets his enemy Messala and engages to drive against him in the chariot race.

BIBLICAL PLAY AT THE NEW YORK THEATRE



ACT IV.—Iras, the Egyptian enchantress, seeks to lure Ben Hur from his duty and love for Esther. Fascinated, Ben Hur sails away with her on the lake, and they are seen by the broken-hearted Esther.



ACT V.—After the great chariot race. Crowning Ben Hur the victor.



ACT VI.—After an all night search for his mother and sister in the tombs of the lepers Ben Hur falls exhausted from fatigue. His mother finds him sleeping and goes to seek the Nazarene to work a miracle.

America's Queen of Tragedy

THESE days, when our stage is for the most part abandoned to vacuous "musical comedy" or to the unsavory "problem play," the name of Mme. Janauschek is little more than a memory. Now and then the newspapers print brief bulletins to the effect that "Janauschek is still at Saratoga," or that "Janauschek is slowly recuperating," but, otherwise, this great artiste is completely forgotten by the theatre-going public. It is safe, indeed, to presume that many thousands of the present generation of America's theatregoers have never heard Mme. Janauschek's name.

Francesca Romana Magdalena Janauschek was born at Prague, Bohemia, July 20th, 1830. During her early years she was extremely fond of the piano, and it was her intention to become a musician. An accident happening to her left hand made this impossible, so she then took up the study of singing. It was while training her voice that the elocution teacher of the conservatory persuaded her to adopt the stage as a profession.

Like most famous players, her early stage life was full of hardships, and compared with her later history presents few incidents of special interest. She acted at Prague, Cologne, Frankfort, and numerous other cities throughout Germany and Austria, the scene of her greatest triumphs being in Munich. Here she appeared before the King of Bavaria, and later on before his son Ludwig, the "Mad King," who, on mounting the throne, sent a telegram requesting her to act before him. She returned immediately to Munich and acted for the King in twenty plays, most of which were the famous Greek tragedies.

It was in 1867, while Mme. Ristori was appearing in this country, that Mme. Janauschek, practically unknown here, save for the few who had seen her on the continent, came to America, and made her debut at the Academy of Music, New York, on October 9th, following close upon the engagement of Ristori. The public soon began to appreciate the art of Janauschek, and it was not long before she was declared the equal, if not the superior, of Ristori in the dramas of Giacometti and Alfiera. During this, her first season here, she appeared in "Mary Stuart" and "Deborah,"



Collection of Evert Jansen Wendell

JANAUSCHEK AS MEG MERRILES

always speaking in German. At the close of this season she had won a secure place in the estimation of New York's most cultured theatre-goers, and everywhere she was spoken of as the Great Janauschek. For three seasons she appeared regularly in this country, using a much larger repertoire each time, and also enlarging and improving her company.

On returning to Europe in 1870 she studied the English language, having made arrangements with Augustin Daly to play here the following season in our tongue, and in 1871 she appeared in "Deborah" at the Academy of Music, New York, under Daly's management, playing the part in English. Her success was wonderful; never before had the public seen the terrible curse scene acted in so realistic a manner. The audience rose in its enthusiasm, and called Janauschek until she appeared before the curtain again and again.

Later Janauschek had made a version of Dickens' "Bleak House," and in this she enacted the dual rôles of Lady Deadlock and Hortense, appearing in the play throughout the country, and winning great favor. One critic wrote at the time: "The intensity of passion, the concentrated flow of all the heart's response, the maddening fury of the soul, the subtle and almost imperceptible expression of the heart, the keen pang of unrelenting fear, the softer emotion of the soul and heart, the exegesis of love and loving thought, intonation of eloquence, these find their interpreter in Janauschek, the greatest of all living actresses." Another critic said of her Deborah: "Janauschek is a tragedienne, as Forrest is a tragedian. She is one of the greatest living actresses. All the ideas are suggested by the rare acting of Janauschek, and she more than maintained her great success. Like everything great, the more we see of Janauschek, the more profoundly we are impressed with her wonderful power; as an emotional actress there is none equal to her. She stands alone.



Collection of Evert Jansen Wendell

MME. JANAUSCHEK

From a photograph taken in 1870

On April 26th, 1876, Janauschek, now a world-famed artiste, made her first London appearance, at the Haymarket Theatre, in the rôle of Medea. She also appeared in her classic repertoire and won much praise from the press and public. On December 13th, 1877, she produced "Katherine of Russia" at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, but this play was not one of her great successes. She also appeared in numerous other plays, such as "My Life," "The Harvest Moon," "Mother and Son," etc., etc.

Perhaps her greatest triumph, however, was as Meg Merriles in a dramatization of Sir Walter Scott's novel "Guy Mannering." Her performance of the old hag was truly wonderful, and ranked her definitely among the greatest interpreters of tragedy of her time. Lady Macbeth was another of Janauschek's great characters, her delineation of the rôle being compared favorably with that of Charlotteushman. She played the part with Edwin Booth in Boston, and also with Walter Montgomery in New York. Her Brünnhilde likewise was a favorite rôle.

In 1895 Mme. Janauschek was seen in the melodrama, "The Great Diamond Robbery." Commenting on this re-appearance a Boston critic wrote: "Janauschek's art is still magnificent. She lifted commonplace scenes of melodrama

to the heights of tragedy. The power of her presence, the influence of her great magnetism, her impressive intensity, her wonderful pantomime and her expressive facial changes, which so brilliantly illuminated the thought behind, proved that she is still a great actress, well deserving the appreciation which the audience was not slow to express in forms of

unusual enthusiasm." The last public appearance of the veteran actress was in 1899 when she was seen in Paul Kester's dramatization of "Guy Mannering," playing her favorite part of Meg Merriles. Her tour was short and not very successful.

A few years ago, while residing in Brooklyn and upon her arrival home from a shopping tour, she had a stroke of paralysis, which completely affected her left side. She was taken to the hospital and remained there for some time. Shortly after she was again stricken, this second stroke leaving her very weak. She then went to Saratoga to recuperate, and has remained there ever since.

On April 12th, 1900, a benefit for Mme. Janauschek was given at Wallack's Theatre, New York. It netted \$5000, which was invested for the tragedienne. A benefit is to be given her shortly in Philadelphia. It is to be

hoped that this will provide sufficient to put the actress beyond want for the balance of her days. L. R. WALLISON.



Collection of Evert Jansen Wendell
JANAUSCHEK AS LADY MACBETH

Lines to a Stage Manager

You know not how to act
A single rôle in fact;
But still you teach the actors how it's done.
You cannot write a play,
Yet those who can, each day
You show the art of failure or a run.

And if upon the stage
You'd only roar and rage
Before an audience, as at each rehearsal,
The heavy villain; you
Would to perfection do,
And meet with approbation universal. L. T.



Act I. The arrival of A Gentleman from Gascony



Act III.—THE DUCHESS: "This proves the murder of my son"

SCENES FROM "A GENTLEMAN FROM GASCONY," A NEW DRAMA OF RAPIER AND BUSKIN

"A Gentleman from Gascony" is the title of a new romantic play which will be seen on the stage this season. Like most pieces of its kind it is a dramatization of a novel, and it is to be produced under the auspices of that veteran manager, Mart W. Hanley, so long associated with Edward Harrigan. The scene is laid in France at the time of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Raoul De Puyevriere, a young Gascon, goes to Paris to seek his fortune, and quite naturally, begins by saving from insult a fair maid, Gabrielle, from a band of students. He then passes himself off as ambassador from Gascony and is exposed. Thanks, however, to Gabrielle, he secures a position at court. A duel follows and Raoul kills a Duke. He escapes and is concealed by an elderly lady, who turns out to be the Duke's mother. His pursuers arrive and from them the Duchess hears the truth. She keeps her word, but vows vengeance. Raoul is sent on a mission by the King and is nearly captured by the Duchess. He discovers a plot to kill the king and saves the king's life, so receives the royal pardon and incidentally the hand of the fair Gabrielle.



Her Dramatic Instinct

By Gertrude Blake Stanton

THE STAGE



ALL women have a taste for scenes, but Miriam Wendover's instinct for them had become so marked that her mother had recognized it as a danger in her life. She would not stay quietly occupied like other girls, but must be off to New York "developing" herself, as she called it. She was not the Wendover type at all; none of them ever cared to leave the shores of the Chesapeake. Still, her mother's pride recognized that she was an attractive type. She had eyes open to the world and full of light in their emphatic, dark setting; slender features, swept almost to indiscretion by the passing thought, and a certain keen arch of nostril and curve of lip.

Her mother's pride resented Mrs. Banks' tardy and rather ungracious recognition of her son's engagement to Miriam Wendover. It had to be a long engagement, for the reason that Gordon Banks was supporting his mother in a certain old-fashioned luxury to which she had always been accustomed. The law, as practiced by a brilliant neophyte in New York, makes no allowance for more than one female dependent. Gordon was clever, every one recognized that. Miriam Wendover both recognized and believed it—and waited. But meanwhile, there was Miriam's dramatic instinct to be dealt with. Gordon Banks was pleased to be amused by it, but his mother was doubtful as to the outcome. It did not occur to her that the problem might easily be solved by a slight sacrifice of the luxury of her surroundings. She dwelt rather on the advisability of postponing, and, with time's help, breaking the engagement. Mrs. Wendover was very properly indignant, for *she* had been a Redington,—the next best thing to being a Wendover. The Redingtons and Wendovers divided up a Maryland County between them, and believed in their souls that they divided up the world. Miriam's father, the venerable rector of St. Ann's-on-the-Shore, was always called "Dr. Sam," as there were only two surnames to go around among them all.

Mrs. Wendover sent a rather haughty note to Mrs. Banks, with whom Miriam was spending a fortnight, requesting her to see that Miriam returned home in good time for the Christmas holidays, and coldly intimating that she would be glad to have Mr. Banks join the house party at Brierside for Christmas. Mrs. Banks requested Miriam to reply to this, saying that she, Miriam, was irrevocably committed to take part in some private theatricals in New York during Christmas week; Gordon was to play the opposite part. The theatricals were an unexpected success, and had to be repeated for this charity and that until Miriam's name got

into the papers. These were speedily forwarded to the shores of the Chesapeake to help salve the hurt of the daughter's first absence from home.

"Miss Wendover has the dramatic instinct to a degree rarely seen in an amateur. She promises to make a success, should she ever adopt the stage as a profession." Thus wrote a dramatic critic in one of the daily newspapers.

Mrs. Wendover carefully read all the press notices aloud to Miriam's father, as the rector sat toasting his feet before the logs which smouldered in the huge fireplace.

"Well, well," he said, "our Miriam acting on a real stage! It doesn't seem as if she were old enough yet, does it? Bring in another log, Jeb. There's a draught on my back from the window."

"A Wendover turned play-actress," muttered the old colored servant, as he went for the log.

Brierside had scarcely recovered from the shock of this



Frederic Colburn Clarke

"They faced each other, all the latent cruelty of antagonized lovers hardening their faces."



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MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT

Will shortly make her first appearance as a star in a new comedy of American society life, by Clyde Fitch, entitled "Her Own Way." Her tour will open at the Garrick Theatre, this city, September 28th



HERE MOTTL

Distinguished Wagnerian conductor engaged by Mr. Conried for the coming opera season in New York

thought, when the startling intelligence reached them that Miriam Wendover was no more, but Mrs. Gordon Banks had take her place and she was on her way down to the Chesapeake to receive her parent's blessing.

"Gordon and I couldn't stand *playing* that we were married any longer," she said when she arrived; "so we just went around the corner, you know, and got ourselves really married. Now we can play in earnest

for the rest of our lives. That was a week ago. Poor Mrs. Banks!—she was scandalized," laughed the girl.

"But, my dear child, what was the reason for such haste?" her father inquired blandly.

"What is the use of postponing life?"—was all she would say, and so presently her mother took up the practical side of it, and asked:

"Has Gordon any better prospects?"

"He has some work just now which means a good round sum. That is the reason he couldn't get off with me for your blessing. I have allowed just three days for the blessing."

She smiled at her father and he forgot the irregularity of the whole proceeding. He went up to her and kissed her on the forehead, and then, with old-fashioned ceremoniousness, he laid his hands upon her head: "May the blessing rest upon you all the days of your life, my child," he said.

"I wish Gordon could have some of the blessing," she whispered.

"May that come to him through his wife."

The young people went to live with Mrs. Banks, who made the best of the situation. She retained the largest rooms of the small old-fashioned house for herself, and at Gordon's suggestion she kept old Cotta, her maid. Miriam was sadly pinched for room and money. Her days went by in making small, sordid economies, and keeping up appearances. Mrs. Banks was coolly critical.

When Miriam complained, Gordon said it would all come right in a year or two; they had, of course, been hasty in forcing his mother's consent; he thought the parents on both sides had acted with great consideration in view of the provocation. He and Miriam had acted like impatient school children, and so must take their working and waiting after marriage, instead of before.

These talks were the only outlet for Miriam's dramatic impulse now. But of late Gordon threatened to spoil them for her by getting so heavy over his cigar that she had to do all the dramatization herself. He somehow ceased to play up to her, as he used. She felt the lack of his stimulating interest, and resented it, although she understood the cause. She succeeded in one of these talks in leaving him wide awake, although she had found him half asleep in his den. Gordon's den was at the top of the house,—a small, low ceiled room, apt to get hot and hazy with smoke. Miriam flashed into it one evening with the announcement: "I have done it at last, without consulting you, Gordon."

"Done what?" very sleepily.

"You have been so busy, you know, I have not been able to get at you at all lately."

"Yes, I have been driven to death."

"I know, so I have accepted Mr. Harman's offer without waiting to consult you. He could not hold it open for me after to-morrow."

"Harman's offer? Who is Harman, and what does he offer?" he said, rousing a bit.

"Oh Gordon, you haven't been taking a word of all my talking seriously."

"But, dearest, you talk of so many things. I should be a raving lunatic if I took them all seriously."

"I have engaged myself, that's all. I have accepted Harman's offer of an engagement to star in his new piece at the Imperial. I begin rehearsing to-morrow."

There was such a long silence after this that Miriam grew uneasy and a little confused. But Gordon was awake at last.



JERRY J. COHAN

JOSEPHINE COHAN

GEORGE M. COHAN

MRS. COHAN

THE FOUR COHANS

Talented theatrical family, each member of which is an artist in comedy

Slowly his features set in cold, hard lines. Miriam quailed inwardly as she saw a look come into his face which had never before been in it in looking at her. She had seen the dawning of that look once when his mother had been rude to her in his presence. She had never known what words had followed, for she had left the room. Now, she waited nervously for some expression to voice the tense silence for her. It seemed ages before any words came. His voice was husky and the first words he spoke only half articulate.

"Do you realize that you have acted contrary to my most emphatically expressed wishes in this matter?"

"Yes," came the answer, with equal calm.

"In other words, you have defied me?"

"In other words, I have acted independently of you."

"You must not keep this engagement with Harman to-morrow."

"I am sorry, but I cannot break it."

"Your marriage vows, then?"

"I acknowledge none which interfere with my independent action. What vows do I repudiate?"

"To love, honor and *obey*."

"To love and *cherish*. I thought we were agreed that *all* these were dead letters unless contained in the one word *love*."

"We *were* agreed. Have you loved in disobeying?"

"Yes, I have loved and *do* love——"

"Whom, do I understand? Me, or yourself?"

"You *and* myself, but chiefly because you love me."

"Prove that now, Miriam. You must choose between me and the stage."

"Are you speaking finally, Gordon?"

"I am speaking finally."

They faced each other, all the latent cruelty of antagonized lovers hardening their faces. There was another long, tense silence. Then Gordon sat down at his table and picked up a book.

"Good-night," said Miriam, as she turned and went down stairs.

That night Gordon slept heavily in his chair. He was awakened the next morning by his mother's white, scared face looking into his

"Gordon," she said, "Gordon, where is your wife?"

Then he knew that Miriam had made her choice.

Miss Wendover's first appearance passed almost without notice; but still she was encouraged to keep on. She threw herself into the work, piqued and goaded on by Gordon's absolute silence. He made no effort to communicate with her. Her personal belongings had been sent to her, in care of Mr. Harman, and then—silence. Sometimes she thought quite dispassionately of her husband, and how glad she would be to have his keen judgment in helping her to work it out. There were other moments in which she thought of him, but not so dispassionately—moments when the only thing that seemed worth while was the sight of his face, the touch of his hand, the sound of his voice.

Then came a summer at Brierside. Her father was dying. She arrived too late for the last blessing. Her mother's grief was of the nervous kind which sought to vent itself on the one nearest her. She complained that the rector's end had been embittered, even hastened, by his daughter's leaving her husband for the stage. Miriam went alone to look upon the dead face, and in its large benignity and peace found her message and was comforted. But her mother had poisoned the air of the old home to her, and directly after the funeral, where the "play-actress" had attracted more attention than the widow, Miriam left to return to her work.

Miriam was at work on a new play. She had just received the manuscript, and the first reading had convinced her that the title rôle, Claudia,



Otto Sarony Co.

MISS S. SEABROOKE

Member of the "San Toy" company last season

was the part for which she had been hoping ever since she began starring. The playwright was a new man to the stage, the manager told her—the name was a *nom de guerre* merely. It was a venture, of course, but Harman had great hopes of the play. Miriam's belief in the piece was so assured that she was entirely free from first-night nervousness. She had "worked it out" at last. She knew it, and all the world would know it to-night. She had an odd feeling of conscious mastery, but without elation. Indeed, she

was aware of a certain deep discontent, as if fame had come to her already and had found the heart empty. With whom should she share her success, she asked herself—the fawning public? With whom did she stand first in intimate relation? With a quivering pain, she looked beneath the brave gayety of her life, and knew that she was alone.

She stood in the wings awaiting her entrance. Her eyes roamed carelessly over the house, glancing casually into the boxes. Directly opposite her in the stage box she recognized suddenly the pale, high-born face of Gordon's mother. Was Gordon with her? Miriam's eyes pierced through the obscurity of the box and made out the outlines of a man's figure. It was Gordon!

A slight faintness came over Miriam, but as she went on she was saying to herself, "If I succeed, I will go with him. He shall decide whether I ever act again or not."

With this buoying thought, she met the storm of applause which greeted her entrance. As yet she had spoken no word. The sure knowledge that she was to play to him at last gave a singular radiance to her face and surcharged her whole being with magnetism. She was aware of her power and from the first words she acted the rôle with consummate art until the curtain rolled down upon the last scene. Then, having responded to the repeated curtain calls and tasted her success, she stood in the wings, refusing to go out again. The manager and some of the company crowded around her with congratulations. She smiled her acceptance of them. The audience, wearied in its attempts to recall the actress, raised a sudden cry of "Author!"

"Is the author in the house?" asked Miriam.

"Yes," was the reply, "but stubborn as ever."

"Who is he? You can surely tell me now."

"I have his wishes to respect." He smiled curiously.

"Author! Author!" shouted the house.

"Oh, he must respond!" said Miriam, taking fire from the contagious warmth, and applauding eagerly.

"They'll stay here all night long, unless he does."

"Tell him *Claudia* is waiting to thank him."

The manager went behind the scenes, and in another moment Gordon Banks stepped from the obscurity of the stage box. He walked gravely down to the footlights and looked out curiously over the sea of faces. Curiosity was appeased, for a moment the tumult ceased. Then wave after wave of applause swept over him. He bowed again, and was about to retire, but the house still applauded and called.

He paused, looking inquiringly at the audience. Then he turned his head toward the wings. Miriam stood there in plain sight now. Their eyes met, and his face lighted into sudden comprehension: "They want us both."

He went toward her and held out his hand. She put her hand into his, which closed firmly over it, and led her out with him. The house stormed its approval of the pair.

While its echoes still rang in their ears, they had moved toward the opposite side of the stage and stood before the box. Mrs. Banks made a slight motion of her head toward Miriam, who smiled faintly and hesitated. Gordon opened the door of the stage box.

"Mother," he said, "here is my wife."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Banks, half shutting her eyes and holding out her hand, "Gordon's play was quite a success for a first attempt, was it not? Cotta, assist Mrs. Banks with her wraps."



Otto Sarony Co.

MISS PAULINE HALL

This operetta singer, who enjoyed considerable popularity in the palmy days of "Erminie," has been absent from the stage for some time. She will make her re-appearance next month as a star at the new Auditorium Theatre in Harlem.

George Ade's Latest Piece, "Peggy from Paris"



Byron, N. Y.

CAPT. PLUMMER (George Richards) AND THE AUTOGRAPH GIRLS

GEORGE Ade's new musical play, "Peggy from Paris," in a prologue and two acts, with music by William Loraine, will be produced by Henry W. Savage at Wallack's Theatre on September 10. It was first seen in Chicago last winter, where it ran at the Studebaker Theatre until May, when it was transferred to the Tremont Theatre in Boston. "Peggy from Paris" differs in many respects from "The Sultan of Sulu." It is not comic opera, but a

modern musical play, with the scenes laid in Chicago, the plot concerning the return from Paris of old Captain Alonzo Plummer's daughter Peggy, a part played by Miss Georgia Caine. George Richards will be the Captain Plummer; other parts are in the hands of Miss Josie Sadler, Miss Helen Hale, Paul Nicholson and Miss Guelma Baker. The piece is said to contain much of the slang that has marked Mr. Ade's writing in the past, and the music is popular in character.



Byron, N. Y.

GEORGIA CAINE AS PEGGY
ACT II—GRAND FINALE

Art vs. Commercialism

ALTHOUGH we hear a great deal about the Theatrical Trust and its alleged pernicious influence on the drama, the theatre-going public, as a body, is quite indifferent to the conflict which has divided the world of theatrical management into two bitterly opposed camps, known respectively as the Syndicate and the Independents. During these hostilities THE THEATRE has preserved a strictly neutral attitude. While we hold that a Trust, organized on a system of coercion, is ethically wrong and also unlawful, we recognize the right of managers to conduct their business in their own way, and the policy of the Independents does not appear to be materially different from that of the Syndicate, that is to say, both are promoting purely commercial enterprises. The only solution is the establishment of an ideal theatre conducted on artistic and educational, instead of on purely commercial lines, a theatre endowed with sufficient means to be independent of the usual box-office considerations, and where the first pre-occupation of its director will be not: "Will this play make money?" but, "Is it worthy?" We need, in short, such a theatre as that proposed by the National Art Theatre Society. An editorial in the *New York Evening Post* on August 1st last sums up the situation very clearly. The writer begins by paying a well-deserved tribute to the ability of Charles Frohman:

Whatever may be thought about the Theatrical Trust, it is impossible not to admire the executive skill and comprehensive grasp of its

leading spirit. He has succeeded in practically consolidating the English and American stages, or, at all events, in making one set of entertainments serve for both sides of the Atlantic. This enlarges profits indefinitely, while greatly reducing the number of original productions, with all their varying elements of risk and cost. Never in the whole course of its history has the stage, from the box-office point of view, rested upon so solid a business basis.

Like many other monopolies, the Theatrical Trust, or Trusts—for there are more than one—started from small beginnings and developed by simple means. The first step was to secure a chain of the-

atres, and the second to provide a sufficient number of popular plays to keep the circuit full. From the first the men in control adopted the policy of taking as few chances as possible. They did not pretend to be prompted by any other ambition than that of making money. Let others dream of the elevation of the stage, the encouragement of literary and dramatic art, and the creation of a national school of dramatists and actors; their aim was to gratify, not to direct or improve, the public taste, and straightway began the search for conspicuous public successes of every description, with the wholesale importation of foreign men and material. A little later set in the process of the manufacture of stars, and the employment of authors skilled in dramatic tailoring, to fashion parts in which these extemporized geniuses might be displayed to the least possible disadvantage.

Few persons, perhaps, outside of those who have watched it, and feared it, and denounced it from the first, had any idea of the ramifications or power of the largest and most notorious of these theatrical organizations, until Mr. Charles Frohman came home the other day, and, like a god, holding in his hands the gifts of good and evil, revealed to us the measures which he had devised for our winter's entertainment.

Now all this, at first sight, makes a very remarkable showing, and doubtless indicates a season of more than ordinary interest. But it is not very inspiring when one begins to sum it all up and ask what it means. In the first place, it goes far to justify the worst apprehensions of those who from the beginning have understood and dreaded the tendencies of syndicate management. It is plain that the chief sources of miscellaneous drama—including poetic tragedy, problem plays, social comedies, melodrama, farce, and musical extravaganza—have come under the control of a theatrical commercial autocracy. Its policy is to limit the output, so far as possible, to the amount which is needed to supply its circuit of theatres, which includes practically the whole theatrical territory between London and San Francisco. There is no pretence of encouraging or looking for new literary talent. The essential element of real management—critical discrimination—has been eliminated altogether. The new plan is simply to provide a wider field for the exploitation of a popular success, no matter what the nature of that success may be, whether dramatic, sensational, lascivious, humorous, or frankly idiotic. Such pieces as have won favor in London, Paris, or Berlin, are transported in bulk a year or two later—having been kept in cold storage meanwhile—to American theatres corresponding in general character with those in which they were originally presented.

What will be the inevitable outcome? All wholesome competition has been killed, the American theatre, as a national institution, has been smothered in its cradle, ambitious dramatists—except the few who "arrived" years ago, or have learned to write to order—have lost their occupation, the race of trained actors is almost extinct, and New York has to put up with frequently inferior performances of imported plays. The result, we believe, will be a grand crash when the erection of new theatres and the creation of opposition circuits, already begun, shall render the maintenance of a monopoly impossible. Succeeding the wreck will come a period of chaos, in which the struggle for bare existence by individual actors and managers will lead to the renewal of competition, and the reappearance of the stock companies; without them there can be no theatrical redemption. The day may be distant, but already there are signs of its dawn.



MISS LILY LORRELL

Will play a leading role in Charles Hawtrey's company this season



MISS HARRIETTE WEEMS

A native of Virginia, and lately leading woman with Louis James, Creston Clarke, and other Shakespearean players

THE THEATRE

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THE THEATRE

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1903

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Otto Sarony Co.

MISS VIOLA ALLEN AS VIOLA IN "TWELFTH NIGHT"

Miss Allen's tour as an independent star will open in Washington on October 26. She will be seen in New York as Shakespeare's heroine some time next January. John Blair will be the Malvolio.

PLAYS and PLAYERS

NOTICE!

It has been found impossible to announce in this issue the result of our play competition, owing to the protracted absence in Italy of Mr. F. Marion Crawford, one of the judges. All the plays submitted have been read and classified by Mr. William Seymour according to their merits. Those placed in the first and second classes will now go to Mr. Crawford. When he has read and classified them he and Mr. Seymour will agree upon the play which, in their opinion, is worthy to be adjudged the winner. We might add that out of nearly 300 plays sent in, only about a dozen have been placed in the Classes A and B. Other plays than the winner in the Classes A, B and C will be reviewed critically, when the winner is announced, which we hope will be next month.

THEATRE doors are now wide open, and dramatic entertainment to suit every taste, from the classic "Ulysses" to the Rogers Brothers, is offered the metropolitan play-goer. At Daly's, Mr. Frohman presents "Three Little Maids," a delightfully absurd musical trifle, beautifully staged, and played and sung with an all-round perfection that seems phenomenal. It lives up to the best traditions of Augustin Daly's house; and, lo! the old-time Daly audience, brilliant, refined, and politely appreciative, suddenly reappears, thronging the theatre. This is indeed a splendid compliment to the new piece. It is even more striking as a rebuke to the coarse, blatant "Gus and Max" type of music-farce which has too long infested Broadway. And yet, Paul Rubens, who is announced in imposing singleness as the writer and composer of "Three Little Maids," is by no means a Gilbert and Sullivan rolled into one, nor even a fair substitute for either half of that former delectable combination. His "plot" is naively amateurish, and his musical numbers are practically all interpolations, consisting of a dozen or so of songs unrelated to the action of the piece, but admirably suited to the various talents and voices of the principal members of the cast. As this cast embraces at least half-a-dozen people of exceptional artistic quality, and most of them new to the American stage, while the general

support is above mediocrity, it is easy to understand how a well-deserved success has been won.

Mr. Rubens' little story relates to the love affairs and adventures of the three daughters of a country parson who simultaneously meet their fates in the persons of three eligible young men, Lord Daisy Cheyne, M. de Lorme, and Brian Molyneux. Unfortunately, however, these prospective lovers are entangled with three society women, protégées of Lady St. Mallory. This last named opens a fashionable tea-shop in town, whither she transports the three little maids, disguised as blue-tile Dutch peasant girls, to wait upon customers. Of course, the very first patrons of the shop are Lord Daisy, de Lorme, and Brian, closely followed by the three society women. The latter, jealous of the attentions

showered upon the tea-girls, adopt a similar disguise; whereupon the parson's daughters turn the tables by dressing up in swagger gowns and running off with their respective sweethearts in automobiles. That is all—but the songs, duets, trios, and sextets, deftly interspersed, have made the three acts go off as merrily as marriage bells.

G. P. Huntley, as Lord Cheyne, gives an irresistible caricature of the innocuous "silly-ass" species of Englishman. His song, "Algy Is Certainly Awfully Clever at Algebra," must be heard to be appreciated. Maurice Farkoa's Frenchified love-lyrics are as enchantingly delicate as the murmur of a serenader's lute.

If only for the reason that he has given us two such genuine artistic treats as "Everyman" and "Ulysses," Charles Frohman deserves the gratitude of American theatre-goers. "Ulysses," probably the most important poetic drama that has been presented on the English-speaking stage during the past twenty years and seen lately at the Garden Theatre for the first time in America, is the third and most successful of the blank-verse plays of the young English actor poet, Stephen Phillips, the other two being "Paolo and Francesca" and "Herod." "Ulysses" is pure poetic comedy founded on Homer's



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JAMES K. HACKETT AS JOHN ERMINE OF THE
YELLOWSTONE

immortal epic of the sea-faring hero of Ithaca, and is "full of the surge and thunder of the Odyssey." Mr. Phillips' play consists of a prologue (closely following Marlowe in "Dido, Queen of Carthage") and three acts. In the prologue on Olympus, Zeus empowers Pallas Athene to offer to her special protégé Ulysses the choice of remaining with the enchantress Calypso on her isle of Ogygia, or returning through trials of Hades to his wife Penelope and his son Telemachus at Ithaca. The Trojan warrior, roused from his voluptuous dream, nobly chooses to win his way back heavily to home. For this he passes through Hades and the "dolorous realms below." Arriving finally at his own palace in Ithaca, Ulysses, disguised as a beggar, finds Penelope, his faithful spouse, surrounded by importunate suitors. First he reveals himself to Telemachus, his son. Then with dramatic grandeur he takes down his mighty bow—Penelope having promised to wed at next full moon the suitor who can bend that weapon of Odysseus—and with vengeful shafts puts the fawning crew to shame and death.

Apart from its literary beauty, "Ulysses" is a good acting play, and reveals its author as a skilled dramatist as well as an inspired poet. It is, indeed, rare to find a literary artist so ready to resort to mere theatric expedients and insisting on continuous spectacle even at the expense of his own verse, but we must not forget that Stephen Phillips was an actor before he won fame as a playwright. His drama, which is really melodrama, is undoubtedly effective theatrically, and there was no mistaking the rapt attention with which the audience followed the adventures of the hero to the end. No doubt there are parts of this work that it is better to

read in the library than to see represented on the stage. For example, in the prologue, to see the gods on Olympus sitting in a circle like a minstrel troupe was somewhat of a shock, but those of us who seek in the theatre not mere amusement but the keener and more satisfying enjoyment one experiences when the imagination is fired, the eye feasted with brilliant spectacle, and the ear soothed by virile lines written in graceful verse, will enjoy "Ulysses." It is a play which lifts us out of the modern world in which we live our conventional lives to mingle in fancy for the moment with the gods and heroes of mythological lore.

The scene of the descent of Ulysses into Hell is a novel, awe-inspiring spectacle, and many persons may think it grewsome. Yet it is properly a part of this classic drama. If we accept the fables of mythology we may as well accept the Hell fable. Some of the stage machinery in this scene, especially those tableaux showing the different torments endured by the damned, creaked and impaired the illusion, but the tableau at the close of the act which shows the hero about to emerge from Hades, at the top of a steep ascent, only his face lighted by a calcium, the rest of the horrid place in gloom and a hundred shadowy forms and dreadful shapes wailing and imploring him with outstretched hands, is a scene not easily forgotten.

One can readily understand that the Ulysses of Tyrone Power is superior to that of Beerbohm Tree, who originated the part in London. A classic hero with a modern lisp is perhaps too great an anachronism! While Mr. Power's Ulysses is a less striking figure than his Judas, yet on the whole he gave a satisfactory performance. His fine physique,



Photos Byron, N. Y.

BEFORE

Coupeau, a prosperous workingman, pays court to the pretty Gervaise and induces her to become his wife. On the table before the young couple is the deadly aperitif which is to lead them to their ruin.



AFTER

Crazed with absinthe, Coupeau is now a besotted wretch, a curse to himself and his miserable wife. The room is bare and both are in rags. The bottle alone remains to give its awful consolation.

CHARLES WARNER IN "DRINK" AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC



Burr McIntosh, N. Y.

THE THREE LITTLE MAIDS AT DALY'S

magnificent voice and classic-cut face fitted well the rôle of the godlike hero, and when he has mastered his lines better the improvement will be marked. He was very nervous on the opening night and did not do full justice to the beautiful verse, although he had magnificent moments. Defective reading was indeed noticeable in most of the members of the cast.

The performance of Rose Coghlan as Penelope was beautiful beyond compare, and served only to remind us what a fine artist our stage still possesses in this sterling actress. She read her lines with superb effect, and in the scene with the suitors made a profound impression. Miss Adelaide Prince also pleased in the part of Athene. She was charming in all her scenes. William Owen was admirable as the comic Ctesippus, and Fuller Mellish was excellent as the faithful swineherd. Mr. Frohman has staged the play handsomely.

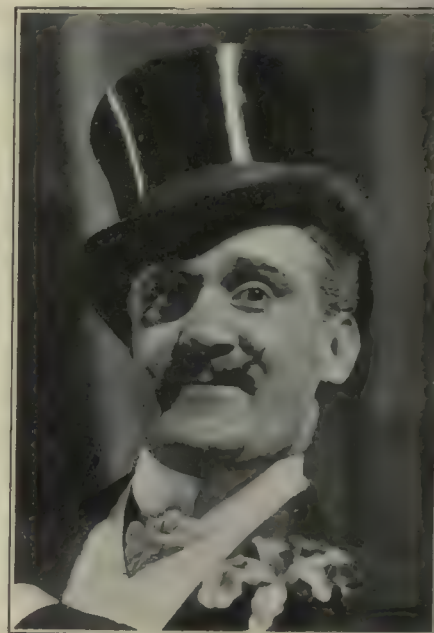
Edward Harrigan's new play "Under Cover," at the Murray Hill Theatre, met with a spontaneous success. Harrigan has not grown a day older, in looks, singing voice, or dancing steps. Mrs. Yeamans evidently has drawn upon the fountain of eternal youth and quaint Irish humor. As for Miss Jennie Yeamans, she makes in this piece the artistic hit of her career as Susie, the broken down actress, who, by the helping hand of Owney Gilmartin (Edward Harrigan), heroically climbs upon "the water-wagon," and regains her self-respect and position in "The Fringe of Society." Altogether, the *reentrée* of Harrigan with his company as a fixture in metropolitan theatricals is an event upon which this town may well congratulate itself. He is the ideal actor-manager—an inimitable singer of his own songs, a consummate artist in the portrayal of those living human types whose dramatization has won for him the title of New York's Charles Dickens.

If you wish to laugh loud and long, go to see "The Man from Blankly's" at the Criterion which the English actor

Charles Hawtrey has brought over for his second American visit. The piece is a satire on middle class society in England and is irresistibly funny. Mrs. Tidmarsh, a parvenu of the most vulgar type, is giving a dinner party. Fourteen guests have been invited, but at the eleventh hour one sends regrets. Rather than sit down thirteen at table, the hostess applies to Blankly's Emporium, where they rent out young men used to the best society at a guinea an evening. This order is no sooner given than another guest declines, which would make them twelve. Mrs. Tidmarsh then endeavors to countermand the man from Blankly's, but they are not sure if this can be done. However, they will try to stop their employé. If he does come, declares the hostess, he shall go down with the governess. The guests arrive in quick succession, and such an absurd collection of life-like types was never seen. The pompous uncle, patronizing expectant heirs, the crabbed dyspeptic with chalky visage, the skinny old maid hysterical regarding the health of her parrot, the scientific crank, the dude cracking inane jokes—all these come in one after the other. Mrs. Tidmarsh has just begun to hope the man from Blankly's will not come, when once more the bell rings. It is Lord Strath-

peffer (Charles Hawtrey), who, having lost his way in the fog, has come to the wrong house. The hostess thinks, of course, that he is the hired man, and sends him down to dinner with the despised governess, warning him not to touch the champagne (they being short of it), and above all not to talk much. The comicality of the situation can be readily seen, and the misunderstanding is cleverly kept up to the end. The play is admirably acted by the star and by all the members of his company without exception.

"Captain Dieppe," in which John Drew is appearing this season, is hardly likely to duplicate the success of "The Mummy and the Humming Bird." The Hope story is slight and tiresome in dramatic form. The first act, which is all inconsequential chatter, would serve as a soporific for the most persistent case of insomnia. Mr. Drew is our leading exponent of polite comedy and there is finished art in every thing he does, but when the author gives the actor practically no opportunity, as in this play, reducing him to the expedient of facial contortion and comic gesture to keep his audience amused, it is not surprising that the interest lags. The most one can call it is a success of esteem.



Byron, N. Y.

G. P. HUNTLEY

Who made a hit as the English lord in "The Three Little Maids."

Mrs. Langtry is always worth seeing, although it is more as the woman than as the actress that she interests us. She acts herself, and hers is, indeed, a notable personality, associated for the past quarter of a century with high personages and important events. Her gowns and jewels are exhibitions in themselves, and her manner of wearing them is eagerly noted, at least by the women folk, for is not the "Jersey Lily" a one-time royal favorite? Considered only as an actress, a professional portrayer of human emotions, Mrs. Langtry's claim to recognition is less strong. Much of her once wonderful beauty still remains, but mere good looks are of small avail in a calling where the art gift is the beginning and the end. The last time Mrs. Langtry visited America she brought from England a play which had been "highly recommended by King Edward." It turned out to be a very bad play. This year the actress has been more fortunate in her selection. "Mrs. Deering's Divorce," a comedy by Percy Fendell, is not endorsed by royalty, but it is an entertaining play for all that, and one which should serve Mrs. Langtry well for the rest of her tour. The piece is founded on a time-worn idea—that of a husband and wife coming together again after being divorced—but the old material has been handled skilfully and in a new and amusing way. The lines are very bright, and the character drawing admirable. The play has the advantage of an excellent cast, including Paul Arthur, whose quiet method is exactly suited to the part of the husband. An English dowager of the old school is cleverly impersonated by Miss Katherine Stewart.

"Personal," at the Bijou, is what in one sense its title implies: it is personal to William Collier—personal to such a degree that the "original comedy" characterization claimed for it by the author, Eugene Presbrey, is a hollow misnomer. Mr. Collier has earned an enviable reputation in his straight line of comedy-acting, which is marked by a dapper assurance near akin to the impertinent, and that rapid-fire, pat readiness of repartee which wins laugh after laugh in succession too quick for sober thought. But this sort of thing, to be effective, must be projected from the substantial background of a real and entertaining play. "Personal" is no such thing, and does not in itself warrant the smart young comedian's changing his first name from "Willie" to William. Mr. Presbrey is the typical stage-manager playwright, who as a rule can be trusted to dovetail into his acts the requisite number of stock situations and characters; but these are so conspicuously wanting in "Personal" that we must really believe it is "original." Certainly no other author will care to claim it. As Jack Heritage, Mr. Collier simply plays himself. We should hesitate to accuse even yellow journalism of the responsibility for such a "reporter" as he presents—a cheeky vulgarian who intrudes himself upon a family circle. The whole environment and characterization of this piece are utterly unreal and futile. It is a pity, for there are two or three players in the cast who deserve better luck—notably Louise Allen, a true and tried artiste, but who in the present instance suffers total eclipse, and the martyrdom of a forlorn hope.



Byron, N. Y.

Some of the stately chorus girls imported from Chicago by Henry W. Savage for the New York production of "Peggy from Paris."



Elmer Chickering, Boston

MISS GEORGIA CAINE

Now playing the title role in George Ade's musical comedy
"Peggy from Paris."

"Vivian's Papas," seen at the Garrick, is broadly farcical and may be classed among those indecent pieces, happily rare on the American stage, but common enough abroad, which have earned for the theatre its reputation as a place of low morals. The heroine, Vivian, is presented frankly as a Tender-

loin wanton who bestows on gilded youths and bewiskered elderly gentlemen such of her favors as they may be willing to pay for. Each paramour she passes off on her other callers as her "papa;" hence the title of this unsavory piece which is at no time funny, and only tolerable because of the skill and charm with which Miss Hattie Williams acted the rôle of Vivian, and the laughable antics of those popular comedians, Messrs. Wise and Rice.

He must seem a captious critic indeed who finds fault with a farce that makes audiences laugh continuously and heartily. That is, allowing that decency and good taste are observed. There is no doubt that Edwin Milton Royle's three-act effort, "My Wife's Husbands," lately on view at the Madison Square is polite and highly effective. Purely extravagant, it nevertheless excites honest laughter and is a welcome relief from too many of those foreign farces, founded on frank indecency, which find such a willing managerial sanction on the boards of American playhouses. Mr. Royle's theme is most Quixotic. It is difficult to sanely recognize his premises, but the prolificity of Gwendolin Winston's matrimonial entanglements result in many scenes of effective comic purpose, and the lines, too, are smooth and deft, with frequent epigrammatic touches. The work of Selena Fetter Royle as Gwendolin is an accomplishment of fluent good humor, graceful charm and ingenuous refinement. Her agreeable and buoyant personality fits the character to a nicety, and her work is stamped with the true stellar quality. The heroine's fourth husband is played by the author with vigorous enthusiasm. As a comedian Mr. Royle's touch is hardly light, and his facial expression is horribly exaggerated, but he makes his points, and therefore must please himself in his capacity as playwright.

"The Princess of Kensington," a comic opera from the London Savoy, just fell short of scoring a hit at the Broadway. Written by Captain Basil Hood and Edward German on the Gilbert and Sullivan model, the first act, at least, seemed an artistic treat after the musical trash that so often passes for comic opera on our stage.

Its delightful music, spirited and tuneful, its capital songs, well-drilled chorus, refined humor, graceful dancers and uncommonly pretty girls, all contributed to please. The weak spot, as usual, was the libretto, which, with its fairies and goblins reviving memories of Shakespeare's Puck and Titania mixed up with a modern story, was fantastic and at times grotesque, albeit giving opportunity for pleasing exhibitions of picturesque costumes. The interest waned in the second act, and the weakness of the book became more apparent. The fun making was chiefly in the hands of James T. Powers, and as the jolly tar who is the victim of two loves, this popular comedian succeeded in keeping his auditors in good humor. Miss Lily Bircham made a distinct hit with her graceful dancing, and Miss Amelia Fields deserved mention for a clever impersonation of a feminine fright who pursues the star sailorman.



MISS ADELAIDE THURSTON

As Polly Primrose in Paul Willstach's play of the same name.



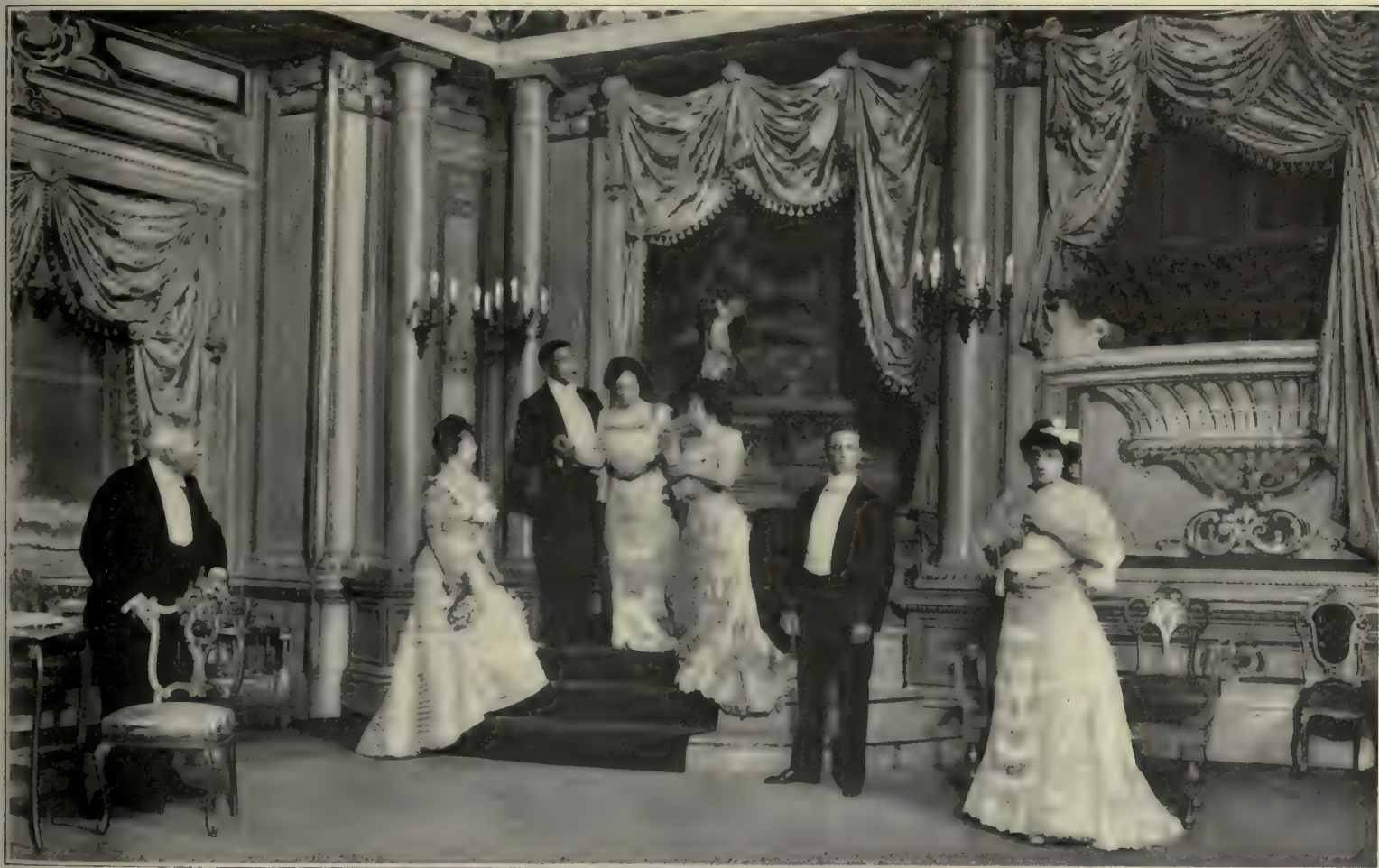
Photos Byron, N. Y.

MR. WELLING
(John Saville)

JACK HERITAGE
(William Collier)

LAWYER PARKER
(Herbert Ayling)

Act I. JACK: "I'll resign my position. I'm a Millionaire"



MR. SAVILLE

NANETTE COMSTOCK

JANE PEYTON

MR. COLLIER

LOUISE ALLEN

GEORGE NASH

GRACE THORNE

Act II. Stella (Miss Peyton) is brought in from the ballroom fainting. She has discovered that she does not love the Count, to whom her ambitious mother has engaged her.

SCENES IN WILLIAM COLLIER'S NEW PLAY "PERSONAL" AT THE BIJOU THEATRE



MR. AND MRS. EDWIN MILTON ROYLE IN "MY WIFE'S HUSBANDS"

In spite of the marvelous vogue which attached to his novels, Zola never reached in the theatrical field, either financially or artistically, a position of any particular prominence. Of his dramatizations, "Thérèse Raquin" and "L'Assommoir" were the most successful—the first from an æsthetic point, the second from the purely commercial. It was in 1874 at the old Olympic, on Broadway, that Augustin Daly did a version of his scathing sermon on the evils of drink. But although it served to bring Ada Rehan prominently before a public that was later to yield her continuous adulation and applause, it had but a limited run. On tour in this country the late Tom Keene had considerable success in it, but its field of usefulness as an entertainment, as a temperance medium and as a grubby money-getter was to be discovered by that distinguished man of letters and strenuous controversialist, the late Charles Reade.

The immortal author of "The Cloister on the Hearth" knew his Philistine England well. Ponderous and slow thinking, none better than he knew where Jovian bolts of platitude and sledge-hammer blows of rhetoric were needed to bring home a common truth. For £100 he bought the English rights to "L'Assommoir," which he freely adapted, and in one year his prescience was rewarded by the neat little sum of £40,000. "Drink," as his version was known, has been

played thousands of times throughout the British Empire, but nearly a quarter of a century was to elapse before New York City was to see it with Charles Warner, the originator of Coupeau, as the drink bedamned artisan.

There was no mistaking the great personal success won by this actor on his first appearance in America at the Academy of Music. Received with that cheerful manifestation of good will so characteristic of metropolitan audiences, he speedily and effectively proved that the title of "England's greatest melodramatic actor" had been worthily bestowed. Of the play it can only be said that it possesses many of the faults of old-time melodramatic construction and many of its virtues. Subtlety is wanting, but its numerous points are made with a bold directness and simple sincerity that carry conviction and stir the souls of those in front. The final act might be entirely eliminated, for the interest ceases with Coupeau's horrible death, and both consistency and strength would be conserved by cutting certain scenes.

In the earlier acts where Coupeau is as yet untouched by the demon drink, Mr. Warner plays with the graceful and sure touch of an experienced comedian. The love scene with Gervaise is admirable in its gauche manliness, and in the subsequent incident with the child there is a wealth of honest pathos and pride. But the climax of artistic achievement is reached in the act where, weakened by his accident, Coupeau listens to the temptations of those who would ruin him body and soul and drinks one brandy to show his independence. How one follows another till drunken bestiality causes him to strike his wife, is a scene which for perfection of detail, mental and physical, is worthy of supreme praise, while his depiction of a victim in the acutest form of delirium tremens ending in death is a graphic picture of shocking hideousness and horrible force. The company is an excellent one, Miss Kate Wilson Bailey playing Gervaise with much feeling and strength.

The revival of "Arrah-na-Pogue" by Andrew Mack serves not only the personal fortunes of this popular actor, but affords a practical lesson in play construction. Boucicault was a skilled dramatist and thoroughly practical. He always made everything his own, not by the mere right of discovery and bare appropriation, but by means of added value from his art. His Irish plays were transcripts from life, and no author has approached him in his delineations of character and the emotional nature and peculiar traits of the Irish. The situations in "Arrah-na-Pogue" have been stolen by many imitators, but that fact has not destroyed the vitality or the interest of Dion Boucicault's play.

MACLYN ARBUCKLE
As the County Chairman in George Ade's comedy drama of that name.

That a little success is dangerous and apt to lead astray even our most sagacious theatre managers has been strikingly shown recently in the case of George Ade's new musical piece, "Peggy from Paris," which came to New York heralded by most glowing accounts of triumph in other cities, and yet turned out to be but sorry stuff. The truth is that even Mr. Ade and Mr. Savage—whose respective efforts in the past have earned for them reputations for possessing artistic ideals—are not immune from the prevalent theatrical malady, which is to rush in and make hay while the sun shines, no matter at what cost. Mr. Ade wrote "The Sultan of Sulu," a piece which met with well-deserved public favor, but that success did not necessarily mean that thereafter everything signed by Mr. Ade would make a hit, irrespective of its intrinsic merit. Yet this is the conclusion Mr. Savage seems to have come to; otherwise how can we explain his accepting such a stupid book as that of "Peggy from Paris." A duller piece or one more unworthy of Mr. Ade it would be difficult to imagine. Some of the characters—for example, the hayseed father, and also the "bouncer" of the Paragon Theatre—are vigorously drawn, and the dialogue in spots has the true Ade quality, but this is not enough to ensure success or even consideration for a comic operetta which must appeal to the eye and ear. This piece satisfies no sense. Peggy, a young person of Hickory Creek, Illinois, who has been studying singing in France, returns to America, and passes herself off in Chicago as Mlle. Caramell, a Parisian opera singer. Her hayseed father, hearing of her return, goes to claim her, but wishing to keep up the character she has assumed, Peggy denies the relationship and tries to palm off on him her comic maid. The scenes drag, the humor misses fire, and as for the songs, there are none worth remembering. Nor has William Lorraine, who wrote the score for this production, come to the assistance of the librettist with any pleasing music. A redeeming feature was the number of really pretty chorus girls imported by Mr. Savage from Chicago.

The Rogers Brothers have bobbed up again in another of John J. McNally's weird pieces, the latest of which purports to show what happened these picturesque gentlemen in London. Mr. McNally varies his titles somewhat, but he seems to have only one idea, and while the clownish exhibitions he writes for these comedians amused at first, they are now beginning to pall on a public which insists on novelty all the time. Max and Gus Rogers will always draw a certain public, because they are clever performers, but unless they can find a vehicle built on a new idea they will run the risk of losing some of that liberal patronage they have won. It were idle to conceal the fact that as an entertainment "The Rogers Brothers in London" is inane. Meantime, it is occupying the boards of one of the handsomest and most important of the Broadway theatres. Oh, Thespis, no wonder you hide your face!





Taken for THE THEATRE MAGAZINE by the Otto Sarony Co.

Away up on the balcony floor of the Manhattan Theatre Mrs. Fiske has a well-stocked library where the actress seeks seclusion after the worries of rehearsal."

Minnie Maddern Fiske: An Impression



Copyright, H. G. Fiske

AN English contemporary has called Mrs. Fiske "the American Ellen Terry, plus a dash of Mrs. Kendal." This is not a luminous characterization, certainly, but it serves to illustrate the difficulty of "hitting off" anything like a recognizable pen-portrait of America's foremost living emotional actress.

Mrs. Fiske is an artist who will never be "interviewed." Whoever enjoys the privilege of her personal acquaintance understands perfectly well that her invariable

and consistent refusal to talk for publication is really more characteristic than anything she could, or would, say. She is, in some moods, a charmingly frank and engaging conversationalist, and does not always evade answering direct questions; only, she answers them in her own way, which is usually original. No high-sounding platitudes from her! Her replies are full of the unexpected, and consequently baffling to the conventional inquisitor who would fondly hope to "draw her out." Whether this is from diffidence on her part, or fear of misinterpretation, or simply feminine modesty and reserve (for such rare, lovely traits do occasionally survive, even in great actresses), or whether it is a kind of fine artistic pride, the writer would not presume to say. But affectation, most distinctly it is *not*.

The real confidences of this actress—and they are many and intimate—are made to the public straight from the stage. Sit for an evening under the spell of her "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," or Nora Helmer in "A Doll's House," or Becky Sharp, or the sparkling *mondaine* of "Divorçons," and you know more about Mrs. Fiske's temperament, man-

ner, intellectual outlook, partialities and antipathies, and artistic ideals withal, than any number of formal or informal chats could possibly give. Herself aware of this, she cannot conceive it to be of any concern whatever to the public to know how she looks or what she does outside the theatre, or what she may be quoted as saying upon this or that topic, or about art in general.

Nevertheless, such curiosity, or interest, or everyday human sympathy, is natural enough, and the artiste who failed to inspire it would not be happy. People want to know about the woman behind the actress. They know, or think they know, what her individual attitude is towards the characters, good and bad, whom she impersonates; but they wouldn't care a button *what* her artistic attitude was, unless they liked and believed in the concrete personality whose manifestations they go to the theatre night after night to observe. She is a heroine, and they insist upon her being a real flesh-and-blood one.

Prompted, no doubt, by a similar feeling toward one whose work he has long admired, the present writer here attempts to sum up and dramatize, as it were, the very composite impressions of Mrs. Fiske formed, first, from studying her acting, and subsequently either confirmed or corrected through the chance opportunities of personal meeting. A great many interesting things are to be learned from and about Mrs. Fiske by not asking questions. If she tells you what you want to know, it is when she is talking about something else. Therefore, such inverted commas as may be employed for convenience of form in the course of this article, must be taken not as marking authorized quotations of what Mrs. Fiske actually said on any particular occasion, but merely as indicating somewhat the manner in which she might have expressed herself on these topics, had she consented to a cold-blooded interview.



Photo Klein and Gullenstein, Milwaukee

MRS. FISKE AS MARY OF MAGDALA



NAT C. GOODWIN AS BOTTOM

This popular comedian will be seen again this winter as Shakespeare's famous character in Kiaw & Erlanger's forthcoming elaborate revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The above picture shows Mr. Goodwin as he appeared in the rôle at a special performance some years ago.

Minnie Maddern Fiske is one of the few American actresses of the present day who may be said to have been "born to the profession." Her father, Thomas W. Davey, was the manager of a circuit of theatres in the West and South. Her mother was Lizzie Maddern, a highly esteemed actress, of English descent. The child, Minnie, was born in New Orleans, and toddled upon the boards almost as soon as she was out of the nurse's arms. Inheriting a studious disposition from both parents, her natural intelligence received direction and culture in the convent-schools of New Orleans, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Montreal. For ten years, at frequent intervals, she played children's parts—everything in the repertoires in that line, from Prince Arthur in "King John," and the Little Duke of York in "Richard III.," to Weeny Paul in "The Octoroon," and Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." At sixteen she was a full-fledged leading woman.

In the West, where little "Minnie Maddern" as a ten-year-old slip of a girl was an immense favorite, they tell the story of her rag doll. She used to play with it in the dressing-rooms and wings of the theatre; and one evening in a fit of willfulness, she refused to go on when her cue came, unless she could carry the doll through the scene with her. The stage manager, in desperation, saved the situation by promising her the finest doll that could be bought in St. Louis, if she

would be good. She was, and he kept his word. That gorgeous doll remained in her possession eighteen years, until finally, not so long since, it was sold at a charity bazar in New York City for \$125.

One thing about Mrs. Fiske is a certainty from the very start: you realize that the magnetic quality which you have felt so potently across the footlights is not a mere stage effect. It is innate and ever present. It is the essential expression of her temperament and physique. It is, in its way, a part of the ineffable fascination of a woman who is intellectual, but does not care to be thought so.

She is scarcely above—possibly even a fraction of an inch below—the medium height for a woman. Her lithe, symmetrical figure, in the customary black of her street and house attire, is much slighter than it appears when invested with the queenly robes and bearing of a Mary of Magdala. Her hair is a bright golden red, with the gold predominant, and her eyes are large, liquid, violet-dark (she would say gray). Her conversational voice is a delightful surprise, it is so soft and musical, with ager inflexions and little rippling laughs, as spontaneous as the brooks. This is indeed a surprise, because in certain rôles, especially Becky Sharp, and even in some degree in Nora, and as Cyprienne in "Divorçons," there was a certain hard, rapid, staccato style of delivery, which seemed as if it might be peculiar to the actress, when perhaps in reality it belonged to the parts, as she materialized them. In "Little Italy," however, it melted to tropical warmth, and in "A Bit of Old Chelsea" was lost in plaintive sweetness; while the Magdalene Mary is so completely the incarnation of a mystic sentiment, so entrancing an "evidence of things unseen" that one takes scarcely more cognizance of bodily or sensual traits than in a dream. Surely no artiste ever exemplified more marvelously than Mrs. Fiske does, the chameleon or cloudlike changeability, the utter physical transformation, wrought upon a sensitive being by the force and color of an idea!

She thinks it hard that custom in this country compels an artiste to play nightly in exacting rôles, whether "tuned up" or not. It is only done, she insists, at an awful expense of nerves and vitality, and must be more or less unsatisfactory to audiences. In Continental Europe, leading actors and actresses seldom play more than three or four nights a week.

Mrs. Fiske believes, like most if not all players of the highest rank, that the technical mastery should be so perfect, so unerring, as to serve the function of a second nature—"just as with Paderewski at the piano." Then passion and emotion, when present, may have their fling, unhampered by self-consciousness; if temporarily absent, then the technical frame work which they have fashioned and fixed is still in evidence and saves the performance from complete collapse.

If any charge of pose or affectation were to be brought against this self-contained sorceress



MISS JESSIE BARTLETT DAVIS
Well-known and popular singer who has lately been appearing successfully in vaudeville.

of the mimic scene, it would probably refer to her habit of minimizing her work and attainments, and systematically dispelling any romantic or exaggerated ideas as to her professional doings. During the past month of August, newspapers reported, Mrs. Fiske started in rehearsing at 6 A. M. daily; but if you asked her, she would tell you 2 P. M. Wasn't it a strenuous time for her, on the eve of the opening season? No, not particularly. But, what *were* her methods of preparation? Why, the same as those of any actress, with a winter's engagement ahead of her. H'm! By the way, what did she think of Rostand, and the modern poetico-romantic drama? (Here, surely, was a cue for her to say something fine—but, no!) "The truth is, I never saw a Rostand play on the stage." How about this summer's holiday abroad? Oh, it was quiet and uneventful—spent mostly in the country—the Neckar Valley, the Black Forest, etc. Ah! but the meeting with Paul Heyse, the German poet-dramatist? Quite informal and casual—he was very unassuming, modest, kind.

Only this, and nothing more! The expressions of her face, though, as when music is mentioned, are often more eloquent answers than any categorical questioning can bring out.

After all it is only in Shakespeare that we can be sure of the beauty and mystery, the romantic charm and gayety, the depth and breadth, the glamour and the nobility of life! (This, apropos of an allusion to Ibsen.) "No, I have never yet played Shakespeare, except child parts, when I was a child. I shall not be Lady Macbeth this season—next, perhaps. Of course, there are other Shakespearean parts more sympathetically attractive; but Lady Macbeth is heroic."

Speaking of sympathetic parts, we used to waste commiseration upon Mrs. Fiske, thinking that never since "Caprice" had she found opportunity to touch again that haunting, wistful note of girlish pathos which she so accentuated in that bygone little play. When we said so, on occasion, she replied diffidently:

"Sympathy has little or nothing to do with the rôles an actress selects, or that are selected for her. She takes the hand circumstances have dealt her, and plays it as well as may be. Or, if she indulges herself in a star play written exclusively to exploit her personality she is selfishly isolated on the stage, with the half-hearted support of a company whose parts have been cut down to mere feeders for herself, in forced situations where all the proportions and perspective of life have been ruthlessly sacrificed."

That mistake, at least, Mrs. Fiske has successfully avoided. Her Mary of Magdala, so far as outward conspicuousness on the stage is concerned, might not seem perhaps to the average spectator what it really is—the all-pervading spirit, the heart and soul of Heyse's poetic drama. Mary, the impassioned convert, the pensive, silent, adoring woman, walking a-tremble with intense and sacred emotion, under the spell of human nearness to the divine Nazarene, occupies a spiritual plane far more exalted than that to which any mere theatrical device could mechanically lift her. Those supreme moments, with their sudden thrills of loveliness too deep for tears, are—to the artist who can convey them—worth



Hall, N. Y.

MISS ANNIE IRISH AS IRIS IN "BEN-HUR"



Marceau, N. Y.

MISS IRENE BENTLEY

Now appearing as the Southern heroine in the new musical comedy "The Girl from Dixie."

anything and all else that a play may include. And as she acknowledges that perhaps this is so, a dreamy light flits across her far-off-gazing face, which singularly contradicts her habitual matter-of-fact tone in conversation.

Frou-Frou, Mrs. Fiske has played, but never ceased to dislike. It is so preposterously French! The character, to her, is impossible, or inexcusable, on our stage—not because it is bad morally, but because it is racially perverse.

At present Mrs. Fiske is absorbed in Ibsen's Hedda Gabler—a creature who certainly requires all that broad and kindly tolerance with which she is wont to regard the wayward, fictitious personages of the drama in general. Her attitude toward such characters is indeed curious. She seems to look upon them with pity, or contempt, or impulsive pardon; or in a spirit of philosophical inquiry, as the case may

be—precisely as if they were people encountered in actual everyday life, and not the abstract figments of a writer's imagination.

This, in itself, is a striking tribute to the vivid realism of Henrik Ibsen, whom we more than suspect she neither wholly approves of nor quite likes. She clearly recognizes in him the creator of a new form of drama, a relentless vivisection of the human soul; yet to her own conception of the stern realities of life, to say nothing of its ideal beauties, he is far from conforming. She has said herself, that in the performances of "A Doll's House," her splendid efforts and those of Max Figman were directed mainly towards making Nora and Torvald Helmer seem "something like half-way real."

Mrs. Fiske may say this sort of thing herself, with all the insouciance of a great artiste whose right of opinion is unquestioned; but let anyone attack the Scandinavian master, and she suddenly becomes an advocate most formidable to reckon with. In contemplation of the essential grandeur of the gloomy dramatist of the North all minor personal or feminine prejudices are, as Ibsen himself would say in his native tongue, *udviskede*, effaced!

A philosopher as deep as Ibsen is, she insists, stands for the universal human nature, not for a race or a locality. It makes no difference when or where he is born—whether in modern France or ancient Greece, or the Orient, or America, or Norway. He represents the genius of his age. No dramatist can escape his influence, no actor or actress can afford to ignore him; every man and woman desires to hear his message, whether it bring comfort or despair.

Yet she cannot help feeling that Ibsen's ideas, great as they are, have been only half digested, dramatically. It is almost as necessary to read them first as novels as to see them afterwards in the theatre as plays. Their technical construction is adequate, but not remarkable: it is their grim, uncompromising fatality that makes them so strong and disquieting.

When we observed, mentioning names, that Mrs. Fiske's frankly questioning and quizzical manner of approaching Ibsen was in contrast to that of certain other artists who affect to regard his most sordid commonplaces with well-nigh religious awe, she replied simply, "Because, no doubt, they have studied him more deeply than I have." This was not meant to be ironical, but in effect it was keenly so.

Away up on the balcony floor of the Manhattan Theatre Mrs. Fiske has a well-stocked library boudoir where the actress seeks seclusion after the worries and fatigues of rehearsal. She always was an omnivorous reader. Just now, however, her only books are human looks, and "folly"—or the artistic secret of depicting folly, is only one of the many things they have taught her. Outside of her profession her most active interest in life is in the anti-vivisection societies, and those for the prevention of cruelty to animals in general. She is a paying life-member of at least a dozen such organizations—in New York, in Portland, Oregon, in Berkeley, California, in Malaga, Spain, and in Naples, Italy. It is rare to find her without a bundle of pamphlets, or annual reports. In fact, she has given the writer voluminous information about Señor J. Garcia de Toledo's protest against the Spanish bull-fight, when he couldn't get her to say a thing about Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler!"

HENRY TYRRELL.

RICHARD WAGNER'S LAST MUSIC DRAMA, WHICH WILL BE
AN IMPORTANT FEATURE OF THE COMING OPERA SEASON

THE
STORY OF
PARSIFAL



Courtesy Franz Hanfstaengl

THE CASTLE OF THE GRAIL

Ferdinand Lecke, pinx.

SACRED FESTIVAL PLAY SHORTLY TO BE SEEN IN NEW YORK



FOR the first time since its production at Bayreuth in 1882 Wagner's last work, "Parsifal," is to be brought forward upon another stage. Heinrich Conried, the new director of the Metropolitan Opera House, has taken the venturesome step that none have ever dared or have been able to take before him, and that will result in wresting the "sacred stage festival play," as its

creator entitled it, from the surroundings for which he created it, and in setting it before a new public, in new surroundings, under circumstances hitherto unprecedented.

It is not necessary here to go deeply into the various questions involved in Mr. Conried's decision, which may be said to be at once legal, æsthetic and moral. It may be supposed that he has satisfied himself as to his legal position before he enters upon the large expense and risk which the undertaking will involve. "Parsifal" is not protected by the international copyright, for it was produced and published more than a decade before the law that now governs that subject was enacted. It is protected in Europe for a number of years to come by the copyright laws of the European countries; in Germany, for instance, where the law gives copyright to a composer's heirs for thirty years after his death, it will not become public property till 1913. How far the American law of ownership in published musical and dramatic works will protect it does not seem to have been definitely settled by the courts. The score of "Parsifal" is

published; but it is purchasable from the publishers only on the execution of an agreement by the purchaser not to give public performances of it. It is said to be obtainable from other sources on terms that do not involve such an agreement; no doubt Mr. Conried has found out where.

Another difficulty in the way of its production in this country has always been that of securing an authoritative conductor and competent singers for the leading parts who were willing to appear in opposition to Frau Wagner's wishes—who were willing to "break with Bayreuth." Frau Wagner, the composer's widow, has strenuously opposed every attempt to produce "Parsifal" elsewhere than at Bayreuth in any way. Various concert performances of it have met with her severest disapproval. She has even endeavored, but vainly, to induce the German Reichstag to pass a special law to prolong her family's rights over the work, on the grounds of its peculiar character and its artistic purpose. Herein are involved some of the æsthetic considerations that confront Mr. Conried with his purpose of producing it in New York.

Wagner's very characterization of "Parsifal" is significant of them; it is a "Bühnenweihfestspiel"—a "sacred festival play;" sacred, in that it deals with a religious subject with a solemnity of purpose that removes it far from the usual view of a dramatic entertainment; a "festival play," being intended for performance at Wagner's festival theatre, under entirely exceptional circumstances that should exactly embody his views as to the true methods and functions of the music drama. There should be specially trained forces, inspired with a special devotion to his ideals and imbued with them at first hand, as from the fountain-head of art, and trained with a care and precision unattainable in the ordi-



nary theatre. The performances should have an atmosphere of their own, markedly differentiated from that of such a theatre, appealing to the usual pleasure-seeking audience and ruled generally by commercial principles.

On the other hand, it is to be remembered that Wagner was by no means consistent in the carrying out of his principles during his lifetime. In the earlier years of his work upon his great trilogy, "The Ring of the Nibelung," he had the idea of building a special temporary theatre for it, producing it once to show what he intended, and then destroying both theatre and the score of his work. That fantastic vision gave place to the more practical conception of the permanent festival theatre; but even after he had this assured he was willing to part with the exclusive rights of the Nibelung dramas, in order to cover the deficit that resulted from their first Bayreuth performances. They were even taken on a "tour" by an enterprising German manager—upon which Anton Seidl first won his spurs as a Wagnerian conductor—and soon were incorporated into the regular repertoires of the opera houses of Germany and other countries.

Six years after the Bayreuth festival theatre had been opened, "Parsifal" was produced there, on July 26, 1882. Sixteen performances were given that year, under Wagner's own supervision, and it was repeated in 1883, 1884, 1886, and at all the subsequent festivals. The last work of the master, finally completed only a few months before its production, it had nevertheless occupied his attention more or less for many years. The first conception came to him as far back as 1857; but he did not begin serious work upon it till much later. In 1877 the poem was completed; by the next year the music of the first act was finished; upon the instrumentation of the whole he worked for three years, completing it upon a visit to Italy in January 1882. As in all the others of his works since "Rienzi," the subject is taken from the rich stores of mediæval romance upon which, early in his career, he fixed as the proper source from which the musical dramatist should draw. His studies for "Tannhäuser"



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KUNDRY WASHING PARSIFAL'S FEET. Act III. Scene 1

Ferdinand Leese, plax.

and "Lohengrin" had opened up to him this great field of legendary lore, and particularly that comprised in the works of the mediæval German minnesinger Wolfram Von Eschenbach. From his epic "Parzival" he drew much of his inspiration; from the Frenchman Chrétien de Troyes he obtained other material; but in using it he exercised the prerogative of a playwright and a genius, excising very much and shaping the matter to his own ends; so that Wagner's "Parsifal" is only in its general motive and outline similar to Wolfram's "Parzival" or Chrétien's "Perceval."



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KUNDRY BEFORE KLINGSOR. Act II. Scene 1

F. Lecke, pinx.



Copyright, 1895, by Franz Hanfstaengl
PARSIFAL'S TEMPTATION BY KUNDRY. Act II. Scene 2

F. Lecke, pinx.

The Holy Grail is the central point about which the drama turns—the precious vessel in which Joseph of Arimathea caught the blood dripping from the crucified Saviour's side. It is kept as a sacred relic and a potent talisman in the castle of Monsalvat by the Knights of the Grail, a band in which membership is conditioned upon purity of life. Klingsor, an evil magician who, for his sinfulness, has been refused admission to it, has his castle near by, spending his life in trying to corrupt the Grail knights by a company of fascinating maidens in a magical garden. Once Amfortas, chief of the Grail guards, succumbed to the allurements of one of these maidens, whereby he lost and Klingsor gained possession of the sacred lance that was also in his keeping; and he was wounded by it,—the lance that pierced the side of the Saviour on the cross, and whose touch alone can cure the wound it made.

The curtain rises upon daybreak in the wood surrounding the castle, where Gurnemanz, one of the knights, and his esquires, is preparing a bath for the suffering Amfortas. Kundry appears, a strange, wild woman, a sort of wandering Jewess, sometimes repentant, as now, serving the Grail, sometimes Klingsor's unwilling servant. She bears a balsam for the king; but it is in vain, for only by the coming of a "sinless fool, enlightened by pity"—"durch Mitleid wissend, der reine Thor"—can the wound of Amfortas be healed. Presently he comes, in the person of Parsifal, who

has shot a swan and is reproved by Gurnemanz. Being asked his name, his father's name, whence he came, he knows nothing. He is taken to the castle. They enter a mighty hall lighted only from above. Then come the Grail knights in a solemn procession, seating themselves around two long tables to witness the unveiling of the Grail, and the ceremony of the Lord's Supper. Gurnemanz invites Parsifal to partake; but he stands dumbfounded and silent. The ceremony over, Gurnemanz in disgust pursues the still bewildered Parsifal out of the castle.

The second act shows Klingsor, the magician, in his castle awaiting the approach of Parsifal, the sinless fool, to submit to the temptations of his seductive maidens in his magic garden. He summons Kundry, now in the spell of his power, to do the work of a temptress. The scene changes to the magic garden, full of luxurious Oriental blooms, and of beautiful maidens half clad, changing almost into flowers themselves. Parsifal stands upon the wall, lost in amazement. He springs down into the garden and is surrounded by the chattering, importunate maidens. He turns to go, when Kundry calls him by his name—the first time it has been pronounced. She tells him of his origin, of his mother's death, and bids him learn the mystery of love as she presses a long kiss upon his lips. Immediately the "enlightenment" comes to him through pity for his mother; he feels the anguish of Amfortas, sees his wound; he bids the temptress begone. Then

comes Klingsor to aid Kundry; he hurls at the youth the holy spear to slay him—but the sacred weapon stops poised harmlessly over his head. Parsifal seizes it, makes the sign of the cross, and the magician and all his works disappear.

Years elapse before the curtain rises upon the third act. Gurnemanz, now very old, lives in a little hut at the edge of a forest. It is Good Friday. Kundry comes, a penitent, craving leave to serve. Parsifal is seen approaching in black armor with closed visor, and bearing the holy spear. Gurnemanz recognizes him, and from him learns that he has passed through many experiences, his only thought being now to return to the castle of the Grail to release Amfortas from his sufferings. Gurnemanz tells him of the state of things within it—how Amfortas has refused to perform his duties as Grail warder, hoping to secure release by death. Parsifal is deeply moved by the story, knowing now that when first he was taken to the castle he could have prevented all this; he almost faints. Kundry brings water to revive him, bathes his feet, and anoints them. Gurnemanz baptizes him, and he then performed the same rite upon Kundry. When they enter the Grail castle, where they find Amfortas beseeching the knights to end his agony. Parsifal advances and heals the wound, touching it with his spear—the spear that made it. He commands the pages to uncover the Grail; Gurnemanz and Amfortas kneel to him in homage, while from the dome above the choir is heard singing "O Heavenly mercy's marvel, redemption to the redeemer."

How deeply involved in mystic symbolism it all is will appear from even this brief summary. The stage performance brings out still more clearly the traits through which Wagner has made his Parsifal resemble the sacred figure of Christ as closely as he dared. The solemnity and impressiveness of the drama will strike every listener. The music is conceived in the same vein; it is of profound beauty and significance. Wagner has, of course, followed the method that he developed in his later works, of making the musical texture compact of a series of "leading motives" expressive of the chief ideas



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PARSIFAL THE REDEEMER. The uncovering of the Grail. Last scene. Act III

Ferdinand Lecke, pinx.

of the drama. These are worked up in the orchestra into a vast musical fabric that interprets and expounds the course of the action as it is unfolded. The vocal parts engage in that declamatory "endless melody" familiar to those who know the music dramas from "Tristan" down. The listener will be struck by the appositeness of the themes, and the deep impressiveness, the remarkable clarity and beauty of instrumental color and glow of the orchestral part. Solemnity marks the first and third acts; the second, in the scene of Parsifal's temptation by the flower maidens, is of entrancing lightness and

beauty, in dance rhythms, full of luscious melody. Even the solemnity of the third act, however, is relieved by the serene beauty of the "Good Friday Spell" that is heard soon after Parsifal's entrance. The demands upon the stage setting, in richness and beauty of design, as well as in the mechanical execution of the effects indicated, are very great; but when they are properly met, the impression made by a performance of "Parsifal" is never to be forgotten.

Herr Mottl, who is the most closely identified with "Parsifal" of any living conductor, and whom Mr. Conried has engaged, has declared that he would not conduct the per-

formances; but this declaration is suspected to leave a loophole for him to do all the preparation and rehearsal. And in Fräulein Ternina, Herr Burgstaller and Herr Van Rooy Mr. Conried has three artists for the leading parts (Kundry, Parsifal and Amfortas) who are of the highest competence and authority, and are unterrified by Bayreuth.

RICHARD ALDRICH.

ED. NOTE.—No photographs of scenes from "Parsifal" ever were taken, and no pictures exist with the exception of the paintings by the German artist Ferdinand Leeke. We are indebted to Franz Hanfstaengl, of Munich, the publishers of the admirable reproductions of these paintings, for the pictures which illustrate the foregoing article.

A Revolution in the Art of Scene Painting

AMONG the French artists of distinction who, following the example of Chartran, Gros, and others, have taken up their residence in America and contributed to beautify our theatres, hotels, public buildings and private mansions, none has been more successful in his own particular line than Victor Dagon, whose new mural decorations in the roof garden of the Hotel Ansonia are the delight and wonder of art connoisseurs and decorators, and eclipse anything of the kind yet attempted here or abroad.

Victor Dagon began life as an operatic singer. He was born at Lyons, France, in 1845 and in his youth studied at the Fine Art school in that city, which is famous for the special study it makes of floral painting. At the age of eighteen the young painter carried off a gold medal in the flower and ornament class, and for the next six years worked assiduously at the easel. Then he discovered that he had a fine baritone voice and, laying his brush aside, he began to study singing. Considerable success attended his operatic début and he sang in turn at the Royal theatres of Antwerp, Brussels, the Hague, Amsterdam; then in Paris, and even as far away as Buenos Ayres and Montevideo. His

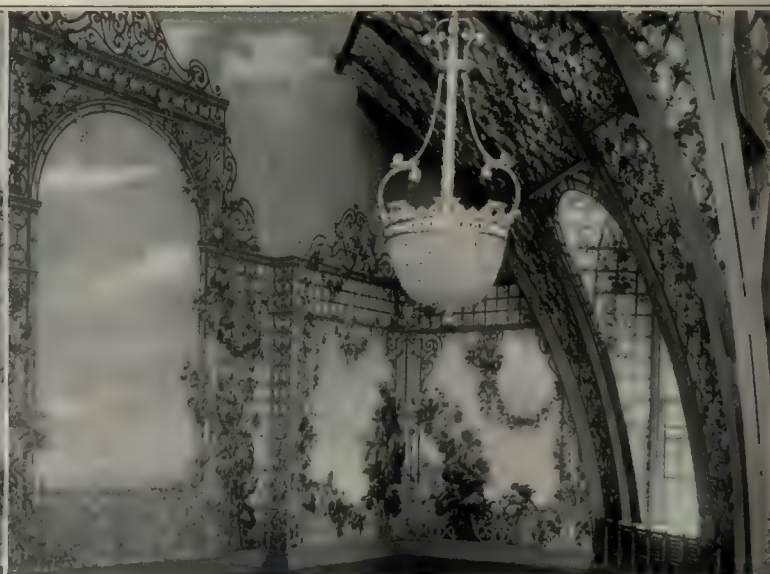
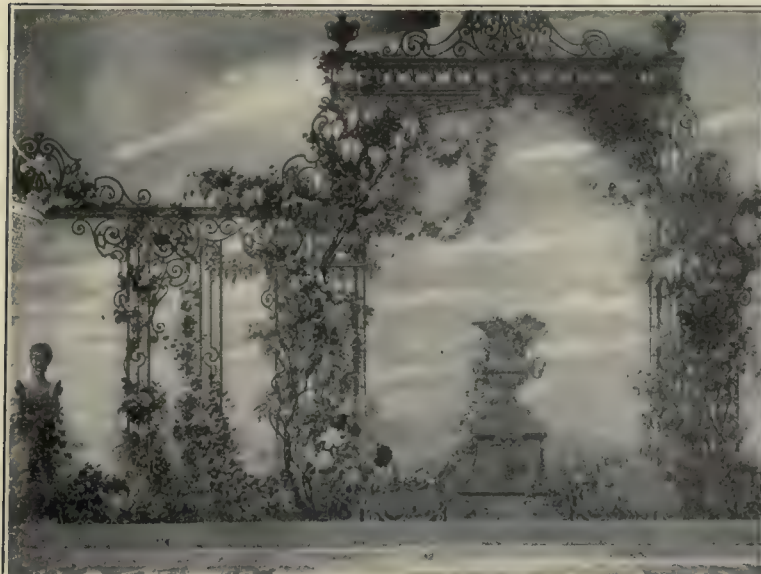
last theatrical engagement was with the Maurice Grau company. Long before this, however, he had gone back to his old love, the easel, and resumed work with the brush, spending the winter at his studio in New York and the summer months in France.

The floral decorations just executed by M. Dagon at the Ansonia, after plans by Paul E. Duboy, architect of the Ansonia, cover a space of about 6,000 square feet and they constitute the most realistic and elaborate mural paintings ever undertaken, the effect imparted being that the visitor is out in a beautiful Italian garden, completely surrounded by sweet smelling and exquisite flowers. This success is due to the accuracy with which each flower has been executed, the richness and delicacy of the coloring, and the beautiful harmony of the whole composition. Nothing of this importance and masterly effect has ever been accomplished before. In fact, M. Dagon may be given credit for having introduced something which will revolutionize all decoration schemes in this country. M.

Dagon is now turning his attention to the stage, and he is already negotiating with a prominent manager to paint scenery on the same realistic and beautiful scale.



VICTOR DAGON



Byron, N. Y.

Sections of the mural decorations painted by Victor Dagon for the roof garden of the Hotel Ansonia, New York. The scheme is a landscape garden, blooming with a wealth of flowers of every variety, trained around a Louis XV. grillwork of most graceful design.



Taken for THE THEATRE MAGAZINE by the Otto Sarony Co.

MISS MAUDE FEALY AS ANNE TILLOTTSON IN "HEARTS COURAGEOUS"

A dramatization of Hallie Erminie Rives' novel by Franklin Fyles and Ramsey Morris was produced in Chicago on August 31, and by all accounts met with great success

EARLY MEMORIES OF

John Ellsler and Joseph Haworth

It is a strange coincidence that John A. Ellsler, the veteran manager, and Joseph Haworth, the well-known Shakespearean actor, should have died recently within a few days of each other. Mr. Haworth made his first appearance under Mr. Ellsler's management, playing a child's part in "Richard III." Later he joined John McCullough. He was a fine and picturesque actor and well trained in the Shakespearean roles. He also originated the role of Grosvenor in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience" and he made the part of Paul Kauvar famous in the drama of that name. More recently he was seen as Cassius in "Julius Caesar" and as the Prince in Tolstoi's "Resurrection." John A. Ellsler, for more than half a century one of the most important figures in American theatrical life, began his career as an actor, later becoming manager of a stock company at Cleveland, O., which included such famous players as Clara Morris, Mrs. Gilbert, James Lewis and W. E. Owens. Financial misfortune finally overtook him and he retired from active management in 1886. The following recollections of these two artists, written by Vivia Ogden, who was at one time closely associated with both, are of timely and special interest:



JOHN A. ELLSLER
(From a photograph taken in 1872)

THE other day some one was speaking of having played in "Rosedale" and spoke of the cast, and so forth, so I said: "Oh, I played in 'Rosedale' when I was little. I played Arthur May, Effie Ellsler was Rosa, Joseph Haworth was Matthew Lee, and John Ellsler Miles McKenna."

Who played Elliott Grey?

For a second I could not remember. "Oh, Lawrence Barrett."

One of the young men in the company looked at me in a startled sort of a way. His theatrical life was probably not over eight years long, and when I speak of the veteran players with whom I have acted and been associated, younger people—that is, younger professionally—look on me as a contemporary of the Sphinx. The truth is, I began acting at a very early age.

I asked my mother one day, "What was the name of the play that I went on in when I was little where the stage was set both as an exterior and an interior? We—a man, a woman and myself—sat at a tea-table. I sat on the man's lap, and before I went on you told me not to be frightened when a man's face appeared at the window."



JOSEPH HAWORTH AS ORLANDO
(From a photograph taken in Cleveland in 1878)

My mother looked at me curiously. "Why that was in 'Enoch Arden,' with Edwin Adams. Who told you about it?"

"No one; I remember it."

"Impossible, you were only eighteen months old at the time."

"I do remember it, because the man on whose lap I sat gave me cookies with caraway seeds in them, and I hate caraway seeds. I have always had a grudge against that man ever since. Who was he?"

"James O'Neill. He played Philip Lee that time."

Then I went with Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport; they

did "East Lynne" and a play called "The Stranger." In

both of these plays there were two children's parts, I played the shorter parts, my entire connection with the plays being to say "Mamma" in the death scenes in the last act. One day after I had played in "The Stranger" several times we were called for a rehearsal of "East Lynne." I was taken to the theatre to be left till called for. As usual I was the first one to arrive, though why I should have been taken to the theatre before the hour called when I didn't go on until the last act I don't know. Presently I discovered I was not the first arrival, for down by the prompt stand was a young man studying hard. Soon he noticed me, and we made friends. He asked me to hear his part. I listened critically. I must have been quite five by this time; then, when he had finished, I approved, not that I knew anything about it, because I had never seen "East Lynne," but because I thought he was such a nice young man. He asked how it was I was only playing the smaller parts in the plays. I didn't know, and I hadn't learned then to doubt the perspicuity of stage managers. He asked if I thought I could play the long part in "The Stranger." Of course, I thought I could; so we went out on the stage and went through the scene. I knew all the lines and business of the boy's part, and he of the man's, although he was not the person who played it at night. When we finished we were more convinced than ever that we should be playing those parts. As the actors began to arrive I said:

"You are a new young man; what is your name?"

"Joseph Haworth," or Harwarth, as he spelled it then.

He gave me a nickel and a kiss. When I told mamma about our having gone through the scene, she said, "Joe is ambitious."

But as long as Mr. Haworth remained in the company we were great friends. Soon he got good parts and so did I, and once as Banco he was so nervous that he nearly dropped me off a high platform. I was playing Fleance.

One time our friendship suffered a slight interruption, because he as St. Clair in "Uncle Tom" shed such large tears that they splashed down on my blue sash. I was Eva and felt I could not afford to have my wardrobe damaged in that manner. To obtain clothes was a matter of great moment with us, and I was so harrowed about my sash being ruined that I couldn't play the scene properly. I explained this to him and he promised to try and control his emotion.

"If you don't," I said sternly, "you will have to buy me a new sash."

We played in "Macbeth" several times together. Once we were waiting to go on in the apparition scene. As we



Owney Gilmartin (Edward Harrigan) and Syd Slaughter (Will H. Bray)
ACT II.—Exterior of Gilmartin's Poolroom



Emma Holdup (Joseph Sparks) and Alonzo Bileover (Dan Collyer)
ACT I.—Exterior of the Menigall Road House



Byron, N. Y.

Jennie Yeamans

Mr. Harrigan

ACT II.—The New Waldorf Lodging House. Boosy Susie (Jennie Yeamans) singing her song "The Fringe of Society" in the East Side Lodging House, accompanied by a chorus composed of the waifs and strays of the Bowery.

SCENES IN EDWARD HARRIGAN'S NEW PLAY "UNDER COVER" AT THE MURRAY HILL THEATRE

Scenes in Two New Plays Much Talked About in London



From "The Tatler" "THE SOOTHING SYSTEM" AT THE GARRICK

Striking scene in Arthur Bouchier's adaptation of Poe's madhouse story. Mr. Bouchier plays the part of Dr. Mallard, who himself goes mad. The patients seen trooping down the stairs have overpowered the keepers and try to do the same with the doctor's guests.



From "The Tatler"

"EM'LY" AT THE ADELPHI

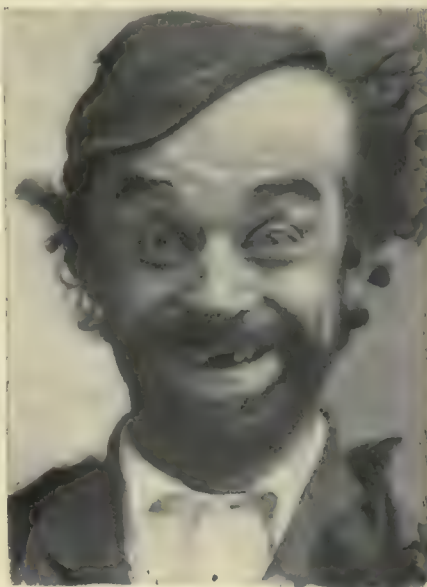
A new stage version of Charles Dickens' novel "David Copperfield." Rosa Dantle terrifies Em'ly (Miss Madge Lessing), who is later rescued by Peggotty in the nick of time.

did it in Cleveland, several tall figures robed in white stalked solemnly across the stage behind a gauze drop which was lighted up by calciums, then came Fleance bearing in his baby hand a glass which shows one many more. Fleance was followed by Banco, who pointed occasionally to his throat. I was so busy talking I did not hear the cue given nor see the apparitions start, my back being turned to them, but Joe did, and there being no time for explanations, he pushed me violently and sent me on to the stage. Then the audience received enlightenment as to the ghostly traits of Fleance, for I resented this, and still unconscious of the fact that I was in full view of the audience I planted a well-directed blow in murdered Banco's solar plexus which caused him to double up in a most human and unexpected manner. I usually contrived to distinguish myself in some unfortunate way whenever we did "Macbeth." There is an ancient superstition that to quote from "Macbeth" or sing the music is bad luck. It was always bad luck for me even to play in it. Naturally I was severely reprov'd for beating Mr. Haworth, but the very next time I played Fleance I again came to grief. Something had gone wrong with the steam pipes, and the theatre was very cold, so I was wrapped up in a large variegated woollen muffler. When my cue came I hastily threw this off, as I supposed, but after I had been on the stage a few minutes

the people in the entrances began to point and sniffle. I looked all around but couldn't see what they meant; finally my eye lighted on Mme. Janauschek, who was seated at the banqueting table. Then I nodded to the people and grinned as largely as I dared, for there sat Madame in her robes of state, her hair fallen down and her crown all askew, making her Lady Macbeth look decidedly rakish. It seems she had had a tiff between the acts with her leading man, Edwin Thorne, and dressed very hastily, but she didn't care, and when the curtain fell the heated discussion was resumed.

I was then about six. I became a regular member of the company, the only difference being that I did not receive a regular salary. I was paid only when I played; sometimes Mr. Ellsler paid me and sometimes the visiting stars, my salary ranging from fifty cents a night for a small part to whatever the stars cared to pay me.

Once when Mr. Ellsler had the Academy and the Opera House, I played at both theatres at once—with Oliver Doud Byron in "Across the Continent," at the Academy, and in an extravaganza at the Opera House. The two theatres were some distance apart, and it was quite a hustle to get out of my clothes, dress, get up to the Opera House and be ready for "Cock Robin" in time. The first night they had another girl there in case I couldn't make it. But when I went for my salary, Mr. Ellsler, with whom things



NAT M. WILLS AS THE TRAMP
In "A Son of Rest."

were going pretty badly at that time, said: "Do you want to be paid for both theatres?"

"Well," I answered, "I played at both theatres, didn't I?" He sighed heavily and gave me the money. I've always been sorry now that I took it. But after all I guess it didn't make any material difference to him. I think the whole sum was only seven dollars for both theatres, but when the final crash came, and Mr. Ellsler lost everything, I blamed myself, for it seemed to me if I hadn't suggested I be paid my

full salary he might have staved off ruin a little longer. The Ellslers were always very kind to me—Mr. and Mrs. Ellsler and their daughters Effie and Annie. When I was on the road with Effie, she took entire charge of me, gave me my baths, dressed my hair, kept me amused and entertained through the day, and I dressed with her in the theatre. She was a very young girl herself, but I've never forgotten how sweet and kind she was.

VIVIA OGDEN.

Dramatic Incidents in the Lives of Eighteenth Century Players

THE EPISODE OF THE PANTHEON

IN 1770-71, the Pantheon was built in Oxford Street, London. Of it, Walpole wrote: "The new winter Ranelagh, in Oxford Street, is nearly finished. It amazed me, myself. Imagine Balbec in all its glory! The pillars are of artificial *giallo antico*. The ceilings, even of the passages, are of the most beautiful stucco in the best taste or the grotesque. The ceilings of the ball-rooms and the panels are painted like Raphael's loggias in the Vatican: a dome like the Pantheon glazed. It is to cost fifty thousand pounds."

The building was erected to serve as an assembly hall for balls, masquerades and concerts, in opposition to Mrs. Cornellys' house of entertainment, in Soho Square. The Pantheon immediately became the rendezvous of "The Female Coterie," a social organization ambitious to excel even Almack's in wealth of display and exclusiveness. A code of rules was drawn up and the date of the first assembly given out. As an instance of the magnificence of such occasions, twenty thousand pounds was spent on a single subsequent masquerade.

All London longed to be present, but "The Coterie" sent invitations to only the Heavenly elect. Imagine the horror of the ladies in charge, then, when word reached them that their husbands had personally invited two "play-women," a Mrs. Abington and a Mrs. Baddely. There may have been nothing deplorable about the morals of the two, but the stage was not looked upon then as it now is. At any rate, as Castle says: "Virtue, not modesty, was woman's fair fame." Both Mrs. Abington and Mrs. Baddely were irresistibly beautiful. Of the former was said:

"Of all the theatrical, ungovernable

ladies under Mr. Garrick's management, Mrs. Abington, with her capriciousness, injustice and unkindness, perplexed him the most. She was not unlike the miller's mare, forever looking for a white stone to shy at. And though no one has charged her with malicious mischief, she was never more delighted than when in a state of hostility, often arising from the most trivial circumstances."

She first appeared as Miranda in "The Busybody," and after the death of Kitty Clive, became the leading comedienne of the English stage.

Mrs. Baddely was the daughter of Valentine Snow, Sergeant Trumpeter to George Second. Her father supplied her elementary training in music, and, at an early age, she commanded high salaries as a singer at Ranelagh and Vauxhall, amusement gardens to which London was devoted. Later she became a comedienne. Although separated from her husband, she often played in the same company with him, the two never speaking save when "the utterance was dramatic." Her physical charm and dare-devil spirit made her the fashion.

The ladies of "The Coterie," the Duchesses of Argyle and Ancaster, Mrs. Fitzroy, Mrs. Meynell, Mrs. Pelham and Lady Molyneux, declared themselves insulted. The gentlemen, while adhering to their purpose, avowed that insult was not their intention.

"If necessary," said the wives, "we will call out the watch and station them at the door. They shall bar you out with their staves."

"So be it," said the husbands.

On the night of the assembly, twenty gentlemen of fashion met at Almack's and proceeded to Mrs. Baddely's home to escort her to the Pantheon. Pretty



From an Engraving
MRS. ABINGTON

Mrs. Abington, despite her love for mischief, preferred to wait until the success of the assault was assured.

Like some Roman princess, Mrs. Baddely proceeded through the streets in her sedan, surrounded by her beribboned and peruked cohort, their satin coats glinting under the flare of the links. Behind, came a host of urchins and loafers. At sight of the procession, perruquiers and linen drapers hurried up their shutters and apothecaries extinguished their lamps. By the time Oxford Street was reached, the escort had increased to fifty.

Before the doors of the Pantheon stood a posse of the watch with crossed staves.

"Disturb not the King's peace," they said.

Fifty sword-blades glittered and pricked the watch in tender spots. The constables fled, and Mrs. Baddely entered the ball-room, under an arch of steel. The *ton* writhed, but if the rapiers had glittered in the street, they fairly shot fire under the light from the tallow dips.

"It is inconceivable," said a gentleman of the escort, "that ladies of such parts as yours should elect to cast as-

persion upon one so sweet, so fair, as Mrs. Baddely. We are willing to believe, mesdames, that your behaviour was actuated by thoughtlessness, not intent. That being so, it is your clear duty to apologize to her whom you have wounded."

The grand dames, looking first at each other and then at Mrs. Baddely, capitulated. It is interesting to reflect what the gentlemen would have done, in the other event: a duchess could scarce have been spitted upon a sword-blade.

The Duchess of Ancaster stepped forward, her head shaking so from indignation that the safety of the silver coach upon her hair was threatened.

"It pleasures us to receive such an ornament as Mrs. Baddely," she said.

"Your Grace does me kind," sneered the actress.

When Mrs. Abington arrived, the lovely Baddely was tripping the minuet, together with the Duchess of Ancaster and Lady Molyneux. It was a glorious night.

AUBREY LANSTON.



Signor Novelli to Visit America

IN the approaching professional visit of Ermete Novelli, the Italian actor, to the United States, we shall have an opportunity to study an artist of great celebrity in his own country, and whose repute and influence are world-wide. Novelli is now in the prime of his career, having but lately turned fifty—he was born in Lucca in 1851. Of good family and classical education, his natural intelligence and predilection for the stage have been fostered in the best schools, while his strongly marked physiognomy from the first gave definite direction to his ambitious talents. In this respect, his case is like that of the elder Coquelin; and he resembles the French comedian in intellectual subtlety of characterization, no less than in certain distinctively "natural" methods of his art. At the age of fifteen, Novelli made his début as an amateur at Milan. His success brought him at once into the professional ranks, where he won an early reputation in the line of comic *jeune premiers*. This seemed manifest destiny, with the big-nosed comedy mask which nature had given him. He wisely shunned the poetico-romantic. At twenty he engaged with the masterful impresario Pietriboni, and acquired somewhat of his unrivaled technique. Subsequently he played two years with Paolo Ferrari, who in his time was considered Italy's greatest actor. Character parts, both light and heavy, now became Novelli's specialty; and

his active mind reached out for the world's dramatic masterpieces. He acted in his own versions—or *reductions*, as the Italians call them—of Shakespeare's "Hamlet," "Othello," "Merchant of Venice," and "Taming of the Shrew." He also dramatized novels of Tourganief, Gaboriau ("Monsieur Lecocq") and other French writers. His adaptation of the comic opera, "Mademoiselle Nitouche," as "La Santarellina," is very popular in Italy, and has even been done by the Majori-Rapone company in the Bowery, New York. Like

Coquelin, he has written monologues by the hundred, and delivers them with inimitable effect. In 1884, heading his own company, Novelli became a "circuit director." Impresario, actor and dramatist, like a modern Molière, he traveled extensively and with varying fortunes, visiting most of the European countries, crossing the Atlantic to South America and Mexico. His first notable foreign conquest was made in Madrid in 1890. In Italy he has been, perhaps, the foremost champion of the modern natural school of acting, of which, with his marvelous mobility of features, range of vocal expression, ease of gesture and straight simplicity of style, he is to-day one of the best living exponents. His wife, Signora Giannini, has been for some years associated with Novelli as the female star of his company of players.



ERMETE NOVELLI

Distinguished Italian actor who will shortly visit America for the first time.

THE THEATRE

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THE THEATRE

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ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Byron, N. Y.

COUNTESS OF FIERAMONDA
(Miss Ethel Hornick)

CAPT. DIEPPE
(John Drew)

COUNTESS LUCIA D'ORANO
(Miss Margaret Dale)

"CAPTAIN DIEPPE" AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE



PLAYS and PLAYERS

ANNOUNCEMENT!

We take pleasure in announcing that, beginning with the present issue, the music department of this magazine will be conducted by WILLIAM J. HENDERSON, well known as the foremost critic and writer on musical matters in America. In commenting on public performances the one aim of *THE THEATRE*, since it started, has been to be honest to its readers, and to present the facts as they are, and this applies as well to music as to the drama. We wish to be as just as we are candid, but our standard is high, and this, Mediocrity is at times slow to understand. More, perhaps, than any other writer, Mr. Henderson is known—and feared—for his frank utterances on musical affairs. Incompetence fears him because he never



W. J. HENDERSON

hesitates to expose it, but students and lovers of music enjoy his vigorous English and brilliant style and look to his criticisms for guidance and instruction. With the addition of Mr. Henderson to our staff *THE THEATRE MAGAZINE* becomes at once a leading authority on musical affairs in this country.

CLYDE FITCH'S star play for Maxine Elliott, entitled "Her Own Way," gave to the Garrick Theatre one of the brilliant premières of the season, and subsequent performances have apparently fulfilled the promise of the first night. Undoubtedly this is the most successful up-to-date social comedy that as yet we have had from the facile pen of our local Congreve. It is successful in divers im-

portant ways. Not only does it afford the modest but genuine talents of a beautiful American actress their first and best opportunity for independent exploitation, but it also puts upon the stage at least half-a-dozen other characters at once interesting in themselves and typical of New York nowadays. Moreover, the play consistently "hangs together" throughout, and to a considerable degree conveys the illusion of actual life in this reckless, luxurious, pleasure-loving, yet by no means heartless metropolis of the twentieth century. With so much achievement to its credit, Mr. Fitch's latest work may well merit critical indulgence—and of this it stands in obvious need the moment we come to analyze its structure and detail. Such action as it has, turns mainly upon a glaringly theatrical misunderstanding—that of the heroine's preferred lover, Lieutenant Coleman, who goes off to the Philippines under the impression that she has promised to marry his coarse-grained millionaire rival—supplemented by an exaggeration of individual traits that often passes the boundaries of caricature. The "trick" scene, for which Mr. Fitch may be counted upon with unfailing certainty, is revealed with the first rising of the curtain. It is a birthday party of smart-set children, on a stage transformed into the most dainty and delectable of playrooms. The piquant novelty of this bit is undeniable. If young children must be thus responsibly employed



Byron, N. Y.

The Harem scene in Justin Huntley McCarthy's melodrama "The Proud Prince," which aroused the ire of the Mayor of Detroit, Count Robert of Sicily (Edward H. Sothern), punished by the Deity for his wickedness by being metamorphosed from the handsome Prince into a hideous cripple, is agonizingly contemplating his repellant features in a hand mirror, while the inmates of his harem, not recognising him as their feared master, stand about and mock him.

in the theatre—which we are reluctant to admit—they can never be managed with better skill and effect than they are in this production. It gives Miss Elliott all that she can do well, and nothing that she cannot. Some transitions from arch playfulness to tender grace and pensive sweetness, the sentiment and joy of reading a love-letter, followed by the sudden shock of tragic news—these are her best points, and she misses none of them.

“The Proud Prince,” a so-called miracle play by Justin Huntley McCarthy in which Edward H. Sothern is appearing this season, deals with the old legend of Robert of Sicily, already familiar through Longfellow’s “*Sicilian Tale*,” and it professes to teach a high moral by showing the sin of vicious living and the redemption of a wicked man through repentance, suffering and prayer. Robert the Bad casts lustful eyes on Perpetua, the innocent daughter of the state executioner. The girl repulses him with horror and he has her seized and carried to his harem. Then, in a transport of arrogant rage, he defies Heaven itself. This blasphemy has barely left his lips when the skies darken, lightning crashes, and the statue of an archangel, hitherto motionless at the entrance to the adjoining shrine, descends from his pedestal and, drawn sword in hand, pronounces an awful sentence on the now cowed and trembling king, who forthwith is transformed into the hideous figure of his own demented jester. The storm passes and the courtiers return, mocking the writhing monarch when he vainly shrieks that he is the king. This is a powerful scene; indeed it is the most striking in the whole play, and the quick change Mr. Sothern makes in full view of the audience from the handsome, brilliant ruler to an abject gibbering idiot is sufficiently remarkable to be alone worth seeing.

The second act shows the interior of the king’s harem, where Perpetua has been carried. This is the part of the play which aroused the protests of the Mayor of Detroit, and taking even the most liberal view of it, one must admit that the objections of the mayor were well founded. The scene is suggestive and vulgar, not to say indecent, and the violation of good taste shown is all the more flagrant because absolutely unnecessary, for the audience already knew Robert to be a depraved libertine. The lascivious song and suggestive badinage the women of the harem indulge in while waiting the arrival of the master is all superfluous and unsavory. It is during this scene that the stricken king’s heart is turned. He recognizes Perpetua’s worth and purity as she is about to kill herself, realizes that he deserves his own punishment and begins his redemption by rescuing his intended victim from the toils of the royal procuress, a brazen hussy who explains to Perpetua the benefits of “a trade that is as old as the world.”

In the third act the king assumes the garb of a friar, and in this guise he fights and kills a libertine who would dishonor Perpetua, taking as a weapon a huge iron cross from the church altar. This melodramatic situation is followed by Perpetua being arrested and condemned to die on the charge of witchcraft. Again the crippled king succeeds in saving the girl, but circumstances demand that he must die in her stead, and it is only as the flames are already consuming his body that the miracle once more happens. Purified now of sin he resumes his former shape and ascends the throne amid the acclamations of the people.



Byron Raffles
(Kyrle Bellew)

Detective Redwood
(E. M. Holland)

“THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN” ON THE STAGE

This is a bald outline of a play which, while not very cheerful as entertainment, has a strong first act, an objectionable second act, a less interesting third act and a rather tame finish. The use of the cross as a club is likely to offend many Catholics, and the scene of the burning at the stake under the auspices of Holy Church can hardly afford them much gratification, either.

Mr. Sothern has some very fine moments as the repentant king, but the agony is too long-drawn out. It is not a rôle that will add to his reputation, and those matinee maidens who insist upon comeliness of person in their stage favorites will regret that this handsome young actor is seen throughout the greater part of the play only in the form of a monstrosity.

A delightful play delightfully acted. How rarely one is able to say as much of any theatrical production nowadays. Yet it can be truthfully said of Mr. Mansfield's production of "Old Heidelberg" now on view at the new Lyric Theatre. Versions of this fine German comedy, which has long been popular in Europe, had already been given in New York, but Mr. Mansfield's performance of it is so superior in every respect that it may be accepted practically as new. The story is familiar. The youthful heir apparent to the throne of Sachsen-Karlsberg is sent to Heidelberg to pursue a course of studies, but at the moment of his arrival he falls into the hands of the corps-students, becomes one of them, and irretrievably loses his heart to a young bourgeois girl, a relative of the pro-

prietor of his hotel. Recalled from these delightful scenes by the death of his uncle, the reigning prince, he succeeds to the rulership, and becomes extremely formal and reserved, but in vain seeks to banish from his heart regret for the halcyon student days. Mr. Mansfield has enriched this interesting story with all the accessories that his fine art and ripe

experience could suggest. He has staged the piece splendidly and neglected no detail to depict student life in romantic old Heidelberg as it exists, with all the sports and songs of the gay students given with absolute fidelity to life. Mr. Mansfield himself is seen in one of the best impersonations of his career. As the crown prince, emancipated for the hour from the irksome, soul stifling conventionalities of a German court, and drinking to the dregs the cup of joy this new life means to him, he is by turn wistful, tender, gay, and when in the third act the illness of his uncle compels him to leave this scene of happiness and return to what he has learned to look back upon with horror, his sorrow is so genuine, so pathetically expressed, that in the farewell scene with Kathie many an eye in the audience was moistened.

For once the mannerisms that have often marred this actor's work have been cast aside, and Mr. Mansfield has succeeded in presenting a real, living, lovable character. His reddish make-up hardly had the desired effect of making him appear more youthful, and the glassy stare also is unaccountable, unpleasant and uncanny.



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MISS CARLOTTA NILSSON

Who, as Mrs. Elvsted, shared the honors with Mrs. Fiske in the recent remarkable performance of Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler." Miss Nilsson was a great favorite in England as a member of George Alexander's company.



Byron, N. Y.

JORGEN TESMAN
(William B. Mack)

HEDDA
(Mrs. Fiske)

TESMAN: "This book will make him famous."

SCENE IN IBSEN'S DRAMA "HEDDA GABLER," RECENTLY PERFORMED AT THE MANHATTAN THEATRE



MISS BERTHA GALLAND AS DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL

The recent remarkable performance of "Hedda Gabler" at the Manhattan Theatre has revived the usual manifestations of interest in the great Norwegian dramatist, Heinrich Ibsen. Large audiences have witnessed the play, and it has aroused animated discussion privately and publicly, with widely divergent opinions as to its meaning, and much of this apart from the acting of Mrs. Fiske. Consequently, in considering "Hedda Gabler," curiosity is first concerned in seeking to ascertain the nature of the power which unquestionably exists in the play. That the material of the drama is specific and largely local, particularly as regards the characters, manners, modes of thought and social relations, is something to be reckoned with, and it is equally obvious that after they have passed through mediums of expression foreign to the original there must be a defraction of the point of view intended by Ibsen himself. Naturally, only that in the play which is universal can count. This unavoidable loss in the transmission of power makes this drama all the more remarkable. The profound impression created by the New York performance in spite of this loss of power must be credited, in full measure, to the splendid interpretation of Mrs. Fiske. No metric system has yet been discovered by which the drama of one country can be converted to a common standard. For example, it would perhaps be impossible to get the American equivalent for the pride and social position involved in the fact that Hedda Gabler is the daughter of a general, or to define her utter weariness in the prospect and actuality of association with the prim austerity and commonplaceness of the Tesmans. Have we the equivalent of Tesman? Bookworms, pedants we possess, but such an obsessed creature, buried hopelessly in the past, as this simple-minded, affectionate, blind, helpless, pathetic figure, never. We may accept Loevborg's genius, and we may understand the emotional submission to an overpowering love in Mrs. Elvsted, but they are exceptional types with us, while doubtless common in the soil of Norway. In fact, the internal evidence of truth and fidelity to life is strong in the play. These characters are not manufactured for the purposes of a play. If there is morbidity, it is not Ibsen's morbidity, but a condition existent in the society which he scourges. Ibsen presents the case objectively, his philosophy converted into drama entire, without comment, apology or explanation except as they may be found in the dramatic form. His greatness as a dramatist appears in his own aloofness from the play as an action.

The entire earnestness of Ibsen, his truthfulness, is clear to the public as well as to the professional dramatist, in that he is never theatrical. He does not seek situations as situations. When he arrives at what is really a situation, and which would be exploited as such by the ordinary dramatist, the growth has been so steady that the result has been accomplished and no explosion is required. The ordinary dramatist is a Chinaman waging war with firecrackers compared with Ibsen in this matter. He has not invented a new dramatic art, but he uses the art with sincerity. Hedda would be entirely repellant if she were not entirely natural in the sense of having reasons for her point of view of life.

She has the cruelty of jealousy, but it is a kind of indifferent jealousy, and the feeling is not entirely absent in the audience that, in giving Loevborg the pistol to kill himself with "beautifully" she is meting out justice. Consider her a cat or an idealist, she interests you. She is certainly not sordid. Life has disappointed her at every turn, and disappointments fill

the development of the action. The eternal journey with her husband bores her and is hopeless; Loevborg had dropped out of her life and himself shatters her ideal of him; and, in the end, Brack offers an alternative to which she prefers death.

Mrs. Fiske's treatment of the character is most effective. This actress has broken with conventionality in the same spirit of sincerity that animated Ibsen when he bid farewell to the historical, the romantic and the theatrical. Her methods are those of conviction; her aims are simplicity and truth. This revulsion from the theatric requires the banishment of old conventionalities, to the very tones of voice. Mrs. Fiske gratifies the intelligence always. Her portrayal of Hedda is clear cut in every feature. Possibly her manner is at times too suppressed, leaving points without that emphasis or expression which might be given by movement, gesture or definite outward sign. It is true that Ibsen's drama is often a matter of internal emotion rather than of outward expression, the action in the mind of the audience being provided by a combination of things apart from the physical acting. For this reason every word is important and should be heard. Nothing is more characteristic of Ibsen's dramatic art than his use of detail, both in the matter of facts and as an artistic device. So

close an interpreter of Ibsen is Mrs. Fiske in this part that to discuss her acting in detail would be to discuss the character of Hedda Gabler herself. The best example to cite of her level sustained power is where she discovers that

Brack has mistaken her character and offers her a new life. With a sigh of resolution, but not of regret, she rises, disappears, and after a few bars of music the shot that ends her career is heard. In the same way, when she gives Loevborg the pistol with which to end his life, there is a serenity of deviltry that would be utterly repulsive if accented by acting in the ordinary sense. Again, the burning of the manuscript would seem to call for theatric exultation, but Mrs. Fiske accomplishes the effect without resorting to the usual means. To sum it up, her performance is fascinating, and reveals truly the tragedy of a soul, forcing you to withhold utter condemnation of the victim, be it either of her own self or of society as constituted.

William B. Mack gave a remarkable individualization of Tesman. Miss

Carlotta Nillson, a newcomer, with the refinement of English breeding, was recognized at once as the perfect counterpart of Hedda, emotion quivering in every tone of her voice, a helpless, timorous little Mrs. Elvsted. Her voice and acting rang true.



WILLIAM H. CRANE
As Peter Bines in "The Spenders"



Byron, N. Y.

MANELICH
(Hobarth Bosworth)

MARTA
(Corona Riccardo)

MANELICH: "The wolf will not come tonight."

SCENE IN "MARTA OF THE LOWLANDS" AT THE MANHATTAN

"Marta of the Lowlands," as produced at the Manhattan, is entirely worthy of the advanced aims and high character of that house. It is a play of significance. That a rich landowner should take advantage of his power and of the ignorance of a peasant girl on his estates, and that complications should arise from this iniquity, is not a new story; but the conditions of the action make it one of vital interest to Spanish audiences. Schiller, in "Love and Intrigue," aroused his country to the evils of a system of society and political government which permitted humble innocence to be the prey of the aristocrats. It is surely not a matter of indifference to audiences of this land. If a glow of exalted sympathy is not aroused by this play, drama has lost its power, and the love of justice and purity is no longer a part of us. The symbolism of the play is an element which elevates this drama far above the theatrical, although it has passages of almost pure melodrama. The master of the estate secures a husband for his victim from the heights, a shepherd from the mountains. The girl thinks that the husband knows of her shame. The master's design is to use the shepherd-husband as a cloak for his intrigue. The misunderstandings, revelations and conflicts growing out of these relations provide an action that is neither old nor sordid. The best and truest dramas are those which grow directly out of the actual life of a people. They are not made to order by authors. "Marta of the Lowlands" is a real drama of this kind. Miss Corona Riccardo is put forward to gain her distinction as the Marta of the play, and proved herself effective in certain passages. Hobart Bosworth, as Manelich, the shepherd, is all that could be desired in simplicity, vigor and pathos.

"Hearts Courageous" is another book play, a machine-made piece that creaks at every joint, but it is interesting and may enjoy some measure of popularity because of the historic episodes connected with its always fascinating story of adventure and love. Louis Armand, a young French Marquis, has been intrusted by his government with important documents pledging the American patriots the support of France in their struggle with England. The British plot to secure possession of these papers and to suppress the French messenger before he can reach the signers of the Declaration of Independence, but in this they are frustrated by the devotion of Anne Tillotson, an enthusiastic little Whig who incidentally loves the marquis. This story is better told in book form than on the stage. The play has no humor and drags in the earlier scenes. A number of historic personages are introduced, including Patrick Henry, who does not fail to deliver his famous line: "*Give me liberty or give me death*," and there is also a sensational duel. Orrin Johnson made a favorable impression last season as Miss Annie Russell's leading man, and with his manly bearing, fine voice and excellent technique would seem to possess many of the qualifications that go to make a successful star. But in this piece he is not seen to advantage. The play is either too big, or he too small, for at no time did he appear to dominate the situations. Miss Maude Fealy made a beautiful and sympathetic heroine, and in the staircase scene did some very pretty comedy. Both in method and face Miss Fealy is remarkably like Maude Adams. The part of Patrick Henry was well played by W. S. Hart, and Theodore Hamilton was capital as Lord Dunmore, the British governor.



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MISS HATTIE WILLIAMS IN "THE GIRL FROM KAYS"



Photo van der Weyde

Miss Elliott and her husband, Nat C. Goodwin, spending a quiet evening at their home on West End Avenue, New York

Beautiful Maxine Elliott: An Interview

Chats with Players No. 22



IN her serene, statuesque beauty, Maxine Elliott reminds one of the straight, majestic pine trees of her native Maine. Someone who sat watching her in "Her Own Way," at the Garrick the night when, with signal success, she made her first appearance as a star, remarked cleverly that she was a Venus de Milo *with arms*.

But the actress herself, like most handsome women who also possess brains, deprecates and even resents the attention and admiration her beauty excites. She who has been called the most beautiful woman in the world regards mere beauty with contempt. In her opinion, she has assets more valuable than her good looks. For instance, she has mentality, temperament, repose and ambition.

"Beauty is only a fifth wheel," she said seriously to the writer one morning shortly after her first appearance at the Garrick, and unsmilingly and with earnestness she proceeded to elucidate this queer text, declaring herself weary of the eternal subject of beauty, almost ashamed of it, this thing for the possession of which most women would lay down their lives.

"It is of no help to a woman at the beginning of her career," she said. "On the contrary, it is a positive hindrance to be a so-called stage beauty. It challenges attention and one's poor beginnings as an artist stand out the more glaringly because of the prominence one would so gladly escape during those first two or three years.

"If," she continued, "the young actresses have the other things needful for success, and after years of work and waiting attain success, then good looks do not stand in her way. They may even be a little help. But at best beauty is only a fifth wheel. You have but to look at the successful women of the stage to prove this. They are plain almost without exception! It is in the choruses of the extravaganzas that you find the real professional beauties. They are the peers of any beauty in the world, but their beauty alone without talent and determination and work will never get them out of the chorus. Really, it is, as I said, a fifth wheel."

Miss Elliott was bowling gently along Fifth Avenue in her automobile as she spoke, and her progress was in the nature of a triumphal march. Men and women, forgetting amenities in their admiration, craned their necks and leaned from their carriages. The words "Maxine Elliott", alternated with "Isn't she beautiful?", were forming in foolish pantomime on busy lips beneath staring eyes, but upon them all the dark, lovely profile turned in serene unconsciousness.

Had any ripple of vanity ever stirred the calm depths of this woman's soul? It was doubtful. One might imagine the youthful, strong Maxine Elliott, fifteen years back, gazing into her mirror, indifferently estimating her loveliness as a possible factor in the assets of a future stage career. It is conceivable, too, that she may have graciously smiled at the rapturous admiration of a lover. But the joy which comes with the sudden knowledge of the power of beauty she has probably never known, or long ago forgotten.

It seemed trivial to speak to this fine, unconscious creature of dress, and yet it was a logical step after discussing beauty. This subject she dismissed as briefly:

"It is merely a question of individual taste and appropriateness. The colors and the lines which throw our best points into relief are the best for us. Personally, I prefer neutral colors. White is lovely."

But when the conversation turned upon success, and the influences that work for success on the stage, her well-bred indifference and reserve were thrown off like a discarded mantle. She faced about, her luminous brown eyes fixed on her interlocutor in eager interrogation.

"Who knows how one grows in art," she said. "There is a great deal of nonsense written about how this player was coached by that player. No one can teach another how to act. The only way to learn how to act is to go and act. That is all. Mr. Goodwin never taught me anything. He may have inspired me to do my best, as many actors have done, but those of us who succeed on the stage owe our success to the development of whatever there is within us." She crossed her hands upon her bosom in sudden dramatic gesture. "If it is here, no one can develop it but one's-self."

Miss Elliott is as shy as a robin when the conversation grows personal. After something which resembled coaxing she said at last with hesitancy:

"I don't know that one quite realizes a sudden success. When you have been working for a success for years, and hope and believe you deserve it, and at last it comes, I am not sure that one cares so very much after all, at least just

at first. One is so tired after the monotony of weeks of rehearsal, and the torture of the first night. A reaction comes and with it a feeling akin to indifference. I have been so anxious about my voice, too. I found myself whispering my lines at the third performance—so that I have hardly had time to think of the reception I had. But the critics were most kind.

"The price of it all," she added gravely, "was work and determination," and as she spoke there was, in the rigid straightening of her figure, a suggestion of the lofty pines of her native Maine.

"The beginnings were hard, of course. Are they not always hard? I met with the usual discouragements, but," she smiled, "they never embittered me. I do not believe there was a time in the past five years when I could not have played this part in 'Her Own Way,' as well. You see, heretofore I have been playing small parts. It was no one's fault. I was playing with my husband and the parts that fell to me happened to be small. Audiences are not very discriminating, and a person who plays a long part badly is likely to receive more attention and even more praise than one who plays a small part well. Achievement is often only a question of opportunity. My opportunity came. That was all."

We talked of Richard Mansfield's published conceit—that, looking out over the footlights, the audience seemed to him a great, black monster which he fed nightly, and which when the time came that he could no longer feed it enough, nor what it wanted, would turn and rend him.

"It was clever, wasn't it?" said the actress. She was



Hail

CLYDE FITCH

Clyde Fitch rehearsing Miss Elliott and Charles Cherry (her leading man) in "Her Own Way" on the stage of the Garrick Theatre. Notwithstanding his comparative youth, Mr. Fitch is an expert stage manager and always insists on rehearsing his plays himself. Certainly, many of our older stage managers might take points from his admirable stage settings in "Her Own Way."



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THE MCCOY SISTERS

Clever dancers and singers, lately with Weber and Fields

dreamily thoughtful now and her dark eyes followed the farthest lines of the tree tops of Central Park. "He is right," she added. "An audience is something to be feared. No one who has not acted knows the exquisite torture, the positive bodily fear, of a first night performance. I always feel like a child afraid of a steam engine."

We touched upon the semi-superstition that players attach to parts and lines. An actress once said that misfortune always followed her acting a rôle in the old play "The Cherry Pickers". Another had been voluble about certain lines involving all of her philosophy of life.

"One's philosophy of living," remarked Miss Elliott, "is more or less unconscious. I don't believe I could express mine. Certainly no line of a play ever quite covered it."

The picture of the actress, in the scene in "The Altar of Friendship," — her head erect, her eyes flashing, delivering the speech that was an arraignment of all men and a bitter sarcasm upon the double standard of morality for the sexes, had always remained vivid in the writer's mind.

"Once there was a man and his name was Adam," we prompted.

Miss Elliott laughed. "I am sorry, but I can't remember any more of the speech myself. I forget lines as soon as I

stop playing the part. They would only come back to me if I rehearsed the entire scene with someone. When studying a new part," she continued, "I read the whole play to get the general effect and the sense of proportion before rehearsals begin. I have a wholesome, and long-nurtured respect for the stage manager. Clyde Fitch is an ideal stage manager. The way he handled the children in "Her Own Way" was marvelous. I never begin studying my lines before we begin rehearsals, because I don't want to have any preconceived ideas that might not agree with the stage manager's. If, for instance, I had gotten it into my mind that I should stand on the right of the stage while reading a certain line, and the stage manager should think I ought to stand on the left, there would be a kind of mental jolt in readjusting my ideas to his standard, and there would be a loss of force."

Circumstances, the need of making a living, Miss Elliott explained, was her reason for going on the stage.

She is the daughter of Capt. Thomas McDermott, a sea captain, and a voyage with him to South America is one of her earliest recollections. There was no ancestral predilection for the stage to account for her choice of it?

"Oh, dear no!" she laughed, "Puritan ancestors on both sides forbid that. I had a grandmother whose name was Hate Evil Hall, and the women of the family were all Patiences or Prudences or Hopes. No, there was nothing in the environment of Rockland, Me., to make me want to go on the stage, unless it was the impelling force of contrast." An interesting fact is that through one of these Patiences or Prudences, Miss Elliott is distantly related to her own husband.

By this time we had reached the home of Mr. and Mrs. Nat C. Goodwin for the brief time they are in New York, a five-story brick house at No. 326 West End Ave., the façade of which is nearly covered with reddening English ivy. Past the door where Sport, an English bull terrier, so ugly that he must have an inestimable pedigree, gave his mistress a noisy welcome, through the ample reception room with its tones of oak and dull yellow and blue, upstairs and past the drawing-room where roses were everywhere, and Miss Elliott stopped before a door. A sacred hush now fell upon us in obedience to the finger upon her lip.

"She's asleep," whispered the actress, "but I'll show her to you. I'm taking care of her while my sister, Mrs. Forbes Robertson, is travelling. She is two years old and is named after me."

She opened the door softly and we tip-toed across the floor to the lace-covered crib. A little brown-haired beauty lay with her delicate, olive profile outlined against the white pillow, her round arm curved above her head.

Maxine I. softly drew down Maxine II.'s arm and tucked it under the cover.

"Her eyes are blue," said the actress, "but excepting that, they say she looks like me. Do you think so?"



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SAM BERNARD IN "THE GIRL FROM KAYS"

There was an anxious query in her eyes. So much so, indeed, that even Miss Elliott's expression was there, reflected in the face of the sleeping child, a look not of hauteur, though it might be mistaken for that, not sternness, but the inherent, conscious strength of the Maine pine. Downstairs we talked of Maxine II.'s mother, who was Gertrude Elliott. "Yes, I am prouder of her career than of my own. There is more to be proud of; I've always taken care of her. There are only six years and eight months difference in our ages, but I have always felt more like a mother than a sister toward her."

The strong face had grown gravely sweet under the spell of affectionate memories. Why had she fallen into the head class of women? Or why hadn't that mellow philosopher, Oliver Wendell Holmes, added the soul class, when he said that there were two types of women—those with heads and the others with hearts? Maxine Elliott has a heart assuredly, though she does not adorn her sleeve nor embroider her utterances with it, and the olive-skinned baby upstairs and her brilliant mother nearly, if not quite, fill it.

"We spend four months a year in England, at our place, 'Jackwood'. We go for rest, and to see the new plays, and because England is now my sister's home. No, indeed! That does not detract from my Americanism. Once truly an American, especially of the Down East sort, always an American."

Of society and study as influences of an actress's art she had this to say: "It is all a matter of temperament. Some need more of one, some the other. When I am playing I don't go out. In the summer, though, while I am relaxing I enjoy it. Perhaps you will not think my ambition a great one. I want to entertain the public and that with modern plays. No, it is not true that I have Rosalind in view. I want to appear in the best modern plays I can get, and to act them as well as it is in me to do."

The question of "Minerva's Choice" came up. "If you might choose love or fame or power, which would be your choice?" With her marked preference for the third person as opposed to the first, Miss Elliott said:

"Everyone will choose that which he has not. The unattainable is what is sought. That is human nature. It is life."

Of friends she said: "We do not love them for the traits or qualities they have, but for what they are to us. In general, my friends are professionals. That is natural, for we, as it were, speak the same language. But my dearest friend happens to be a non-professional. I am more interested in

people than in anything else in the world," she added, with grave sweetness. The expression still lingered as we looked back, and again there returned the thought of the supreme self-reliance, the courage and the sheltering strength of the sturdy pines of her native Maine.

ADA PATTERSON.



Otto Sarony Co.
MISS ISABEL IRVING
Now starring in "The Crisis."



CAPT. JARRETT
(John T. Sullivan)

LOUIS ARMAND
(Orrin Johnson)

ANNE TILLOTSON
(Miss Maude Fealy)

A FAYETTE
(Hector Dion)

ACT IV. Louis: "I have found one rose."

"HEARTS COURAGEOUS" AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE



Photos White

MISS ALINE REDMOND
(Winsome Winnie Co.)

MISS FANNY DUPRE
(Weber and Fields)

MISS BONNIE MAGINN
(Bluebeard Co.)

MISS MARGARET SAYER
(Weber and Fields)

FOUR AMERICAN BEAUTIES WHO ARE GRACING THE BOARDS THIS SEASON

THE THEATRE'S PLAY COMPETITION

WE had hoped to be able to announce in this issue the result of the play competition, but this has been found to be again impossible. Mr. F. Marion Crawford arrived from Europe on October 15, bringing with him many of the competing plays which had been sent to him and which he had read abroad, but he reached New York too late to enable him (in time for this issue) to read what plays there remained for him to examine or to confer with Mr. William Seymour as to what particular play deserved to be adjudged the winner.

In our next issue we shall publish the title of the winning play and invite the author to make himself known, and in the same number the best of the remaining plays submitted in the competition will be

critically reviewed. If any competitor, whose play has not been put in Classes A and B (out of which the winner will be chosen) wishes to withdraw his play now, he can have his manuscript by communicating with the Prize Play Editor and properly identifying it.

The titles of the plays which have been put in Classes A and B are: "The Military Attaché," "A Beggar on Horseback," "The Triumph of Love," "Benedict Arnold," "One of the Family," "When the Sun Goes Down," "Galeed," "Where Angels Fear to Tread," "Cher Jean," "Athaliah," "The Winners," "Passing the Love of Women," "Talleyrand," "Mardonius," "Dolly Madison," "Never More," "Where There's a Will."

Postage stamps should be sent to cover cost of return of MSS.



Hall

CHARLES HAWTREY

THE AMUSING DINNER SCENE IN "THE MAN FROM BLANKLEYS" AT THE CRITERION



NELLIE FARREN IN 1875

J. L. TOOLE IN 1874

JOHN HARE IN 1875

MADGE ROBERTSON (Mrs. Kendal)

quarter of a century ago, although at that time he was thirty-three years old. And who would recognize Mrs. Kendal, the portly matron of to-day in the slim girlish figure and face as depicted in the photograph taken when the actress was less than one-half her present age?

The photograph of Sir Henry Irving, taken at a period when, after years of struggling, he had suddenly leaped into fame, differs only in the matter of a few wrinkles, honorable landmarks of a succession of triumphs, from those of the great tragedian recently taken, but time does not appear to have been so gracious in the case of his long-time companion in art, although she is ten years his junior.

Charles Warner, who is now playing "Drink" in this country, is perhaps not so well known here. But his assumption of the drunkard in the adaptation of Zola's *L'Assommoir*, ranks in popularity with Joseph Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle," and has been scarcely less tenacious of its hold upon public appreciation. Patti's popularity lasting half a century, needs no mention.



CHARLES WARNER IN 1873

As an instance of the devotion of the English people to their footlight favorites it may be stated that an audience, recently assembled in the Gaiety Theatre, went wild with enthusiasm at the mere mention of Nellie Farren and John L. Toole, who were for years the bright particular stars of that famous house. The occasion was the last performance previous to the demolition of the theatre. The words which provoked an extraordinary ovation of loving memory were spoken by Sir Henry Irving, as follows:

"I wish with all my heart that two such famous representatives of the genius of the old Gaiety as Mr. Toole and Nellie Farren could have joined us to-night and mingled their remembrances with ours."

Nellie Farren, for many years high priestess of "The Sacred Lamp of Burlesque" and the pioneer of modern musical comedy, is now a helpless paralytic. John L. Toole, for many years regarded as the greatest of English comedians, is now a decrepit old man.

WALTER BROWNE.



Photos, Burr McIntosh

MAURICE FARKOA AND ONE OF THE THREE LITTLE MAIDS IN THE KISSING SCENE AT DALY'S

SOME OF THE SCENES IN "A GIRL FROM DIXIE"



Byron N. Y.

ACT I.—MARYLAND CALVERT (IRENE BENTLEY) AND THE SCHOOLGIRL CHORUS



ACT II.—MISS CALVERT LEAVING THE BOARDING SCHOOL



ACT II.—ANNAPOLIS MIDDIES AND BOARDING SCHOOL MISSES



Byron, N. Y.

A CORNER OF THE GRILL ROOM IN THE PLAYERS'



ENTRANCE TO THE PLAYERS

The Actors' Clubs of New York

of leave to cross the Styx and pay a brief visit to the cities of the modern world, one of the things to move him most to wonder would be the present status of the play actor. "Vagabonds to be admitted to fine society; strollers beyond the pale of the law to have club houses devoted to their comfort, well-being and pleasure!" he might exclaim, and the shock of it send him back contented to the shades where, if among the elder ghosts walk any actors, we may be sure they are merely tolerated, as they were in life, for what their wit contributes to break the monotony of eternity.

In New York City especially, the unearthly visitant would view with unmitigated surprise the club conducted solely for the benefit of that once proscribed being, the actor, and no more tangible evidence of the firm hold he now has upon society could be obtained than by a visit to the Players'—one of the most prosperous of the clubs existing to-day. Situated in aristocratic Gramercy Park, near Broadway and Fourth Avenue, the Players' is yet far enough removed from these great arteries to enjoy a scholastic quiet. The club house is unpretentious; although modern, it exhibits a venerable air, spruce and elegant as an antique beau's. Its founder and benefactor

IF an Elizabethan should be given a ticket

was the famous actor Edwin Booth. Under the personal influence of that gently austere soul, it is not strange that the Players' started at once full grown and that none of the ordinary and excusable faults of youth had to be charged up against it. The fruition of years of thought by our great Hamlet, its course in life was so carefully marked out that only a board of directors willfully blind could go astray. Its purpose was plain and simple, and the rules that were to govern it had been narrowed down to the few simple rules that are intuitively obeyed by well-bred men. Once having read them, members of the Players' have nothing to complain of and nothing to cavil at. "Within the limits of becoming mirth" one may disport himself at this club, but its very atmosphere quickly dries up any exotic desire to go beyond.

The low tones of the decorations and furnishings of the first floor of the Players' increase the effect already noticed



Byron, N. Y.

THE LIBRARY OF THE PLAYERS', CONTAINING MANY RARE DRAMATIC BOOKS



Byron, N. Y.

THE RESTAURANT AT THE PLAYERS'



WRITING ROOM AT THE PLAYERS'

of age and solidity of character. The wide hall beyond the offices is sufficiently lighted, but it has no high lights, unless a bit of brass or ceramic catches a gleam of sunshine from the cheerful Gramercy Park outside. This hall leads into the club dining and grill rooms. Dark pictures on the walls, old prints and mahogany-tinted oil paintings, as well as old oak settees and individual chairs, preserve the impression of solidity given at first, but only the most advanced

painter of the "plein air" school would call this interior gloomy. Although there is a goodly quantity of delft on the walls, the picture is not that of Holland and resembles rather a scene of English cheer than any canvas painted by Teniers. In the reading rooms on the floor above the same decorative color is preserved, although these quarters are by fact of situation lighter and gayer. But old pictures, old carvings, old tapestries, be they seen in never so direct

was Edwin Booth's, and which remains as he left them when he died there ten years ago. The sitting room overlooks Gramercy Park, and by its cheerful austerity it recalls the great soul it once sheltered. On a table in the centre of the room lies the book in which a paper cutter marks the page his eyes last rested upon. Booth's pictures and bric-à-brac, neither very rich nor numerous, but dear to every lover of the stage and sacred to the many faithful friends who when occasion serves make pilgrimage here, adorn the walls.

On Christmas night, when mirth and goodfellowship reign, a hush comes over the actors assembled round their hearth to honor the festival, when the president of the club rises and proposes a health to Edwin Booth. It is drunk in silence, and more than once it has been remarked by jolly souls, not given to metaphysical speculation, that at such times a spirit seems to hover in their midst. It seems impossible that while that noble influence endures the profession from which this club draws its members can ever lose in inspiration.

Men of letters the country over are members of this club and many reunions of celebrated people take place quietly within its walls. It is the Mecca of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Thomas Nelson Page, "Uncle Remus" and fifty others whose connection with the stage is slight or nil, but who enjoy the

contact here afforded with the best minds whose life work the stage binds up. Of the younger

F. C. Clarke
GRILL ROOM AT THE GREENROOM CLUB

a light, continue to give out the richness which is their excuse for preservation.

The bed room floor, as was to be expected, exhibits different tastes in the decorations of the rooms, but none of the fortunate tenants have actually run counter to the color scheme of the house. Its atmosphere penetrates everywhere, even to the tiny Thebaïd of the player whose master in art is apparently Jan Van Beers.

Here is the holy place of the club, the suite of rooms that



F. C. Clarke

RECEPTION ROOM AT THE LAMBS'



McMichael & Gro

MISS BERNICE GOLDEN

A native of Toledo, Ohio, and engaged by David Belasco for a forthcoming production. Miss Golden, who is a graduate of the Stanhope-Wheatcroft Dramatic School, is seen here as Tess of the d'Urbervilles.

literary men, Booth Tarkington, Jesse Lynch Williams and Winston Churchill are among the most recent members.

Journalists are not eligible to membership, the reason given being that the close association of dramatic critics and actors would be productive of much evil. The story goes that Augustin Daly attempted to gain admittance for William Winter, the veteran dramatic critic, on the ground that he is a poet and Shakespearean scholar rather than a journalist; but to his credit, let it be recorded, Mr. Winter declined to take advantage of any such compromise, saying that he *was* a journalist; and that if he could not get in as a journalist he would not go in at all.

The Lambs' Club is less academic and exclusive than the Players', but it probably has more actors among its members. Conceived in a spirit of jest, the Lambs' has grown to mean something higher and worthier than the cap and bells. Its gambols, to be sure, remain a farrago of travesty, and the annual washing of the fleece is conducted with the almost insane merriment of its salad days. But the club has grown to man's estate and in theatrical affairs its voice carries considerable influence. Among the rank and file of the profession it is not looked upon with the awe which the

Players' inspires, and there is hardly an actor who paints his face seriously who does not include a membership of the Lambs' among his scheme of good things to be attained. The Lambs' has on its list as many influential managers as the Players',—more of the present-day dramatists,—and from its very situation in the middle of the Rialto, to adopt a cant phrase, its interest in the theatrical movement is more poignant and vital. The Lambs discuss the engagement of this one and that one, and the production of this play and that like the intimate personal affairs they are.

The foundation of the Lambs' was laid far anterior to its graver rival. The original shepherd was Harry Montague, and Harry Beckett was one of its charter members. Among the shepherds who have joyously directed the innocent gambols are Lester Wallack, Judge Brady, E. M. Holland, Thomas B. Clarke, and De Wolf Hopper. Clay M. Greene is the present incumbent of the office.

To the literature of wit the Lambs' has contributed since its founding, and the bright sayings of its members famous in verbal quip and quiddity soon gain almost universal currency. They are not always attributed to their proper author, but what matter? The dull language of the street is brightened by any scintilla of wit, and who throws the light is not very material. Amusing anecdotes, flashes of wit, puns, and other higher and lower forms of the literature of laughter are frequently met with in odd places without a reference to the club where they originated.

The club house of the Lambs is one of utility and offers nothing characteristic of the noble art of acting, inside or out. There are bits of decoration, a print or two, a play bill and a few other indications which might inform the observant wayfarer that the main interest of the place was theatrical, but the wayfarer would really have to be observant beyond the ordinary to pick up this information. For the main part the place resembles other small club houses. In the bay window fronting 36th Street, are comfortable lounges, easy chairs, substantial tables loaded with magazines and files of newspapers. The rear part of this room is set with small tables where breakfast, luncheon and dinner are frequently going for-



MISS MABELLE ROWLAND
Soprano in "A Country Girl."



Hall, N. Y.

Miss Rose Coghlan (Penelope) and Tyrone Power (Ulysses) in Stephen Phillips' Poetic Drama "Ulysses" at the Garden Theatre

ward all at once in a way which despite the mixture is too precise and prosaic for those people who long to stroll unchallenged into Bohemia and who expect to find there Heaven knows what.

Like the venerable society of Tammany, the Lambs' has ceremonials and official titles which newly elected members utterly fail to understand. Doubtless these will be handed down to posterity and observed by some as yet unborn player folk with the necessary degree of punctilio due to a veneration of tradition. Nobody nowadays knows why the Grand Sachem of Tammany puts on his high silk hat before he reads a dry address to the assembled braves in the wigwam, and an equal ignorance of the inner meaning of some of the rites which attend upon the investiture into office of a shepherd of the Lambs' is beginning to prevail among new lambkins. It matters not whether these ceremonies are perpetuated or discarded,—the main thing being to keep the Lambs' a power for good in the theatrical world. So far this has been accomplished. Trivial ornament has not confused the underlying purpose, as it may be conjectured, of the founders of the club. The membership list of the Lambs' has reached the limit imposed by its projectors, but the wish to get in has swelled those in waiting to a formidable number, including a good many names of influential men in the profession who ought not to be

excluded. There is an early prospect of a larger and more imposing club house, to be situated in West 44th Street, where the hearth fire may warm a greater number of Thespians without crowding.

Youngest of all the actors' clubs of New York is the Greenroom in West 47th Street, but he is a precocious and enterprising youngster whom his elders, and especially the Lambs', had best not underrate. The growth of the Greenroom Club since its birth about eight months ago is phenomenal even in the face of the advertisements of various baby foods. At the present time the membership is 430, gained, it must be admitted, by its having absorbed the Theatrical Business Men's Club last May. The Greenroom Club, however, had at this time a membership little inferior in number to the club it swallowed. It is still growing vigorously and these figures may be old fashioned by the time they are published here. The walls of the rooms open to members are hung with old photographs of theatrical personages, many of whose names are the faintest traditions, and in the halls pictures of latter-day Thespians prevail.

William A. Brady is the president of the Greenroom Club and Sydney Rosenfeld is what is known as the stage manager of entertainments. The object of the club is purely social, bringing together actor and manager in friendly intercourse.

WILLIS STEELL.



MISS ROSELLE KNOTT
In "When Knighthood was in Flower."



Byron, N. Y.

MISS GERTRUDE MOYER

MISS AGNES LYNN

MISS CARRIE BOWMAN

MISS WINNIE SIAGRIST

THE DUTCH CAKEWALK IN "WHOO-DEE-DOO" AT WEBER AND FIELDS



Hall

MISS ELLIOTT

Mr. Fitch's latest dramatic novelty—the stage nursery. The scene represents a birthday party of smart-set children on a stage transformed into a dainty playground. The children are: Donald Gallaher, Beryl Morse, Mollie King and Marie Hirsch.



Hall

SAM COAST
(Arthur Byron)

GEORGINA CARLEY
(Miss Maxine Elliott)

ACT II. Sam: "I love you, Georgie! Will you marry me?"

SCENES IN CLYDE FITCH'S NEW COMEDY "HER OWN WAY" AT THE GARRICK



World of Music

By WILLIAM J. HENDERSON



THE musical season in New York, which begins with the present month, is certain to be one of the most interesting ever known.

Public attention will be centered on the working out of several important problems bearing on the future of the central musical institutions in the city. It will be not a season of æsthetic excitement over new creations in art, but one of grave questionings as to the success of new men and the outcome of new methods.

With the general public the operatic situation will hold the foremost position. While it is true that the metropolis becomes every year more musical, it is still a fact that the company of real music lovers forms but a small part of the great army of amusement seekers. The opera is for the

majority of those who attend it simply an amusement, in which the exhibition of celebrated singers engaged at fabulous salaries and the display of costumes in the auditorium are equally delightful.

Maurice Grau brought what may be called the star combination system to perfection in this city, and when last

season he retired from management, he left to his successor, Heinrich Conried, a serious problem. There were no new stars in sight. In fact, some of those most refulgent in the Grau seasons were rapidly sinking behind the western horizon. No successor to Jean de Reszké appeared in the east and contraltos of the first magnitude seemed to have deserted the vocal firmament.

At first, Mr. Conried seemed to cherish the idea that stars might be blotted out entirely; that it would be possible to go forward with a simple working stock company and good ensemble productions of opera. The wealthy gentlemen who were officiating as directors of his company speedily convinced him that society would not let the light

of its countenance shine on such proceedings, and Mr. Conried was finally compelled to engage most of the forces of Mr. Grau's concluding season.

The star combination system, then, is to be continued under a manager who has professed to be radically opposed to it and who has certainly had no experience with it. Mr. Conried has high ideas of discipline in a theatre and is apparently inclined to make his rule as a manager autocratic. Those who are acquainted with the characters and customs of operatic stars will be disappointed if the new director does not know more at the end of the season than he does now.

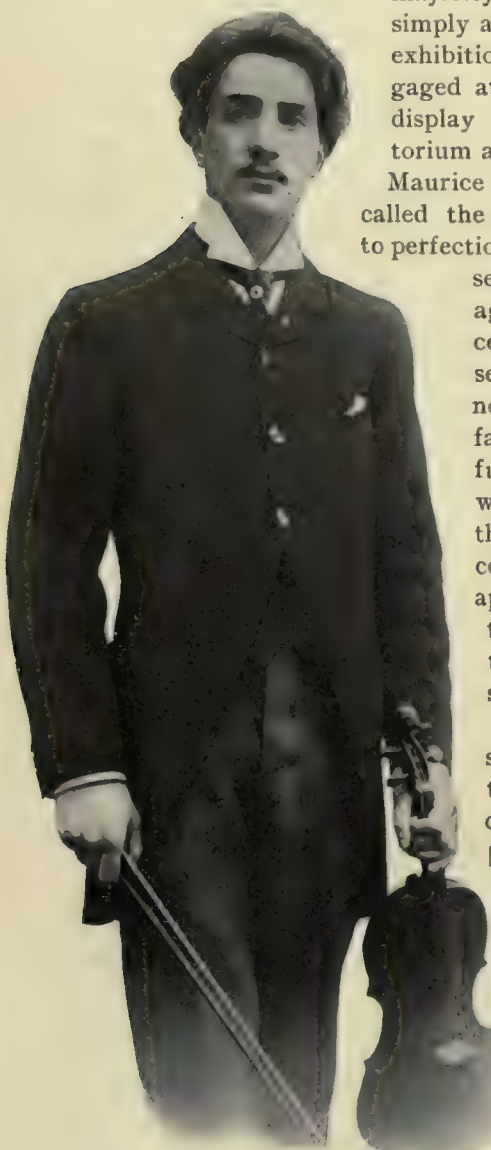
But Mr. Conried, unwilling to abandon his project of stirring the populace with new productions, determined upon a bold coup. He would lay violent hands upon "Parsifal," the chief prop of the falling fortunes of Bayreuth and the largest visible evidence of means of support for the hard-working Wagner family. Not much sympathy can be wasted on the insincere and grasping widow of the famous master, nor her empty and pretentious son. But almost nothing can be said in defense of Mr. Conried's action. Wagner designed "Parsifal" for Bayreuth. He did not mean that it should ever become an ordinary opera of commerce. Its subject-matter and method unfit it for huckstering. Furthermore, even if there is any question of the legal rights of the Wagners in this country, there is none as to their moral rights in the work. Whether Mr. Conried succeeds or not in defeating the legal operations against the production, which can not be foreseen at the time of this writing, there can be no two opinions as to the ethical nature of his operations.

"Parsifal" in the Metropolitan Opera House, beginning at 4:30 in the afternoon! Then after the ceremony of the Last Supper out you go into the garish lights and hubbub of the Tenderloin, with Mlle. New York smirking her suggestive smile into your eyes and the yellow extras thrusting the smell of their myriad crimes and casualties under your nostrils. Then what? Are we to change afternoon for evening dress before we return for the other acts at 8 P. M.? Will society strip for the temptation scene in the magic garden? And while Parsifal baptizes Kundry and she washes his feet, must we listen to the sapient twitterings of the cock-sparrows of the salons? For this are we to pay \$10 a seat? For this are we forcibly to take to ourselves the dreams of a mighty dreamer which have filled a whole world with beauty?

The Philharmonic Society is to try an experiment of far-reaching influence. Heretofore this organization has been content to give high-class concerts, depending chiefly on the

JACQUES THIBAUD

Famous French violinist who will make his American debut at the first Wetzel concert at Carnegie Hall, October 30.



excellence of the works performed and secondarily on the excellence of the performance. It has engaged each season a conductor to whom it has paid \$6,000. It has always sought to secure one whose reputation would add to the interest and pecuniary success of the concerts and whose readings would deepen respect for the society.

In recent years, however, the Philharmonic Society has been slowly but steadily going down hill. Let it be confessed with all frankness that the standard of orchestral performance in New York has been uplifted by the Boston Symphony Orchestra and that, measured by that standard, the Philharmonic Society has been found wanting. The receipts of the concerts have steadily diminished. Last season the society engaged Walter Damrosch and had the poorest season of all. The members said it was all the fault of Mr. Damrosch; that he was not attractive. Well, Mr. Damrosch may be too familiar a figure to start a new popular excitement. But it was not fair to expect Mr. Damrosch to draw audiences singly and without aid from the orchestra.

At the close of the season the society openly confessed that as an organization it had no drawing power, that people would not go to hear it. So it engaged a series of conductors to appear this season as stars. We are to have Colonne, of Paris; Henry Wood, of London; Kogel, Weingartner and Strauss, of Germany; Safonoff, of Russia. Each is to come and conduct a concert and see if he can galvanize the moribund Philharmonic into something like life. The experiment does not promise much. The Philharmonic is badly constituted. Its ranks are too plentifully supplied with third-rate players. It does not rehearse sufficiently. Can a visiting conductor reform this organization in a single concert?

The members of the admirable Kneisel Quartet have withdrawn from the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This robs the orchestra of its accomplished concert master, Franz Kneisel, and its masterly solo 'cellist, Alwyn Schröder, as well as of the leader of the violas, Louis Svecenszki, and one of the first violinists, Thedorowitsch. In place of Mr. Kneisel, Fernandez Arbos has been secured, and Rudolf Krasselt is the name of the

new first 'cellist. The former is a Spaniard, who has long lived in London. He is better known as a teacher and salon player than as a soloist, while as a concert master he is not known at all. He has had no career as an orchestral performer, yet he is such a well-schooled violinist that some-

thing may be expected of him. It seems hardly likely that Mr. Gericke would have engaged him without satisfying himself that he was competent. He will have to be something more than that to please patrons long wedded to the style of Kneisel.

Krasselt is a young man, only 25 or 26 years of age, but he was not long ago the first 'cellist of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Arthur Nikisch. That ought to settle his standing. Only an artist of the first rank could hold such a post under the poetic and inspiring Nikisch. But the Boston Symphony Orchestra has for so long remained substantially intact that every one will watch its opening concerts anxiously. There is no musical institution in this town more cherished than the orchestra which Boston lends us once a month. As for the Kneisel Quartet, that will go on as heretofore and its New York concerts will keep their old audiences.

Walter Damrosch is to come forward with a new symphony orchestra. On the whole, the best orchestra this city has had in recent years was this gentleman's former symphony orchestra. It would be a great comfort if Mr. Damrosch should show us that we could support a good home orchestra without any sensational appeals.

W. J. HENDERSON.

Jacques Thibaud, the French violinist, who is now visiting the United States, is only 27 years of age. He comes of a musical family, and his two brothers are professionals. One is a 'cellist and the other a pianist. He studied first at Bordeaux with his father, who took him in hand early, and at 14 he was prepared to go to the Conservatoire. He was a pupil of Marriek there, and in 1890 won the first prize for violin playing. After he finished his course at the Conservatoire he became a member of Edward Colonne's orchestra, and at the Café Rouge, in the Latin Quarter, he occasionally played violin solos, which



SIGNOR CARUSO

The new Italian tenor engaged by Mr. Conried for the Metropolitan Opera House. The Daily News of London says of him: "He has a delightful mezzo voice, and he has neither the nasal quality nor the 'bleat' which are the bane of so many of his modern compatriots; the voice being of that soft, velvety timbre which old opera-goers will associate with Fancelli, and still older men with Giuglini, although combined, when its owner chooses, with the full power of a Tamagno in his best days. It is, in fact, that heaven-sent rarity, a pure tenor voice, of the old Italian type, a voice which, if subsequent tests in more exacting characters show that its owner possesses real musical feeling and intelligence, will indisputably make him a power in operatic life."



MISS OLIVE FREMSTADT

American contralto who has made a reputation as a Wagner singer and who will be heard here this season.



MISS WALKER

American singer who has had great success abroad and engaged by Mr. Conried for the Metropolitan Opera House.



RICHARD STRAUSS

H. H. WETZLER

Richard Strauss, the greatest of living composers, who is coming to America this season, is seen here with Hermann Hans Wetzler, the conductor of the Wetzler Symphony concerts of New York. The picture was taken at Marquartstein in the Bavarian Alps, where Mr. Wetzler spent several weeks this summer with Herr Strauss and his family. Herr and Frau Strauss will arrive in New York in February, making their American debut at the fifth Wetzler concert in Carnegie Hall on February 25th, upon which occasion Herr Strauss will conduct some of his principal orchestral works, and Frau Strauss-de Ahna will sing several of her husband's songs with orchestra accompaniment. This concert will be the first of the New York Richard Strauss Festival.

soon attracted the attention of Paris musicians. His first appearance as a soloist under conspicuous circumstances was at the annual musical festival at Angers, five years ago. Although a member of the Colonne orchestra he had never been asked to take part in the concerts as a soloist until this appearance established his reputation as an unusually gifted violinist.

With his début as a soloist at one of the Colonne concerts Thibaud's fame in Paris may be said to have been fixed. He played there frequently, gaining with every appearance a larger public and more critical attention. After a year he became the most conspicuous of the French instrumentalists. During the second year of his public appearances he continued to play in Paris and the provinces. Two years ago he went to play in Berlin and Vienna and met with success, and last spring he was the "lion" of the musical season in London.

ABSOLUTELY THE BEST!

"THE THEATRE is absolutely the best and most comprehensive magazine of the kind in the United States. It is non-partisan in its reviews, severely critical, but never hesitates to give praise where it is due. It deals solely with dramatic happenings, yet boasts of thousands of readers who have only a fleeting interest in the stage. It holds them by the unvarying excellence and clean-minded style of every article contributed."—*Philadelphia Item*.

Fragments from Patti's Album

AT her beautiful castle of Craig-Y-Nos in Wales, Mme. Adelina Patti has a large album containing the pictures taken of her during the past forty years. Under many of the portraits—some of which date back to her début in London in 1861—she has made entries in her own handwriting which throw an interesting light on the condition of mind she was probably in at the time. Upon the first page of the album is an old Italian proverb which Patti long ago adopted as the rule of her conduct of life. It runs:

"Chi va piano va sano
E chi va sano va lontano."

Under a picture taken as long ago as 1864 the then youthful prima donna has written:

"Life with even the greatest success is still a struggle and often a disappointment."

In 1865 she wrote:

"Gye wants me to sing 'Norma.'—Must it always be the drudgery of hard work? I thought I should get a respite from new parts this season. Shall I never rest a little? I have learned and sung twenty new roles in four years."

Under a cabinet picture taken in St. Petersburg in 1866 she said:

"London is good, Paris is better, St. Petersburg best. Never such enthusiasm as last night. Emperor exceedingly kind. My collection of jewels is growing fast. Such diamonds as they present one with here!"

In 1868 she mused as follows:

"Strakosch wants me to return to America. I don't think the time is ripe yet. No, I shall not go, dearly as I should love to see the old scenes and the dear faces,—alas! many of them gone already."

As a matter of fact Patti did not return to America for many years after, that is in the season of 1881-82.

In 1870 she wrote under a picture of herself as Aida:

"After all they persuaded me to sing Aida. I am in love with the part—it is so beautiful and dramatic. It calls upon every fibre of one's being. I shall sing it often if they will let me, though they say it is too sad to be popular. They evidently got me to sing it to try and make it popular."

1872 (in Paris): "Poor dear old Paris—how sadly changed. They try to be again light and frivolous, but the signs of mourning are everywhere, and what a difference in the appearance of the beautiful city. Will they ever get it back to what it was?"

1874 (at Rome): "How loyal the Italians are to their own. They simply adored dear old Rossini. Nothing had greater success than 'Gazza Ladra' and the 'Barber.' They like these better than grand opera."

These are only a few of the many reflections jotted down by the singer. The entries go on year after year, and the collection is still growing.



MISS MARION WEED

Engaged by Heinrich Conried for the coming season of grand opera at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Dramatic Incidents in the Lives of Eighteenth Century Players

2—THE DEATH OF PEG WOFFINGTON

FROM soapsuds to immortal fame—what a career! And to be stricken down at the zenith of mental and physical charm—what a death! Yet that epitomizes the life of Margaret Woffington.

If her early morals were poor, if her spirit was vindictive, let be. She was the daughter of an Irish washwoman. There are many incidents of the Woffington's temper that, in showing more than ill will, prove the nervous tension that swept her to achievement; there are countless incidents to show that she felt poignant regret for the passion she could not control. From squalor to renown—let us bear the text in mind.

She is described by Daly as having had dreamy black eyes under delicately arched lashes, a shapely nose, red lips, ever parted, and a round, plump chin. Her hair she wore without powder and brushed off her high forehead. She was much given to showing her figure, of which she was justly proud, in masculine rôles. A couplet of the time runs:

"That excellent Peg,
Who showed such a leg
When lately she dressed in man's clothes.

"A creature uncommon,
Who's both man and woman,
And the chief of the belles and the beaux."

There is one occurrence that sheds pathetic light on her character at the time of her death. Tate Wilkinson, in applying to David Garrick for a position, gave imitations of the styles of noted actors and actresses. His mimicry of Peg Woffington, in becoming famous, greatly annoyed her. She was then playing *Clarissa*, in "*The Confederacy*," and Wilkinson attended in a box, on invitation of a wealthy acquaintance. When Peg entered, she approached Tate and threw so malignant a glance at him that, according to his own account, he shrank in terror. At that moment a woman in the balcony mimicked the actress's voice and Peg believed that Wilkinson had done so. He was then expecting an engagement with Rich, manager of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, but Woffington demanded that the young actor be denied. Meeting him in Rich's reception room, she said:

"Mr. Wilkinson, I have made a visit this morning to Mr. Rich to insist on his not giving you any engagement whatever. Your impudence to me last night, where you had with such rich assurance placed yourself, is proof of your

ignorance; added to that, I heard you echo my voice when I was acting, and I sincerely hope, in whatever barn you are suffered as an unworthy stroller, that you will full experience the same contempt that you dared last night to offer me."

Wilkinson says:

"I was really so astonished, frightened and bewildered, that I knew not how to act or think, but was relieved from longer suspense and tedious waiting by a message from Rich, intimating that he could not see me at that levée, or in the future, or listen to any proposition of engagement."

Yet, on the night of the 17th of May, 1757, when she sickened on the stage, Tate Wilkinson's hand first supported her.



From an Engraving
PEG WOFFINGTON

The occasion was a benefit and Peg was to appear as *Rosalind*. From the boxes to the topmost gallery was a riot of color; hundreds of tallow dips flared up and gave out the odor of burning wax; sword scabbards clanked against chairs and pretty girls passed throughout the audience, calling:

"Oranges, noble gentlemen! Fine Messina, sweet and pretty, but a penny! Oranges!"

Flutes, in being tuned, squeaked plaintively.

"Playbills, my lords! Bills of the play!" cried boys, passing to and fro.

The audience was joyous, expectant. Behind the scenes it was known that Peg was ill. She had spoken of feeling badly and her eyes lacked lustre, her lips were quivering and the Woffington spirit was gone.

Instead of being imperious, she was gentle and sad.

But when the curtain was drawn, the same captivating *Rosalind* was there, to hold the auditors spellbound, as of yore. In leaving the stage, after the last scene, to change her dress, she tottered and Tate Wilkinson, who was standing in the wings, proffered his arm, saying:

"You are unwell, ma'am?"

"Yes," she said, sweetly. "You are more kind than I deserve, sir. 'Tis a Christian kindness, truly."

Wonderful Peg!

In a few moments, she was again on the stage, speaking the epilogue with apparent effort.

"If I were among you I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me——"

She shivered and faltered, a pallor showing through the rouge.

"Breaths that I—," and suddenly clasped her hands to her side, crying, "Oh God! Oh God!"

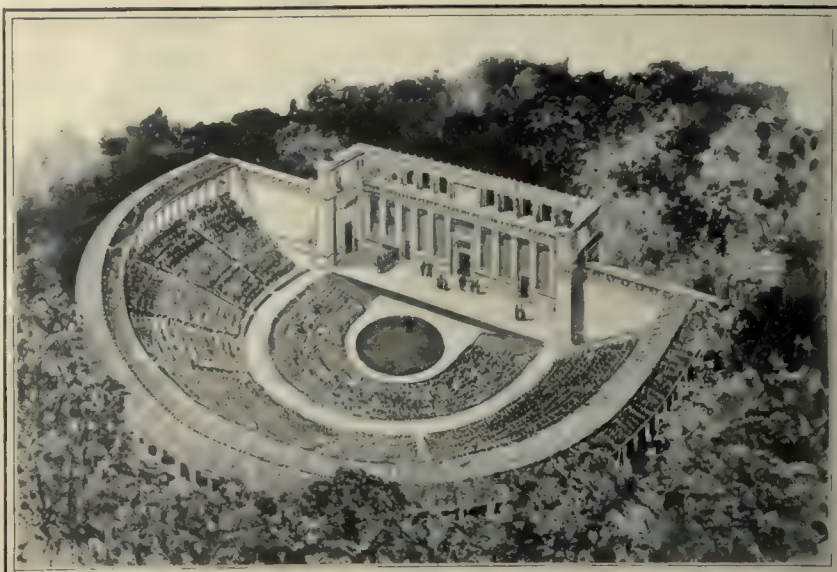
As the horrified audience arose, a piercing scream froze the blood in their veins, and Peg tottered to the wings, like a wounded bird. It was over.

So died Margeret Woffington. True, her body lived three years longer, but the soul of the woman died that night, on the stage of Covent Garden.

Of all the actresses of the day, she was the greatest. Granted something for early environment, she was morally the best of them. That which she did was done from a warm heart, unguided by precept in rectitude.

From squalor to renown—let us bear the text in mind.

AUBREY LANSTON.



Courtesy Literary Digest

OPEN-AIR THEATRE PRESENTED TO THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA BY W. R. HEARST

A Greek Amphitheatre in California

AN open air theatre, similar to that which flourished in ancient Greece and on which were born the masterpieces of the classic drama, has now been added to the many attractions of California. The theatre, which is a reproduction of the classic Dionysian Theatre at Epidaurus, in Greece, was presented to the University of California by William R. Hearst and dedicated recently in the presence of 2,000 students and a great throng of men and women of political, collegiate, and social distinction. A performance of Aristophanes's "Birds" was given by the students. The New York *American* says of the opening ceremonies:

"This festival is absolutely unique not only in the annals of Berkeley, but in college life throughout America, for it marks the completion of a structure that is without parallel in this country, and it is no exaggeration to

add that it can not be duplicated by the architectural marvels of Europe.

The completed structure is made up of two distinct parts, the stage corresponding to the classic logeum and the auditorium being a reproduction of the Greek theatron. The former is 122 feet long by a depth of 28 feet and surrounded by a solid concrete wall 42 feet in height. This is enriched by a complete classic order of Greek doric columns with stylobate and entablature pierced by five entrances and its ends forming two massive pylons. The theatre proper is semicircular in form and 254 feet in diameter, and is divided into two concentric tiers of seats. The first series of these are built around a level circle fifty feet in diameter and five and one-half feet below the level of the stage, corresponding accordingly to the portion of the ancient Greek structures devoted to the choruses and orchestra. Without this circle the seats slope up gradually until stage level is reached at a circle corresponding in diameter to the terminal pylons of stage walls."



Byron, N. Y.
DEPUTY SHERIFF
(Benj. Alexander)

MR. WIGGS
(Oscar Eagle)

MRS. WIGGS
(Mrs. Madge Carr Cook)

LOVEY MARY
(Miss Mabel Taliaferro)

ACT II. The Sheriff comes to arrest Lovey Mary.

SCENE FROM THE STAGE VERSION OF "MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH"

THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LIFE



OTTO SARONY CO.

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MISS VIOLA ALLEN, as Viola in "Twelfth Night."

A Magnificent Christmas Present.

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have all praised it in enthusiastic phrases

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THE THEATRE

VOL. III., NO. 34

NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1903

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor

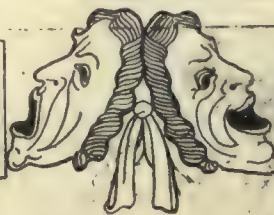


Otto Sarony Co.

OTIS SKINNER AS PETRUCHIO IN "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"

This fine actor is now on tour with Ada Behan in Shakespearean repertoire, and will be seen in New York shortly.

Bronson Howard Greet "The Theatre"



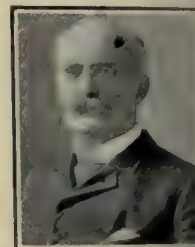
Greet "The Theatre" on its third Christmas, and do so with great pleasure, because I am alive to the best interests of the Drama in America, as so many others are.

The editor of a monthly magazine is in a position something like that of a book-writer, and every dramatic author is in a similar position. The first duty of the latter, when about to write a play, is to choose a subject worth writing about. When a play, well-written and skillfully constructed, fails, it is usually because the subject is unworthy of treatment on the stage at all.

So with a book, and so, also, with the articles in a

monthly magazine, in their relations to the public: only subjects of importance in themselves, not depending on the mere novelty of a day, can possibly interest its readers, and the necessity of choosing such subjects will always give special value to a successful periodical published at long intervals.

Our best wishes, then, to "The Theatre" for many Christmases to come.



Bronson Howard

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PLAYS and PLAYERS

THE many extra pages taken up in this holiday issue of THE THEATRE by special contributions and pictures does not permit of the usual amount of space being devoted to comment on the current plays. We can, therefore, only make brief mention of them. Sardou's "Dante" turned out to be surprisingly and hopelessly bad. It is incredible that this senseless, formless melodrama was fashioned by the master hand that has given to the world "La Haine" and "Tosca." The piece has no merit whatever and its nebulous plot defies intelligent description. Even if space permitted, it would be useless to



Reutlinger, Paris

MISS ANNA HELD

As she appears in her new play "Mlle. Napoleon."

discuss it seriously, for its characters are as untrue to historical fact as the drama itself is a burden to the flesh. Even the much-talked-of scene in *Hell* is tame and tawdry and not to be compared, as a spectacular effect, with a similar scene in "*Ulysses*." In make-up, Irving is the very counterpart of the Florentine poet, and there are moments in the play, for example in the prologue, when he has an opportunity to do some impressive acting, but it is not a part that will add a jot to his reputation.

New York is more than generous in its support of the highest forms of musical expression. The opera, aside from its social help, makes money; concerts by stars and orchestral performances are equally well patronized. Art galleries, too, flourish and painters of talent are rewarded. Is it then that true artistic appreciation is only wanting among those who affect the playhouse?

On what other ground can it be argued when a production so gorgeous to the eye, so satisfying to the senses, so stimulating to the intelligence as "*Midsummer Night's Dream*" recently given at the New Amsterdam Theatre finds it impossible to draw remunerative audiences for a longer term than a beggarly three weeks!

That the public has neglected such a precious opportunity is little less than a crime. In staying away it has been sufficiently punished, which, however, is but poor satisfaction to Nat C. Goodwin, the star of the venture, whose earnest determination in the cause of the beautiful and poetic was worthy of better recognition. If there were minor details in the production that might be criticized what matters it? The spirit and atmosphere of that dainty, exquisitely lyrical woodland fantasy were perfectly presented. Poetry, humor and fancy followed each other on the stage, aided by costumes of charming design and color, scenery of gorgeousness and rustic beauty, mechanical and electrical effects of bewildering joy and a trained company of players calculated to bring out the every value of Shakespeare's melodious verse. And added to all this was Mendelssohn's exquisite musical setting, arranged by Victor Herbert.

Mr. Goodwin's Bottom was instinct with that rare humor for which he is celebrated. If now and then the methods of the modern would creep in it was still in every respect a Shakesperean performance of rounded value and farcical charm. How excellent, too, were his grim assistants, the hard-handed men of Athens; the Quince of Edmund D. Lyons, to whom all credit for his share of the staging; the drollery of Etienne Girardot as Thisbe; and the clodden Snout of William Sampson. In the realm of Fairydom there was a Titania of exquisite grace and charm in the person of Katheryn Hutchinson, who sang her Mendelssohn with delightful simplicity; an imposing Oberon, Margaret Crawford; and a Puck, Lillian Swain, of mischievous energy.

If Miss Maude Adams were ever in doubt as to the place she holds in the affection of the theatre-going public, all question was promptly settled when, after a long absence from the boards, she re-appeared recently before a New York audience in Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's play, "*The Pretty Sister of José*." Were the young actress a Bernhardt, a Duse and Calvé rolled into one, the ovation she received on that first night could not have been noisier or more genuinely spontaneous. It was, of course, a tribute



Otto Sarony Co.

MISS FRITZI SCHEFF

Erstwhile member of the Metropolitan Opera House company and now making her debut on the comic opera stage in "*Babette*" at the Broadway.

to the actress rather than to the play, which is slight and inconsequential as drama. It is not a part that will rank with her best—this capricious Spanish beauty who loves yet fears love, and yields only as her handsome matador lies dying,—but it affords a good opportunity to display Miss Adams' versatility and for emotional acting, which was exceedingly well done and showed the actress to have broadened considerably in her art. But for Maude Adams as the public loves her, the sunnier rôles! Tears are not for this young woman, whose fair face is her fortune, and dainty gestures, coy glances, mischievous playfulness, as seen in comedy, a source of unmixed delight.

Clyde Fitch failed to score with his drama of the Revolution, "Major André", and the piece was discontinued after the brief career of two weeks. Yet despite the popular verdict, the play was not without merit, and dealt with an interesting subject. Not much sympathy need be wasted on the fate of the brilliant young British officer, whose exploit, had it been successful, might have changed the entire face of the war and kept the colonies under British dominion for another hundred years. André was nothing else than a *beau sabreur*, popular in the drawing room as courageous in the field, a soldier of fortune

who gambled with Death on the toss of a coin. Personal ambition and a passion for adventure more than love of country induced him to begin the criminal negotiations with the traitor Arnold and to carry them on to the end, and he knew well that by the law of nations he was doing the despised work of a spy, the punishment of which is death. Our forefathers knew well what they were about when they hanged him, and Washington's public eulogy of him was merely intended to placate a hysterical public sentiment that had been aroused in some quarters. In presenting this historic character on the stage Mr. Fitch has been successful in making him sympathetic and this at not too great a sacrifice of the truth. But the play lacked cohesion, and although enlivened with comedy, during which scenes the quaint costumes of the period were introduced in the true Fitch manner, did not succeed in making a favorable impression.

Forbes Robertson, the distinguished



Hall

Miss Ethel Barrymore

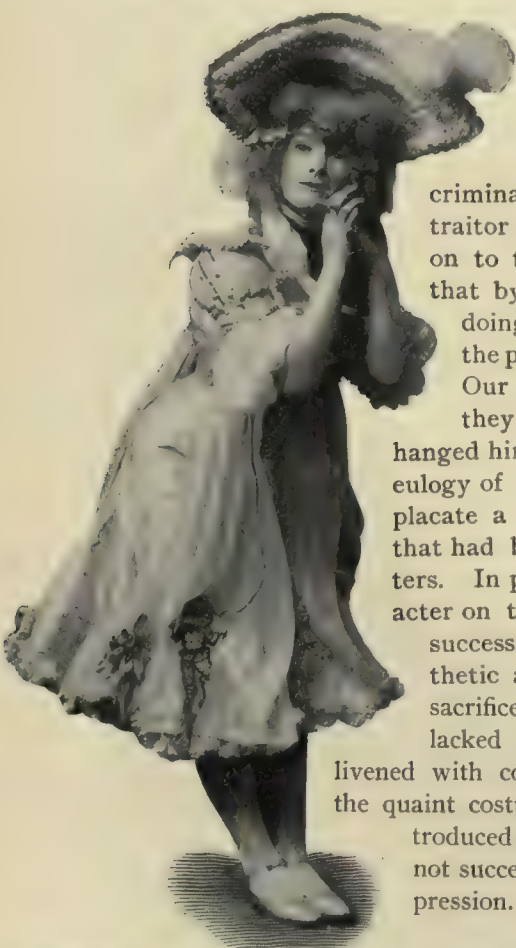
Bruce McRea

"COUSIN KATE" AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

English actor, who is now visiting America as a star, did not hit upon a happy vehicle when he decided to appear here in Constance Fleming's dramatization of Kipling's "Light that Failed". Apart from the gloominess and talkiness of the piece, it gives little opportunity to this fine actor, who has incarnated Hamlet as no other living Englishman or American has done it, and whose Romeo is a delight both to eye and ear. It is to be hoped Mr. Robertson will be seen here in the other rôles of his repertoire, which will better display his unusual power and versatility.

"Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman" at the Princess is only an episode in the career of Kyrle Bellew. Mr. Hornung's sketches have a charming style which cannot be translated into the actualities of the stage. In the book, we accept Raffles as a convenient fiction. Placed on the stage, no amount of protesting and apology can establish him in our interest or sympathy. Apart from its malaria of immorality the construction of the play is distinctly faulty, although there are some trick scenes which are effective for the moment.

It was from the toy stage of the tiny "Vaudeville" (erstwhile the Osborn Playhouse) that Charlotte Wiehe—distracting Dane!—smiled her first smile upon a New York audience. And before that parting rosebud revealing a double row of ivory merriness, the audience speedily laid down its arms—as quickly raising them for loud applause. But her smile is not the only charm of this pretty person, whose form is lissom, whose motion graceful, whose gesture light, whose pose poetic. With these her natural gifts, the fair daughter of Denmark combines qualities making the artist less a fascinator than the woman. Such quick, suggestive, varied facial play is rarely seen on the American boards. In the mobility of her countenance, indeed in its actual con-



Otto Sarony Co.

Mlle. Charlotte Wiehe
In the pantomime "L'Homme aux Poupées."



Drawn by R. N. Hyde

Emblem of the National Art Theatre Society, which now has a membership of close upon one thousand. The public demonstration by the Society at the Herald Square Theatre on Nov. 8 last packed the big theatre from parquet to roof.

tours and general expression, she reminds one of Ellen Terry. Her droll, daring, yet still piquant humor in the one-act "Souper d'Adieu" was unsurpassably delicious.

It was the real, naughty *diablerie gauloise*. It was an illustrated edition of Paul de Koch. We speak essentially of the pictorial side, because soft and smooth though Wiehe's voice, flexible her intonation, clear her utterance, her French is not the French of Paris, but of Copenhagen. The clever *comediennne* satisfied completely in the little pantomime "La Main," where she conveyed a hundred differing emotions by her accomplished mimic art. Praiseworthy, too, was M. Charlier's burglar. No cynic social highwayman he, nor any saturnine amateur cracksman, but a right proper sentimental Frenchman, coming to burgle and staying to fall in love. M. Prad's impersonation of the simio-

asinine fop, who comes to the rescue with a revolver, was feeble. Another short dumb show, "L'Homme aux Poupées"—the old, old live doll story—confirmed one's opinion of Charlotte Wiehe's marvellous comic talent, and determined final, hopeless subjection to her smile. Her chief associate in the second "mimodrame" was M. Charlier, turned poet-dollmaker-hypnotist. Like his burgling rôle, he acted this part with more than sufficient emphasis of manual gesture. His vigorous, drastic play, however, is more suited to the sinister than to the fanciful, which demands delicacy, not force. M. Berény's self-composed musical accompaniment made a most pleasing addition to the pantomimes—themselves both invented by him—which so rendered double enjoyment. Aside from the acting and the music, the four numbers presented by Madame Wiehe's company were entirely unvaluable, the stupid (spoken) curtain-raiser, "Gros Chagrin," being an especially "great sorrow" to the auditors' patience.

Charles Frohman is making an interesting experiment in presenting in New York French players in French plays, and it is to be hoped he will receive patronage sufficient to encourage him to continue and develop it.

THE CAVALIER LADY TO HER LOVER (1642)

By JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY.

You ride to fight, my dearest friend,
I bide at home and sigh;
God only knows what God may send
To test us, bye and bye.
If 'tis decreed that you must die,
So comes my world to end,
And I will seek beyond the sky
The features of my friend.

Come back from fight, my dearest friend,
The idol of my eye,
That hand in hand our loves may bend
Before God's altar high.
If death consent to pass you by
How sweetly we shall wend
To the green grave where we shall lie
Together, friend and friend.



Act III. The capture of Major Andre (Arthur Byron)

SCENE IN CLYDE FITCH'S NEW PLAY "MAJOR ANDRÉ" AT THE SAVOY

SCENES IN VIOLA ALLEN'S PRODUCTION OF "TWELFTH NIGHT"



Photos Byron, N. Y.

VIOLA (Miss Viola Allen)
ACT I.—"What country, friends, is this?"



DUKE

ACT I.—Duke: "Unfold (to Olivia) the passion of my love,"

VIOLA



ACT I.—Olivia: "Now, sir, what is your text?"

VIOLA

OLIVIA



ACT II.—Viola: "She sat like Patience on a monument."



ACT II.—Duke: "If music be the soul of love, play on."



SIR TOBY BELCH

ACT III.—Viola: "Pray, sir, put your sword up."

VIOLA

GYPSY PLAYERS

IN

Picturesque Montigny

BY MAUD DURBIN SKINNER

FONTAINEBLEAU will ever remain the realm of dreamers. Pre-eminently it is the haunt of the painter—the famous, the indifferent, the hopeless; and easels, shaded by white umbrellas, are everywhere through the great forest, along ribbon-like roads, in sunny fields, beside picturesque bridges or under the shadow of ancient church towers.



MRS. OTIS SKINNER

It is not only the painter who comes to the forest for rest and inspiration. The writer, apparently dreaming away the do-nothing days of vacation is, in reality, laying up treasures for his literary store. But even before the writer, and next the painter, Fontainebleau offers most to the actor in his holiday mood. The days of smoothing down edged nerves, and sloughing out of an old *role* to take on another more attractive from the very ecstasy new characterization brings. He may lose himself to study in great groves of oaks, or spout his lines in a theatre of giant pines. The landscape which charms the painter, attracts the actor, for whom dramatic value is omnipresent, with the possibility of great scenes; and his prompt copy is jotted with more scenic suggestion and rough sketches than he could carry out even were he stage manager of the proposed National Art Theatre.

We have made a happy choice of residence. Robert Louis Stevenson, who loved this country and whose essay on Fontainebleau is our constant joy, said of Montigny: "It is a most airy, quaint and pleasant place of residence, just too rustic to be stagey." And so it remains to-day—twenty years later.

The village, with its one street, follows the course of a winding reedy river—the Loing—and boasts a mill, a bridge and a church of the twelfth century, built on a hill above the town. Below the church is a tiny art gallery with a pretty gateway and stone wall in which one village sojourner placed a charming terra-cotta relief of dancing nymphs.

Montignians, in their sabots, go clattering along the crooked street, and take little notice of the easels and white umbrellas; for this visitation of art is now more than two generations old and has become a natural condition.



From a Kodak picture by Otis Skinner

VIEW OF MONTIGNY FROM THE RIVER

Not so when a gypsy van rumbled along the cobblestones the other day. Then the whole village was agog with excitement. Every window and doorway framed a picturesque group to see the vagrants pass, heralded by the *rat-a-tat-tat* of a snare drum, and the deep-voiced drummer announcing a notable dramatic event "*ce soir*" in the square below the church.

At twilight we joined the sabotted peasants clattering up to where the green van had been placed and a shaky platform built out for the stage. A few boards, supported by unsafe props, were the reserved seats; and the advertising poster hung from the end of the van:

"LE MYSTÈRE DE LA CHAMBRE ROUGE
UN DRAME EN 4 ACTES"

The audience was chattering and clattering; children scrambled for front seats; the drummer had come forth for the final *rat-a-tat*, when the sweet old Angelus rang out from the tower overhead. The sudden hush was profound. Every peasant crossed himself, caps came off, and for a brief moment the scene was a subject for a master painter. Then the scramble began again as the bells rang out from the tower that has shadowed performances from the miracle plays, down through the centuries to the crude spectacle of this night.

Three thumps, given with all the dignity of the Théâtre Français, preceeded the first act. Had Thespis in his cart been the cause of our congregation the accoutrements could not have been more simple, nor the audience more attentive, more respectful. I must except two Americans who have lost themselves here for a while, and had risen from *table d'hôte* overfilled with *vin compris* ("red ink," as it is maligned). Occasionally a mother rushed in, scanned the rows of open-mouthed urchins, selected the strayed one and dragged him tearfully to the rear; but no other disturbance broke in upon the seriousness of "*Le Mystère*." There was no shifting of scenes (there were



From a Kodak picture by Otis Skinner

THE GYPSY VAN



Photo by Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.

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MISS EVELYN FLORENCE NESBITT

Comic opera singer seen last season at the Knickerbocker Theatre in "The Wild Rose." Miss Nesbitt has recently returned from Paris, where she was studying, and will be seen shortly in an important musical production.

none to shift), but a cretonne curtain slid across a wire, closed each act. Four persons presented this drama of surely a dozen characters; but shaggy beards, long cloaks and slouch hats rendered disguises complete.

The brunt of the labor fell upon a hungry-looking girl of twelve, with great sad eyes and Titian hair. (A Botticelli nymph we called her in spite of the "long and uglies" a girl must live through at twelve.) In a costume of ochre-colored calico she played the Lost Child; and when she dropped upon the rickety platform and cried, "Pitié! Monseigneur! Pitié!" tears gushed in my eyes and a shiver passed through me. Was it possible another Rachel is getting her first hard schooling among gypsy players?

When the act ended, her long, thin hand dragged the cretonne curtain across; and then she came out to us holding

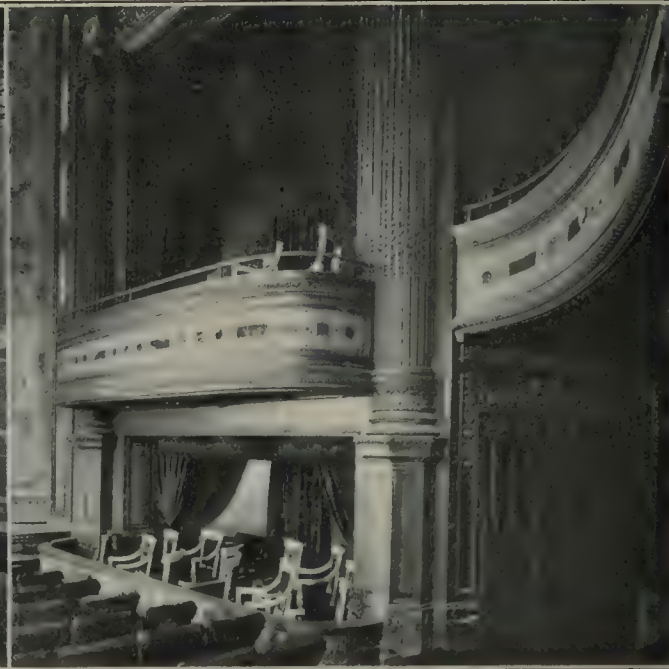
up an old red cap for centimes. Warning knocks of the second act sent her running back and she next appeared as an idiot boy. The third act disclosed her as the châtelaine, evidently in deep sorrow, but before we learned the cause of her grief the rain began to pour and the audience scattered without ceremony. All evening we thought of the strange girl and of her prototype—that rare woman whose statue stands to-day in the Théâtre Français, and who gained her first applause from a platform before a vagrant gypsy cast. "A lowly birth is not an obstacle to fame," ran the true line in our old copybooks.

The rain pattered all night; but in the morning the sun burst through the clouds, and the painters started for the forest. I hastened to the scene of last night's play—the square was empty; the strollers had gone.



Byron, N. Y.

Section of the Auditorium of the Hudson Theatre.



Proscenium box in the Hudson Theatre.

New York's Splendid New Theatres

FOUR splendid new theatres were opened to New York playgoers last month—the Lyric, the Hudson, the New Amsterdam and the New Lyceum. Views of the exteriors of these playhouses appeared in our August issue, but graceful in architectural design as they then appeared outside, little idea was given of the luxury and beauty within. This is particularly true of the Hudson, which is more than modest externally, yet boasts an auditorium which for beauty of proportions, chasteness of coloring, and good taste of equipment, is unsurpassed by any theatre in America. The auditorium is small, but built on the most graceful lines, the classic Greek style predominating, and the upholstery is in dark green with dark polished wood fittings. The lobbies are unusually spacious and lined with verdiate marble, and a beautiful effect is obtained by an elaborate system of concealed lights. The Hudson represents the highest type of modern theatre construction. Messrs. J. B. McElpatrick are the architects of this splendid house.

The New Amsterdam is more ambitious in ornate effect, and is, perhaps, the most imposing of all the new theatres. The large group of statues over the handsome main entrance gives the keynote to the general decoration scheme. The subject is the stage, Drama being represented by a heroic size figure, with the classic pierrot on one side and Cupid on the other, representing Comedy. The façade rises 150 feet, and the red-tiled roof is surmounted by two figures, Drama and Music, holding a shield silhouetted against the sky. The floor of the vestibule and lobbies is inlaid with antique cathedral tiling of small green squares, and friezes and panels everywhere record historical fact.

The long frieze in the lobby illustrates the Shakespearean and Wagnerian drama. In the foyer, which is surmounted by a leaded glass dome, are three remarkable panels in relief. The side walls are covered by two heroic bas-relief pieces by R. H. Perry, illustrating the old and new cities of New Amsterdam, entitled "New Amsterdam" and "New York." The third in this room is a panel of "Progress," by Hugh Tallant.

To the left of the promenade foyer is the general reception room, the color scheme of which is a rich green, with deep tones of lacquered aluminum. The frieze is illuminated in gold and deep tone colors as a frame for the decorations of G. D. M. Peixotto, which consist of two large lunettes symbolical of "Inspiration" and "Creation," both very elaborately treated. The fireplace is of Caen stone and Irish marble.

In the auditorium the color scheme is of a delicate green throughout, relieved by shades of mother-of-pearl and mauve, with draperies of silk velour, embroidered in cloth-of-gold and colored silks. In the whole treatment of the interior the aim has been to produce a pastoral effect. Thus each of the twelve boxes and its draperies and furnishings represents a flower, and will be known by the name of that particular flower instead of by a letter; for instance, there is a violet box, a heliotrope box, and a buttercup box, etc. The stage curtain will represent a composite of the boxes. The architects of this house are Messrs. Herts and Tallant, who are also responsible for the New Lyceum, another fine edifice devoted to Thespis. The Lyric Theatre is spacious and comfortable, and boasts of a fine foyer and lobby.



HUGH TALLANT
Architects of the New Amsterdam and Lyceum Theatres.



HENRY B. HERTS



"If Ibsen only dealt in beauty, he would be the greatest of modern playwrights"

Julia Marlowe—The Actress and Woman

THE heart of the world, ever tender to the lover, loves as much the man or woman who has achieved the ambition of a lifetime. For that reason a special interest attaches just now to the name of Julia Marlowe.



AS QUEEN FIAMMETTA

The goal of her hopes and prayers, her studies and her vigils, her tears and her spiritual fastings, has been attained, for has it not been arranged that she shall play Shakespearean rôles, not one year, but four at least, and that with Edward Sothorn, who loves Shakespeare with all of her own ardor and reverence. The pinnacle of her ambition has ever been the same, to be a great interpreter of Shakespeare. The greatest she will not say. She is too modest to acknowledge she aspires to such heights, yet this dream, too, may lie deep in her bosom.

"We cannot afford to neglect Shakespeare," she said mournfully when she had reluctantly been borne away upon the wave of demand for modern plays. "We get in his plays what we can get nowhere else in this world. His light is always the great light that shines on through the obscuring mist of fads and fashions, and is never lost sight of by the true lovers of the drama." She has followed that light as the Crusader followed his banner, seeing it by the eye of faith when not of flesh, and her faithfulness has met its reward.

This season she has played the part of a society woman in H. V. Esmond's comedy "Fools of Nature," but the piece did not suit her. Next season it will be Rosalind and Juliet, and Viola and perhaps Lady Macbeth. And thereafter for four years Miss Marlowe is optimistic. Why should she not play Shakespearean rôles the rest of her

life? She is firm in her belief that the scales have fallen from the eyes of the public. It sees the light, her beloved Light.

And because of her happiness, the "Marlowe cult" is happy. This includes theatre goers who make it a rule to see Miss Marlowe in all her plays, and also the members of her business staff. These would all willingly wear badges blazoned "M.A." (Marlowe Adorer) for the actress inspires a wondrous fealty.

"The way she says 'Good-morning' is an inspiration you carry with you all day," said one of these Marloweites to the writer. They say of her, too, that she never nurses her stage moods. Many emotional actresses lock their dressing-room doors while they reunite their tattered nerves after their 'big scenes,' but Miss Marlowe will rise from the stage floor where she has fallen in a faint, and resume a matter-of-fact tone in which there is no trace of emotion. It is the same when she is going on the stage for a great scene. She will chat gaily in the wings with any one who happens to be about until she hears her cue, then she goes on as confidently as though she had been studying her part to the last moment."

The secret is her supreme self-confidence. She studies her part every morning after breakfast. No matter how familiar she is with the lines, she does this not only to prevent a slip of memory, but to discover some new shading that may be suggested by the reading of the entire play. This strikes the key-note of her day. No matter how much or how lightly she talks of other things her rôle is always actively present in her sub-consciousness, always claiming more or less of her. It is not too much to say that she lives entirely for her work alone.

Everyone who knows Julia Marlowe, the woman, apart from Julia Marlowe, the actress, knows that to her art is supreme. It is all that humanity comprises, husband, child, father, mother, sister, brother, friend, and it is divinity

besides. This has been so ever since she was a child, the days when as Sarah Frost, her real name, she was an awkward girl in the chorus of Colonel Miles' juvenile company, appearing in "The Chimes of Normandy" and "Pinafore." Then it was she met her fairy god-mother, Ada Dow, now the wife of Frank Currier. Miss Dow was an intelligent, ambitious actress, with a devotion to Shakespeare far more marked in the actress of the old school than the new. She noticed this "awkward saucer-eyed child," for so Miss Marlowe describes herself at that period, and tried to make life easier for her. It was Miss Dow's duty to drill the little ones in the operas, and she used to give the shy Frost child—so quiet that they called her sullen—a place at the end of the chorus crescent, one of the posts of honor.

"She is plain now, it is true, but she will be a beauty some day," said Miss Dow prophetically, to those who asked about the little girl.

The child remembered these early kindnesses, and after she had dropped out of the company, and an unhappy home life had again forced her into the world, she left the factory where she had sought employment, and spent her last pennies for railroad fare to the town in Ohio where Miss Dow was playing. The generous actress took the young girl into her heart and home. The last was at Bayonne, N. J., and there little Sarah Frost lived and studied Shakespeare for seven years, under Miss Dow's almost constant coaching. Here, no doubt, developed the taste and love for the great poet, which later in life was to win her fame as a Shakespearean actress.

The child emerged from that long seclusion a beauty and a Shakespearean scholar. She travelled for a year in the West in repertoire under the name of Sarah Brough. Then there dawned upon the American stage a timid, softly luminous star to be known hereafter as Julia Marlowe.

At first New York would have none of her. The critics damned her, declared her "awkward" and "amateurish." Boston alone, among the big Eastern cities, made her feel welcome. In the West she captured both heads and hearts. When her confidence was re-established and she was again looking toward New York, she fell ill of a fever and for a year was absent from the stage. Her sad childhood and those early bitter struggles one sees reflected in the occasional set seriousness of her face.

Even in her lightest moments there is always the atmosphere of the library about her. One sees ever in the background, when she is riding in her automobile, or tramping through the country with her dog, or in a box at a matinée, eagerly watching the performance of some fellow player, or singing chansons for a few friends at her Sunday evenings at home—the figure of Julia Marlowe, the artist and student. A pensive, drooping figure, with grave eyes fixed upon a book. There is infinitely less of the midsummer joyousness of temperament in this gifted young woman than the November calm of intellect.



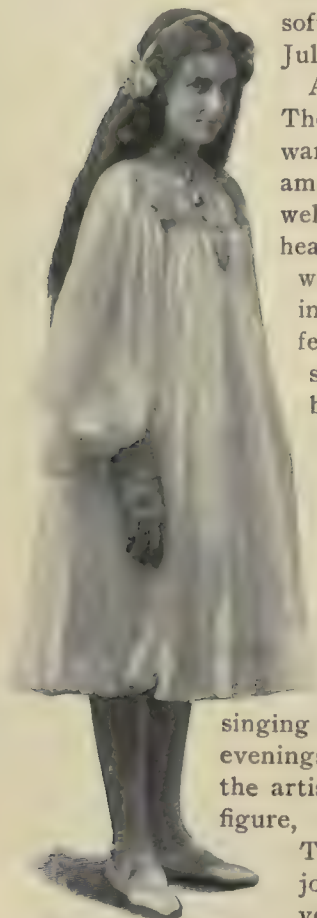
From a drawing

MISS MAUDE ADAMS

"My favorite leisure friends are rare books," she says. She loves to burrow in old book stores and with the true bibliophile's instinct she searches out treasures in the least inviting corners. "I lose all sense of financial proportion at such times," she complains.

A trinity of companions on her travels is a beautifully engrossed Shakespeare birthday book in parchment (she learned bookbinding from an old artist at Bad-Nauheim), "Wormer's People for Whom Shakespeare Wrote," and Swinburne's "A Study of Shakespeare." Robert Browning is another literary companion. Ibsen's "Dolls' House" has a fascination for her. Her favorite novels are George Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways" and Balzac's "Lily of the Valley." On the fly leaf of "The Redemption of David Corson" she wrote a potent quotation from the book, "There is light enough. It is eyes we need."

She advises young players to read everything they can find on the history of the drama. "Comparatively few beginners," she says, "have the slightest acquaintance with such guide posts in the history of the drama as the development of the drama by the Greeks, the Roman method of handling tragic and comic themes, the return to classic standards by Racine and Corneille, the influence of Molière on the stage of his own time and of to-day, the artistic



MISS BEATRICE TERRY

Clever sixteen-year-old niece of Ellen Terry, and now appearing in New York in "The Man From Blankley's."



MARY ANDERSON, as *Hermione*

(Supplement to the Christmas number of The Theatre Magazine.)

formulæ of Goethe and Schiller, the rise and decline of the classic style in England, the new school of serious drama which attempts to set forth some of the problems that are shaking and vexing—to use Henry Arthur Jones' phrase—the minds of men to-day, the lives of Garrick, Rachel, Ristori or Booth. These are nothing more than essential themes concerning which sincere beginners should possess ready and sympathetic information, yet you would be appalled to know how very few possess any information at all on these subjects."

Always the pensive, drooping figure with grave eyes fixed upon a book.

Miss Marlowe receives a larger daily mail, probably, than any other woman in America except the Lady of the White House. Two-thirds of the letters are from ambitious but not always wise young women who want to go upon the stage. To a few of these whose letters denote something that resembles average intelligence the actress sends a reply.

"Those amateurs who write to me about their desire to go on the stage," she said, "have a great deal to say about their souls and certain other temperamental qualifications which they think warrant them in becoming players. I never had one write to me that he or she was taking lessons in fencing, or in voice training, or in English literature. All that seems to be deemed of small account, and yet some excellence in those three accomplishments—fencing, voice training, and English literature—should be the very first steps in any preparation for the stage. What difference whether they be learned in a dramatic school, or in the ranks of a minor company, or in a barn? How can a person who aspires to give an outward expression of what is beautiful and intricate in literature presume to ask advice concerning a stage career until he has fulfilled in some measure these three obvious requirements for such a career?"

The first duty of Miss Marlowe's advance agent is to order a good piano placed in the actress's room at the hotel. This is to provide for her daily vocal practice, not alone for singing but to preserve the timbre of her speaking tones. She sings well, but it is her speaking voice that gives her most concern.

Another duty of the vanguard of her little stage army is to see that Miss Marlowe's bread has arrived. The bread, though not of her baking, is of her choosing and is shipped from a health food depot in New York. She made a thorough study of dietetics and is receptive to new ideas on the subject. Last season she announced that she was convinced that the hotel fare was unwholesome, therefore she would do her own cooking. With Miss Valentine she made a tour of the stores, buying gasoline stoves, alcohol lamps, pots and pans and packed them in a large trunk. Arrived at Detroit they set up their culinary paraphernalia in the Russell House, bought at the market their own provender, came home and cooked it. That afternoon Miss Marlowe complained of being indisposed, and there was no performance at the theatre that evening. The business manager made bitter protest when he returned \$1,800 to the holders of tickets, and Miss Marlowe, taking counsel of wisdom, gave away her kitchen trunk next day. She had learned that there is one thing that is worse than some sorts of hotel fare and that is amateur cooking.

Once Miss Marlowe had an inseparable travelling companion, mild, affectionate and intelligent. It was Taffy Oboe,

GROVER'S THEATRE
LEONARD GROVER, MANAGER

This Saturday Evening, April 11, '63

J. WILKES BOOTH
YOUNGEST TRAGEDIAN IN THE WORLD!
A Star of the First Magnitude!
JUNIOUS BRUTUS BOOTH.
AND BROTHER AND ARTIST, RIVAL OF
EDWIN BOOTH
ONLY SEVEN NIGHTS.

The great and powerful actor has met with the admiration of a prince and the favor of a king. He is the first actor of his profession. And take a glorious capture, as the WILLIAM THIRTEEN, OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, to his extraordinary genius and ability, Mr. BOOTH will be supported in every way by THE GAYEST FAVORITE ACTRESS, MISS

SUSAN DENIN
AND THE POPULAR, ABLE YOUNG ACTOR, MR.
J. M. WARD
AND THE ENTIRE SUPERIOR DRAMATIC COMPANY.

THE GRAND ORCHESTRA WILL BE CONDUCTED BY KOPPITZ

The performance of this evening will consist of the famous Tragedy of

RICHARD III.
OR, THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH!

In this play, Mr. BOOTH is called upon to play the part of the great King, Henry V. He is supported by the most powerful actors of his profession. The play is a masterpiece of dramatic art, and is one of the most powerful and moving of all the plays of the English language. The play is a masterpiece of dramatic art, and is one of the most powerful and moving of all the plays of the English language.

The first duty of the vanguard of her little stage army is to see that Miss Marlowe's bread has arrived. The bread, though not of her baking, is of her choosing and is shipped from a health food depot in New York. She made a thorough study of dietetics and is receptive to new ideas on the subject. Last season she announced that she was convinced that the hotel fare was unwholesome, therefore she would do her own cooking. With Miss Valentine she made a tour of the stores, buying gasoline stoves, alcohol lamps, pots and pans and packed them in a large trunk. Arrived at Detroit they set up their culinary paraphernalia in the Russell House, bought at the market their own provender, came home and cooked it. That afternoon Miss Marlowe complained of being indisposed, and there was no performance at the theatre that evening. The business manager made bitter protest when he returned \$1,800 to the holders of tickets, and Miss Marlowe, taking counsel of wisdom, gave away her kitchen trunk next day. She had learned that there is one thing that is worse than some sorts of hotel fare and that is amateur cooking.

Once Miss Marlowe had an inseparable travelling companion, mild, affectionate and intelligent. It was Taffy Oboe,

MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 13, 1863,
MR. J. WILKES BOOTH
PHYDIAS AND RAPHAEL!
THE MARBLE HEART.

H. Polkshorn, Printer, Washington

Old playbill announcing the first appearance in Washington of John Wilkes Booth, the slayer of President Lincoln. It is dated April 11, 1863, or two years almost to a day before the tragedy at Ford's Theatre plunged a nation into mourning. A curious circumstance connected with this Washington debut is now made public for the first time by J. E. Whiting, an actor still living and who was in the cast of "Richard III." He says that during the combat scene, Mr. Booth accidentally knocked James Ward (the Richmond of the occasion) over into President Lincoln's box, which was then on a level with the stage. We are indebted for this theatrical curio to William Seymour.

her cocker spaniel. After eight seasons of trouping Taffy Oboe said in his silent way that the life was too hard. He was left behind for his health's sake, and two years afterward he died. He has been succeeded in the actress's companionship, if not fully in her affections, by Tony, an English bull terrier that roams over her estate in the Catskills, as tireless as his beautiful companion.

Miss Marlowe has recently bought a white stone mansion, No. 337 Riverside Drive, commanding a magnificent view of the Hudson river and the Palisades, but she prefers the Catskills, for the Englishwoman's love of outdoor life is strong within her. Although only five years old when she came to this country from Cumberland, England, the traditions of the neighborhood of nature are vital in her. A sickly childhood in confined quarters in Kansas City and Cincinnati made this craving the stronger by its lesson of contrast. And then again, Miss Dow with her teaching that "God's great out-of-doors" is the best friend of womankind! Clad in an English walking suit of rough, dark stuff, she takes five-mile walks daily, no matter how hostile the weather. That fad of health culturists, the rain bath, for which she goes equipped in rubber boots and mackintosh, leaving only the mobile, serious face exposed to the elements is one of her delights.

This young woman who has played Juliet, and Rosalind, and Countess Valeska, and the Cavalier, has that rare quality in the artist, the business faculty, which, after all, is only common sense applied. An instance of her possession of this faculty was connected with the production of "The Cavalier" last season. Directly "Queen Fiammetta" was pronounced a failure, after a week of performances it was reported that Miss Marlowe was recuperating from nervous prostration at White Sulphur Springs, Va. Instead of that the business-like young woman was in Washington, sitting at Paul Kester's elbow speeding him to a quick fashioning of "The Cavalier" for early production, so that few of the precious weeks of a young season should be lost through feeble "Fiammetta." She has a mind not too lofty for detail, nor too broad for precision. One of the features of a performance to which she gives much attention is the music, which she insists shall be in harmony with the performance.

Theophile Gautier said: "In art, as in reality, one is always somebody's son." The sum of influences that moulded Julia Marlowe's personality are fourfold. There is Signora Duse who rose in a box to applaud the young American and who has been ever since her firm friend and counsellor, even to urging her to play not more than four times a week instead of the customary seven; there was Clara Morris, whose acting moved the child in the audience to tears and a great endeavor; there was Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, at whose home she spent all her summers and one or two of her winters for many years, and of whom she said, "His was the gentlest, sunniest and most unfalteringly cheery disposition I have ever seen. His shibboleth was that everything was bound to come out right soon or late. The world lost a great and mighty soul when Col. Ingersoll passed away."

And there was Ada Dow, the mightiest factor of them all. Miss Dow's was unquestionably the greatest of the influences summed up in the exquisite Julia Marlowe personality.

Regarding Ibsen, Miss Marlowe has this to say:

"Ibsen, I think, is the greatest of modern playwrights.

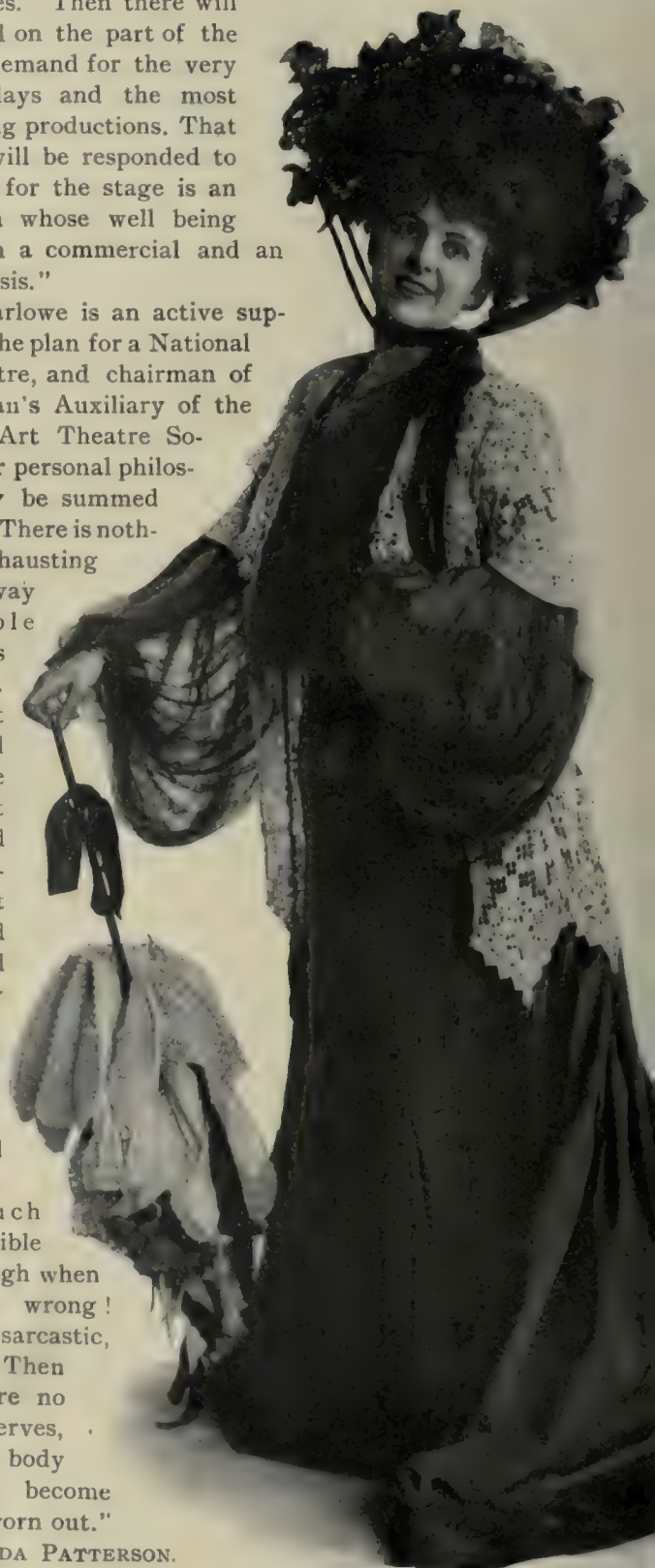
If only he had dealt with beauty! The stage is meant for beauty, not beauty in the sense of mere prettiness, but of strength and idealism. But of course, I would not have had him otherwise, for then he would not have been true to himself.

"The only point of importance is how the stage may be made most worthy of patronage, and the encouragement of good people, and how good people may be taught to appreciate what is best in the drama.

"This can be done only by the education of public taste, by the study of the best dramatic literature in our schools and universities. Then there will be created on the part of the public a demand for the very loftiest plays and the most painstaking productions. That demand will be responded to promptly, for the stage is an institution whose well being rests upon a commercial and an artistic basis."

Miss Marlowe is an active supporter of the plan for a National Art Theatre, and chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary of the National Art Theatre Society. Her personal philosophy may be summed up thus: "There is nothing so exhausting as giving way to terrible outbursts of temper. This fact was forced upon me when just a child, and the knowledge of it has saved me a good many heart-aches and a vast amount of physical suffering. How much more sensible it is to laugh when things go wrong! Let it be sarcastic, but laugh. Then there are no jangled nerves, and the body does not become sick and worn out."

ADA PATTERSON.



MISS DEVO, AS SOPHIE IN "A COUNTRY GIRL."



The First Violin

By Edward Lissner

THE STAGE



"YOUR art!" echoed Hilda Zbrowski scornfully. Art had much to answer for in her eyes, little to offer in excuse.

"Must our child be a slave to it, as I have been?" she asked with impatience.

Her husband's refusal meant so much to her. She had waited so long for this opportunity which had finally come to him, namely, that some day others, beside Joseph Engelhardt and a little circle of admirers, would recognize Heinrich's genius, and then they would have money enough to allow Gretchen to study for the stage. This hope had buoyed her up all through the grinding poverty they had endured almost from the day her daughter was old enough to recite in the Kindergarten. And now, when the opportunity at last presented itself, Heinrich had declined it as though the very offer were an insult.

"You must accept it! You must!" insisted Hilda hysterically. "It is not for my sake; I can stand poverty. I have suffered enough already for your art, but now we owe our child a duty. Gretchen shall not

wear out her life in the factory because you are too selfish to earn enough to educate her."

Heinrich Zbrowski drew back in surprise. The whole thing seemed so absurd from his standpoint; he, who played Beethoven, Bach and Mozart, to be asked to lead the orchestra in Mortimer's fashionable restaurant! He, an artist, to descend to coon songs, rag time and other melodies of that character! He had spoken to his wife of this offer which, he said, had been made him more in the spirit of a joke than anything else. As though he, first violin of Josef Engelhardt's selected orchestra of seventy-five, could play such music at any price!

"You don't mean dot, mamma!" There was a tremor in his voice. She had never spoken like that to him before. "Ach, I know you don't mean dot," and he fingered his violin caressingly. "You know how I love you und Gretchen. Don't say dot again, please."

"If you don't tell Mr. Mortimer you accept, I shall go and accept for you," answered his wife determinedly.

The first violin trembled.

"Tink of vot you ask me to do!" he cried in despair. "Gif up mein high position mit Josef Engelhardt, the greatest musical conductor in New York; lower mein art?"

Zbrowski went over to his wife and put his arms around her. "No, no, mamma, you would not see your hussbandt

disgraced like dot for a leetle more money; you would not haf him shame himself und you und Gretchen mit hiss old friendts by doing dot!"

He looked at her anxiously after this appeal, but it was all in vain. He got no sympathy. Hilda's face was cold and hard.

Zbrowski put on his hat and coat and went out to Apfel's little café on Second avenue, where his fellow musicians usually spent their evenings. He wanted to hear what they had to say; to talk the matter over, especially with Ludwig Schultz.

Schultz was also a member of the Engelhardt orchestra. He was a bachelor and a woman hater. He had a sharp tongue and a self-assertive manner that gained him many enemies. He had never been accused of being sentimental beyond his passion for music, and he was the intimate friend of Heinrich Zbrowski. His one weakness was playing lotteries and he invariably drew blanks.

He was at a table with Josef Engelhardt when the first violin joined them.

"You are crazy!" cried Schultz, banging his fist on the table. "You are crazy, mein friendt," he repeated, when Zbrowski had informed him that he was going to leave the orchestra.

Josef Engelhardt finished his glass of wine, slapped Schultz on the back and laughed heartily.

"Don't you know dot it iss all a choke? Heinrich leave us!" And the conductor laughed so loud that he nearly spilled his beer.

"But it iss no choke," Zbrowski protested. "I—I haf got to leafe you."

There was silence, almost consternation. Then Schultz exclaimed:

"Und vhy, because Mortimer vill gif you——?"

"Ach, don't say dot!" Zbrowski felt that he had to interrupt Schultz. "I moost explain, because you don't understand. Hilda says that I also don't understand und moost——."

"She tole you!" cried Schultz, working himself up into a passion. He had always hated her. "Und how about you? Are you nopody at all? Iss your art noding? Moost you mind your vife like a leetle poy? Heinrich Zbrowski," he shouted, and so loud that all in the room were listening, "you are a tamn fool—that iss all!"

Ludwig Schultz was too angry to sleep that night. The idea was as horrifying to him as it had been to the first violin. The next morning he went to see Mrs. Zbrowski.

"Of course, mein liebe Herr Schultz," she said bitterly, "all that you care is to have Heinrich fiddle in Josef Engelhardt's orchestra, spend the rest of his spare time in Apfel's and not bother about his wife or daughter."

"Yah, mein liebe frau," replied Schultz, with a sneer, "und I suppose dot it makes no difference if your hussbandt loses hiss reputation und lowers his art joost so long as



Drawing by F. C. Clarke

"He put all his soul into it."



Photo White

MISS ADELAIDE KEIM

Lately a member of Proctor's stock company and now leading woman with Chauncey Olcott.

your daughter Gretchen can kick up her feet on the stage."

Zbrowski entered the room. He had heard their voices raised and came to make peace. But his presence only served to infuriate his friend the more, and turning to him, Schultz cried: "Dit you hear vot I said. You are crazy to gif up your art joost to let your daughter kick up her feet on the stage."

"From your standpoint, Herr Schultz," quietly interrupted Hilda.

Schultz grew livid. He saw the futility of his task, the impossibility of inducing Zbrowski to remain with the orchestra.

"Your hussbandt iss a fool! He iss a tamn fool! Dot iss vot I say," he blurted out angrily.

"You don't understand, Ludwig," said the first violin. He put his arm around Schultz and tried to lead him to another corner of the room.

"Und 'so?" cried Schultz, freeing himself. "You tink I shouldt go! You vant to put me out, me your friendt for so many years! I vill go. I can't stand sooch a fool as you are!"

He rushed from the room, slamming the door, before the first violin could explain.

It was the last night that Zbrowski was to play with Josef Engelhardt. The news had spread in musical circles and the hall was crowded with admirers of the first violin to hear the farewell under his old leader. The intermission was over and Beethoven's Concerto was the next number. The orchestra was seated when Josef Engelhardt entered. The

conductor bowed, then went over to where Zbrowski sat, took his arm and led the first violin down to the front.

"It iss yours to-night, not ours," Engelhardt whispered.

The Beethoven Concerto was Zbrowski's favorite piece. But it had never meant quite as much as it did that night—the severance of the tie that bound him to his art, to all in life that was worth living for, at least it seemed so to him. The orchestra began and Zbrowski played along. He made the music sound like a dirge. He clung to each bar as though he feared the one that came after and dreaded the end, and when the sounds of the last note died away and the applause was heard on all sides, Zbrowski after an encore hurried away. There was one thing the audience might have known had he faced them, and that was his secret.

The entire orchestra, with the exception of Schultz, who had remained away that evening, then went to Apfel's and gave Zbrowski a farewell supper. Speeches were made and much Rhine wine drunk. All the party were in high spirits except the guest of honor.

It was far into the morning when Josef Engelhardt rose, glass in hand and said: "Chentlemen, it iss all wrong for you to bit farevell to our friendt, Heinrich Zbrowski. He iss one of us, stays one of us und can't leafe us for long. He vill come back. I know dot. Let us drink therefore to the speedy return of Heinrich Zbrowski to the place in our orchestra that vill nefer be filled except by him."

Two days later! The hour was long past midnight and Heinrich Zbrowski was walking home after his second evening as the leader of the orchestra at Mortimer's fashionable restaurant. Joseph Engelhardt's words were still ringing in his ears for he kept muttering to himself all the way: "No, no, Englehardt iss right. I can't leafe him forever. I can't do dot, ach no I can't," and the tears trickled down the musician's cheeks.

Gretchen Zbrowski became a student in the Monks-Hatton School of Acting. Monks-Hatton had been a mediocre actor, but age had dimmed his dramatic fire, and hushed his voice to almost a whisper, and in the end forced his retirement from the stage.

He had then started this school of acting under the patronage of his former manager.

"Indeed, my dear madam," Monks-Hatton explained to Hilda Zbrowski, between the puffs of the cigarettes which he smoked incessantly, "your daughter has talent, marked talent. She will become an actress, in time, only you must be patient."

Hilda Zbrowski had watched Gretchen closely. She tried hard, in her own way, to discern the spark of genius that was to make her daughter a dominant figure on the stage. The more she tried, the more miserable it made her.

Had she made a mistake? Had she forced her husband to sacrifice his happiness merely to gratify the whim of a stage-struck girl?

And the old first violin had changed, too, in many ways. The merry twinkle in his eyes was gone, his loud laughter was no longer heard, the expression of contentment in his face had changed to one of deep thought. His rosy cheeks had grown pale and hollow, and his step lacked the



MISS PERCY HASWELL
In her new play "The Favor of the Queen."



Photo by Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.

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MISS MARGUERITE CLARKE

Singing soubrette seen last season at the Herald Square Theatre as Polly in De Wolf Hopper's production of "Mr. Pickwick."



Otto Sarony Co.
MISS HORTENSE DE FONTENAY
(Anna Held company)

Dow

MISS PEARL SANDERS
(New Auditorium Theatre)

Otto Sarony Co.
MISS DE WINTER
(Charles Hawtrey company)

THREE YOUNG AMERICAN ACTRESSES WHO WILL BE SEEN SHORTLY IN IMPORTANT PRODUCTIONS

elasticity of the old days. He was unhappy. He kept away from his former friends and Apfel's, because he was ashamed to face them in these days of his artistic degradation. When he got home from Mortimer's, he would sit thinking of the past, of the growth of Josef Engelhardt's orchestra from three pieces in a little restaurant to seventy-five selected players, of the compositions that the conductor had won fame in by his rendition of them, of Ludwig Schultz, of the jolly nights at Apfel's, and of his farewell. One day he read a newspaper paragraph that rendered his position well nigh unbearable. There was to be a Beethoven night at the coming great music festival, and the Josef Englehardt orchestra had been engaged. Zbrowski wept. Then suddenly an idea occurred to him; why not have a Beethoven night of his own alone in the front room of his flat after Hilda retired?

He locked the door that night. But Hilda heard the lock click and peeked through the keyhole to see what he was going to do. He had worried her by his strange behavior and she feared that the climax was at hand.

The first violin arranged the chairs in the positions in which Josef Englehardt's orchestra sat on the stage. A footstool served as the conductor's stand. Zbrowski went from chair to chair, dropping a sheet of music on each, just as Englehardt did when something was to be played "by request," then mounted the stool and signalled with his bow to begin.

The piece was the Beethoven Concerto. He played it softly lest his wife, whom he fancied was in bed, would hear. But who can whisper Beethoven softly? And so it was with Zbrowski, who put all his soul into it, as in the days when Josef Engelhardt used to smile approvingly at him from the conductor's stand, and Ludwig Schultz used to mutter "schoen-das ist schoen". He was in dreamland, dreaming that he was once more the first violin of the Engelhardt orchestra playing to the audience what they loved so to hear and what he loved so to play for them. The strains died away. The stuffy room with the empty chairs ranged in a semi-circle confronted him. His illusion was gone, but it brought back so vividly all that had happened and the great void that had come into his life, that he sank down on the

sofa and wept. Hilda Zbrowski went back to bed. She was thinking of a duty that she owed to this gentle soul, that the sacrifice a parent is called upon to make for a child has its limits. Something had to be done, some hope held out to him.

"You must not take it so hard," she said, the next morning, "it is for our child that you made the sacrifice, Heinrich, and it won't last forever. When Gretchen once goes on the stage, you can go back to Josef Engelhardt."

The first violin looked worried. Had she guessed his secret? Was she going to sacrifice her happiness and go back to the old life with all its poverty just for his sake? He had not forgotten what she had told him when he tried to remain true to his art. Did she think that he would sacrifice less for her than he had for Gretchen, and so he asked: "Moost it be all for Gretchen und noding for you?"

"No, a little for you and a little for me. I want to see Heinrich Zbrowski end as he began, a great musician," she said proudly.

The color rose in the first violin's cheeks. If only Ludwig Schultz, the man who said that all women were selfish, could have heard that.

There were great times at Apfel's. Ludwig Schultz had won in the lottery at last, and he was celebrating with his friends. They were eating and drinking in a private room, when Apfel himself entered, and whispered excitedly in the host's ear:

"Wass denks du, Herr Schultz? Heinrich Zbrowski iss come back."

Schultz rose, left the room and walked unsteadily over to the table where Heinrich sat with a schoppen of Rhine wine in front of him. He leaned heavily on the table, blinking at the first violin. Zbrowski was cowed by his presence. He did want to tell Ludwig that it was all a mistake, that it was all his fault, but he had not the courage to do so.

"If you are not too shtuck up, come over und see your old friends," said Schultz, sarcastically, breaking the awkward silence.

That night, when he was alone in his room, Ludwig

Schultz drank a glass of kummel and lighted his pipe. He was wondering which would make him happier: to pay a visit to his old home with the lottery money or to buy Heinrich Zbrowski's way back to Josef Engelhardt's orchestra. He had no exalted view of the school of acting which Gretchen had joined. He had made inquiries about it, after his quarrel with Hilda Zbrowski, and was told of a way to get men and women on the stage without their knowing anything about technique. "Ven Gretchen goes on the stage," he repeated to himself, and then he smiled, "Ha! ha! she vill go on the stage, mein liebe Frau Zbrowski, but not as sooch a great actress as you tink," and he slept well that night at the prospect of revenging himself on her.

Monks-Hatton was charmed. The principal of the school of acting had heard all about the famous Ludwig Schultz.

"Have a cigarette," he said, taking one himself. "What can I do for you?"

"Mein friendt, Heinrich Zbrowski, hass a daughter here, Gretchen Zbrowski. Vill she make an actress?"

Monks-Hatton threw his cigarette away and lighted another.

"My deah Mr. Schultz, I can only reply that Miss Zbrowski has talent and that she will make an actress."

"You mean dot Gretchen vill be an actress joost like a lot of peeples who spiel moosic und tink dot they are musicians, nicht wah?"

Monks-Hatton puffed furiously at his cigarette.

"I haf been told," Schultz continued, "dot some companies take people like Gretchen und——"

"But my deah Mr. Schultz," interrupted Monks-Hatton. He felt that he had to say something now, "you are going too fast. Miss Zbrowski has little knowledge of the technique of acting."

Schultz frowned.

"Ach, I know dot und yet lots of peeples on the stage haf no more than Gretchen, nicht wah? I haf not come for fooney talk, but on bisness," he added emphatically, "und dot iss how to get Gretchen Zbrowski on the stage."

"But my deah——"

"Ach, don't dear me. I haf no time for dot. I vant to get down to bisness, dot iss all."

Monks-Hatton sighed wearily. "Well, what is your business?" he asked.

"I vill gif fife hundredt dollars to get Gretchen Zbrowski on the stage," and Schultz banged his fist on the desk.

That night, just as Zbrowski was entering the palm room at Mortimer's, Ludwig Schultz grabbed him by the arm.

"Come, come, you haf been a fool long enough. I haf safed you for your art. You vos too pig a fool to safe yourself."

The orchestra was playing "Schumann's Symphony." The strains of the music floated through the green baize swinging doors and out into the lobby, just as Ludwig Schultz entered, dragging Heinrich Zbrowski with him. The old first violin paused, reverently, at the sound of the music, bent nearer to the swinging doors and listened, lest he should miss a note. Then, as the strains gradually died away, those same strains that he had once clung to so tenaciously himself, Zbrowski began to tremble and the tears trickled down his cheeks.

"Vot iss the trouble, you fool," cried Schultz, angrily, "vhy do you cry now like a leetle poy?"

Zbrowski rested his head for a moment on his friend's shoulder and looked at him affectionately.

"Ach, I am so happy, Ludwig," he said wiping the tears away, "dot I moost cry—joost a leetle bit!"

EDWARD LISSNER.



Otto Sarony Co.

MISS LOTTIE FAUST IN "THE WIZARD OF OZ"

PLAYS OF YESTERDAY—Early Stage

(From the Collection)



MAURICE BARRYMORE AND KATHERINE CLEMMONS (MRS. HOWARD GOULD) IN "THE LADY OF VENICE." MISS CLEMMONS IS POINTING WITH HER FINGER AT MR. BARRYMORE, WHO IS IN THE CENTER



OLIVE MAY AND MAUDE ADAMS IN "THE BUTTERFLIES"



JOHN DREW (on the left) IN "THE BUTTERFLIES"



WILLIAM H. CRANE (center) IN "THE SENATOR"



JOSEPH R. GRISMER (at left) AND PHOEBE DAVIES IN "THE NEW SOUTH"



FANNY RICE (left) IN "MISS INNOCENCE ABROAD"

Beginnings of Now Famous Stars

of Joseph Byron)



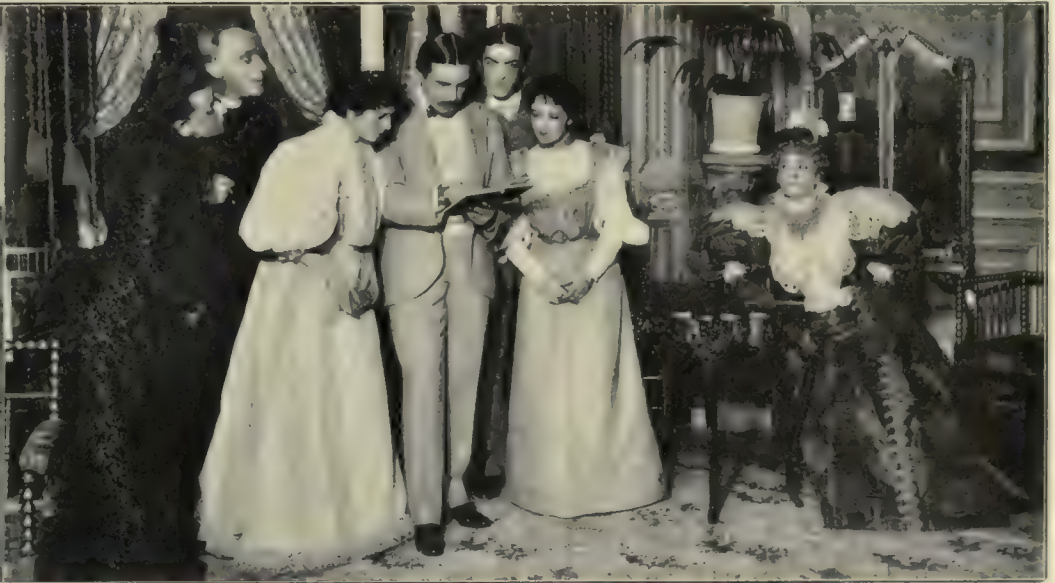
EDWARD MORGAN (left center) AND AMELIA BINGHAM (extreme left) IN "THE VILLAGE POSTMASTER"



AGNES BOOTH (right) AS AUDREY IN "AS YOU LIKE IT"



MAY ROBSON IN "SOWING THE WIND"



(In center) VIOLA ALLEN, HENRY MILLER, WILLIAM FAVERSHAM AND AGNES MILLER IN "GUDGEONS"



MAURICE BARRYMORE AND ROSE COGHLAN IN "A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE"



LILLIAN RUSSELL AND HER FORMER HUSBAND, SIGNOR PERUGINI, IN "GIROFLE-GIROFLA"

THE

PARIS CONSERVATOIRE

The World's Famous School of Acting and Music



From "L'Art au Theatre"
A prize-winner leaving the Conservatoire after the Concours.

THE Conservatoire—officially named the National Conservatory of Music and Declamation—is still one of the traditional artistic glories of France. With nearly

a century and a quarter of history behind it; with the association of such names, in music, as Cherubini, Auber, Ambroise Thomas, Gounod, Bizet, Massenet, and Victor Massé, and in dramatic art such luminaries—to mention only the more recent—as Samson, Brohan, Thiron, Provost, Got, Delaunay, Coquelin, Sarah Bernhardt, Mounet-Sully, Réjane, etc., with the continuous achievement of giving gratuitous musical and dramatic education to eight hundred young men and women;—surely this institution, despite its senile



Reutlinger, Paris
M. THEODORE DUBOIS
Director of the Conservatoire, in
academician's uniform.

decadence and the periodical assaults of aggressively modern criticism, essentially fulfills today its time-honored mission. And that mission, as its former director, Ambroise Thomas, nobly said, is "to develop the creative faculties, to form taste, to resist the caprices of fashion, to combat dangerous or false artistic tendencies, and to engrave on the hearts of young artists the love of truth and of beauty."

The foundation of the "Royal School of Singing and Declamation," by the Baron de Breteuil, an influential and enlightened Minister of Louis XVI., dates back to 1784. The present name, Conservatoire, was not formally given it until after the Revolution of 1830. Its directors have been, successively: Bernard Sarrette, Perne, Cherubini, Auber, Ambroise Thomas, and Théodore Dubois—all leading French musicians of their respective periods. M. Dubois, the present director, was appointed in 1896. He was born at Rosnayin in 1837, was a pupil of Ambroise Thomas and Benoit, won the Conservatoire's "Grand Prix de Rome" (a pension of 3,000 francs for five years, to be spent in Italy and Germany) in 1861, became organist of the Madeleine in 1866, professor of harmony at the Conservatoire in 1871, and professor of composition ten years



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M. Lebargy's class (comedy)

later. He is the author of some widely-known musical compositions, including "Les Sept Paroles du Christ," "Le Paradis Perdu," "Petites Pièces pour Piano," etc.

The director of the Conservatoire has a modest salary of 12,000 francs (\$2,400) per annum. The staff and faculty of the institution comprise seventy professors, in the various classes, whose annual stipends range from 600 to 4,000 francs. All these functionaries are appointed by the Minister of Public Instruction and the Fine Arts. Most of the professors in the department of acting are famous members of the Comédie Française company, such



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M. Leloir's class (comedy). The girl pinning on her hat is Mlle. Gladys Maxhance, who won the first prize for comedy at the last Concours

as Féraudy, Paul Mounet, Lebargy, Silvain, and Leloir. In the instrumental section of the musical department, several professors belong to the orchestras of the Opéra and the Opéra Comique.

Altogether, the maintenance of the Conservatoire costs the French Government annually 258,700 francs, or \$51,740—not an extravagant subvention, surely, considering that the preëminence of French dramatic art to-day is traceable primarily to this single source!

A group of prison-like buildings, forming a sombre quadrilateral on the Rue du Faubourg-Poissonnière, adjoining the church of St. Eugène, is the home of the Conservatoire since time immemorial. Its iron gates are stormed by the cultured and critical Parisian public only during the fortnight in parching August, which is the time of the annual competitions and award of prizes. All the rest of the year, the gay world passes it severely by.

Not so, however, the candidates for admission, the ambitious students, the future Bernhards, Coquelins, Pattis and De Reszkes. The entrance examinations are held during the month from October 15 to the same date in November. They are rather stiff, in all the nine sections, and no mere beginners need apply. Otherwise, there are practically no restrictions. The instruction is gratuitous, and even the musical instruments are furnished free of cost. The age limits are from nine to twenty-two years. Foreign pupils—to the extent of two in each class—are admitted to the same privileges, under the same conditions and obligations, as natives. The application must be accompanied by birth and vaccination certificates, and a list of the specified selections, vocal, instrumental or declamatory, in which the applicant is prepared to be heard at the preliminary trial.

Out of perhaps two or three hundred candidates, only a small percentage are accepted by the committee, and these on probation, not to be permanently admitted as students until they shall have passed a final weeding-out examination six months later. Then they sign a formal agreement not to accept engagements or appear at any theatre during their course of study without the express permission of the director of the Conservatoire;



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M. Silvain's class (tragedy and comedy). The girl on the extreme right is Mlle. Dussane, who won the first prize for comedy at the last Concours.

and that at the termination of such course, for a period of two years thereafter, their services shall be at the call of one or other of the Government-subsidized theatres.

The duration of a course at the Conservatoire is from two to five years, with classes each two hours' long, three times a week. Pupils in the principal branches who complete their third year without winning either prize or honorable mention, are dropped from the institution. And it is none too soon, perhaps it is already too late, to save them from the distressing fate of people who have mistaken their vocation. Even the first-prize winners, though they get trial engagements—at ridiculously low salaries—at the Opéra, Opéra Comique, Théâtre Français, or the Odéon, too often find themselves in a year or two sifted down to the small theatres or the provincial footlights. Those in the second or third grade, or who have captured no honors at all, alas! they to the chorus, the ballet, the music-shop, the copying-desk, the piano-factory.



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M. Paul Mounet's class (tragedy). The pupils seen were all prize-winners in the last Concours.



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Mlle. Taillade (on the left), first prize for tragedy, rehearsing a scene to be given before the jury.



From Musica, Paris

A COMIC OPERA CLASS AT WORK



PROFESSOR MARMONTEL AND HIS PIANO CLASS

But, no such forebodings as these trouble the young concurrents at the annual competitions, which occupy two weeks in hot and breathless August. Then it is that the literary, artistic and journalistic world of Paris, theatrical managers from everywhere, the dilettanti and the *virtuosi*, bohemian alumni, and the families, relatives and sweethearts of all the competitors, swarm in through the grilled courtyard to the stuffy little Pompeian theatre, where they give the juvenile players, for once in their lives, a "large and brilliant audience."

Naturally, it is not on the piano, violoncello, or trombone days that this crowd turns out. It is rather on the dates when the dramatic and operatic pupils hold forth—the Daughter of Roland in a sailor hat, Charlemagne in a ready-made frock coat and patent leather shoes—that popular enthusiasm reaches its height. In the centre box sit the jury, a group of unemotional oracles, presided over by the good gray M. Dubois. This jury is "up against" a complication even more perplexing than the ordeal of the youthful candidates is momentous. For, while it is the jury that officially decides the awards, nevertheless the demonstrated approval of the audience is the immediate important factor in the opinion of the competitors. The jury has to take into account the whole work of the year, and does not give its verdict merely upon the single examination. Sometimes the public, easily carried off its feet, protests against a decision in a case of which it does not understand the merits. The Director gives a paternal lecture to the discontented, but even this does not entirely calm the discussions. It has even been suggested that the competitions should be conducted before the jury *in camera*. Such a severe measure, however, has not been tried, as it would most likely cause a riot.

The prizes distributed at these annual competitions are of substantial consideration. Winners of first prizes in tragedy or comedy are assured of a two-year engagement at the Odéon, possibly even an opportunity at the Comédie Française. There are twelve scholarships for singing, open to both sexes, which are worth from 1,300 to 1,800 francs. In music, also, the first, second, and third medallists have the right to enter their names for the so-called Prix de Rome. The contestants for this grand prize, in the class of composition, are shut up like convicts in cells for twenty five days and nights, with a piano for sole company. Year after year they enter upon this epic struggle, enthusiastically striving for the vague and often unattainable ideal. Two of the

most celebrated composers of the modern French school—MM. Massenet and Victor Massé—lingered at the Conservatoire ten years before they obtained the Prix de Rome.

In addition to the press, a group of artistic radicals and independents headed by MM. Antoine and Gémier—two eminent actor-managers, who achieved success and distinction after having been rejected by the Conservatoire—have arrayed themselves against the venerable institution, and clamor for its reorganization, its transformation, at times even for its total suppression. They are more than offset, however, by a host of loyal and illustrious graduates, including Sarah Bernhardt, Réjane, Coquelin, and De Féraudy—all of whom, while acknowledging the human fallibility of their alma mater, are unanimous in declaring the Conservatoire an indispensable factor in the National Art, so long as its instruction shall be administered by such true and assiduous professors as have conducted its work up to the present day.

Mme. Réjane thinks all it needs is the addition of a modern course of theatrical instruction, as distinct from the classic and traditional. De Féraudy's idea is that "the real reform would be to separate completely the conservatory of Declamation—so badly named, to begin with!—from the conservatory of Music." Mme. Bernhardt, who has written in *L'Art du Théâtre*, a characteristic article on the subject, deserves quoting at greater length than our present space will permit. Her conclusions, in sum, are as follows:

"The pupils of the Conservatory acquire, from authoritative lips, the old traditions descended from Racine, Corneille, Beaumarchais, Marivaux, and Molière. Tradition, which may seem to the modernists but a faded rag, is a multi-colored banner to which rally the flower of our great artists. The education bestowed by the Conservatory has never kept back the native originality of a pupil; on the contrary, it has broadened and shaped that originality—as bear witness Réjane, Coquelin, Mounet-Sully, Lucien Guitry, Worms, and myself. . . . It is true, the Conservatory is ailing, but that is the fault of its administration. There is too much favoritism, too much precocious intimacy with the public, too little zeal among the professors, too much indiscretion in the press. Everything about the place needs reforming, but the reforms should not involve the downfall of the school. Not the demolishing pickaxe is needed there, but only the broom!"

HENRY TYRRELL.



EDWIN BOOTH, as *Richelieu*



Salvini as I Know Him

By Maud Salvini

Tommaso Salvini, the greatest of living actors, is to pay another farewell visit to America, and he will be seen here again shortly in all his famous roles. The following sketch of the home life of this distinguished Italian tragedian, written by the widow of his son Alexander (who is an American actress), gives an interesting and authoritative insight into the intimacy of the most imposing figure on the contemporary stage.

WHEN we are children how little we know what we may one day become or along what path fate may lead us! When I used to sit at my mother's knee and listen to her stories of the Shakespeare plays, of famous artists, singers, actors, I little dreamed that a few years later I should be associated with and become the daughter-in-law of the greatest tragedian of our time, Tommaso Salvini.

I was always coaxing my parents to take me to the theatre. Then the great Salvini came to Boston. The town was all agog with excitement, the papers were filled with his doings, and seats for his performances were at a premium.

One night my parents took me to see him. The play was "Othello." When Salvini appeared the storm of applause was deafening, and at the fall of the cur-

The rehearsals, naturally, were very trying. Sandro (Alessandro Salvini) was the stage manager, and leading man on the off nights. Tommaso Salvini did not speak English, so it was equally trying for him as he was very exacting with the "business." The Italian cues would naturally confuse and make us nervous, and I, being very sensitive, would often steal away into a dark corner and cry. However, I went over and over each scene, and he would notice my red eyes, and then with majestic tenderness and infinite patience, try to make me understand what he wanted. He was so majestic, so gentle, that the mist would quickly clear, and then what happiness if he seemed satisfied!

In Italy, Salvini is considered and lives almost like a king. He is idolized by his large retinue of servants and the hundreds of peasants on his vast estates. He has a magnificent town house in Florence with fine stables and horses, of which he is very fond. The house has every modern comfort and improvement, and is built in such a way that one wing is entirely separated from the main building, so that the master may enjoy seclusion in his study, library and smoking room.

In the main house, next to the grand drawing room, is the room set aside for souvenirs—wreaths, trophies and magnificent gifts from the crowned heads of Europe, famous artists, poets, authors, etc. These are exhibited in large glass cases built for the purpose.

When in Rome he always visits Signora Ristori, who was the bosom friend of his first wife, Alessandro Salvini's mother, who was also a great and famous tragedienne and noted for her beauty. It was in Ristori's beautiful old palace that Sandro was born, and while on our wedding tour Ristori was the first to whom we paid our respects. It was a great honor for me to meet the great Italian actress, and most interesting to see her beautiful palace and the room where Sandro was born, also the church where he was baptised. Sandro was very fond of her and she of him.

It is in his home life that one sees the real Tommaso Salvini. Those who meet him in public are awed by his



Burr McIntosh

MAUD SALVINI

Daughter-in-law of the great Italian tragedian

tain the tumult was such that I trembled lest the house should fall about our ears. The acting of the great Italian tragedian was so intense and realistic that I was frightened, and I was so impressed at his intense jealousy and suffering that I felt sorry, and for days I could not banish him from my mind.

I was then studying singing at a local conservatory, and an opportunity came for me to adopt the stage. I obtained my parents' consent with great difficulty and made my debut in a little soubrette part in a piece called "Stormbeaten."

Fate willed it that the leading man should be none other than Alessandro Salvini, son of the great tragedian. I shall never forget how surprised I was. I only found it out when I heard the comments of the other members of the company. As in my little part I never came in contact with him, I never expected even to speak to him, but during rehearsals he would watch me and no matter where I went I would turn to find his eyes fixed upon me. This went on until I became very uneasy and rather annoyed, for I was always very bashful. At last I was introduced, and from that day his interest became more marked.

The following season his distinguished father made another American tour, and I was engaged for the part of the little girl Emma in "La Morte Civile." I was trembling, and a big lump came into my throat when I was first introduced to the great actor. But Salvini seemed to understand the awe in which I stood of him, and he was so kind and gentle that all my embarrassment vanished.



SALVINI (on the left) HOLDING HIS FAVORITE HORSE



DICK HELDER
(Forbes Robertson)

MAISIE
(Miss Gertrude Elliott)

DICK: "There are but three things in life—birth and death and love."

majestic presence, but in intimacy he is cordial and gentle, and a devoted father to his large family, which includes fourteen grandchildren, thirteen boys and one girl.

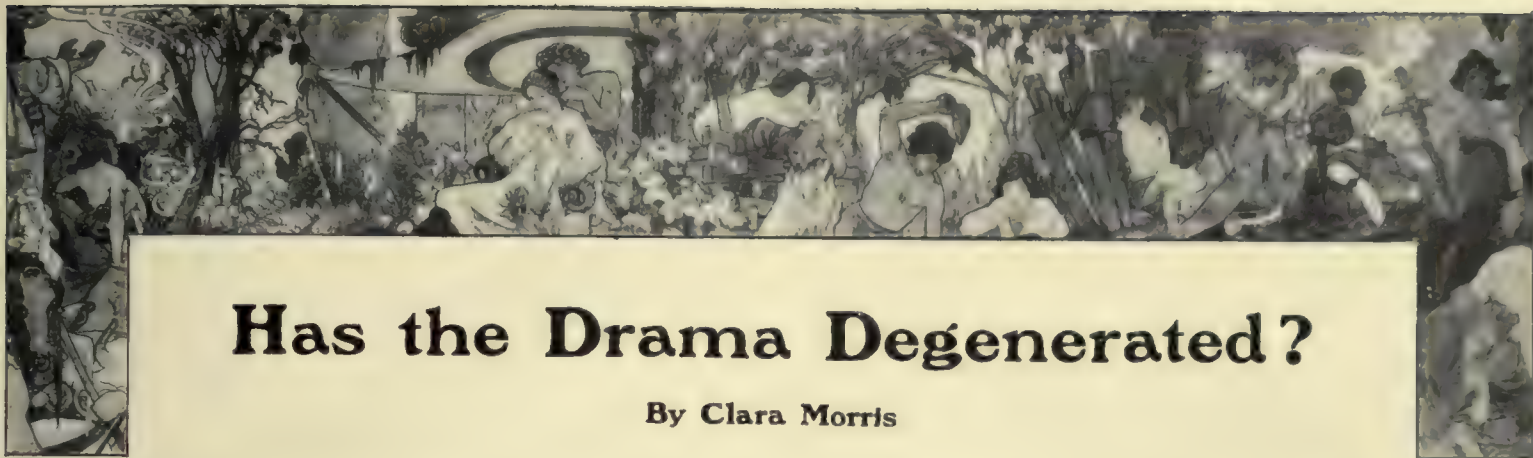
He is very methodical in all matters. He is prompt in answering letters, and in fact attends to all his correspondence himself. His word is law, and he seldom modifies his opinion or recedes from a position once taken. During the illness of his beloved son, Sandro, he was devotion itself. Not a day passed but he would spend the afternoon at his bedside conversing cheerfully. All that money could do to procure medical science and comforts was expended lavishly. It was only when the last hope had gone that the great man broke down completely and then his grief was terrible to witness.

Three sons are now living. The eldest, Gustavo, is a most charming man, speaks English fluently and possesses a handsome and lovable personality. He also is a gifted actor, and has already won fame throughout Italy. His special ambition is to follow in the footsteps of his father. It was the intention of Alessandro to bring Gustavo to America the following season had he lived. Mario, another son, also a very handsome man, is a sculptor. He has a large majolica factory, which turns out the most beautiful creations in designs, form, color and workmanship. The youngest son is an officer in the Royal Life Guards. During the summer Tommaso Salvini divides his time between his country place in the mountains and his beautiful villa near Florence. With its Italian garden, high walls crowned with honeysuckle and other flowers, splendid terraces, snug harbors, and stately trees, it is indeed a Garden of Eden, and here under the blue, serene Italian sky the great tragedian sits and enjoys life. In the fall he visits his other vast estate. In all his houses he has introduced modern improvements, such as electricity, telephones, etc.

One of his constant and faithful companions, at all times, is a Spanish greyhound named Duro, a present to him from the Royal kennels of Spain.

On his namesake day, St. Tommaso, December 21, he invites all his friends and large family to a most elaborate banquet. His birthday follows on the 1st of the New Year, and the festivities are then repeated. On these occasions he brings forth from his cellars the rarest wines—champagnes, burgundies, and the Sicilian wines, made of the rare grapes of the ancient estates and provinces. The tragedian is an epicure, and the death of a faithful old cook named Carlotta caused him much grief. Long before I was married I had heard from Sandro all about this old servant who had been in the family for over forty years. She had nursed all the children, including Sandro, to whom she was devoted, and my husband was just as fond of her. His going away to America was a great sorrow to her, and she always kept the sacred light burning on a little altar for Sandro all the time of his long absence. Upon my arrival in Italy as a bride, among the peasants and servants drawn up to receive us stood dear old Carlotta. Sandro and I touched her cheek, while she gave us her blessing with tears of joy in her eyes. She never knew her age, but always said she was as old as Victor Emmanuel.

The years have passed, yet these pictures of home and of that beautiful country of nature and art dwell vividly in my mind, and my heart has remained there—in Florence. Next April we are to see him again in America, he whom we, his children, love, reverence and honor in all the glory of his superb art—Tommaso Salvini.



Has the Drama Degenerated?

By Clara Morris

IN the history of the American stage there is no one day on which we can place our finger and say, On this particular day a certain phase of conditions expired and another phase took its place; and yet conditions have so changed that if Blake, Walcot, Hamblin and Forrest were to reappear to-day they would hardly understand the dramatic environment, and would themselves be but imperfectly understood. With them gradually expired the old school, which is now as dead to all intents and purposes as Drury Lane and Covent Garden in England, and the plays of Massinger and Davenant and those later ones of Wycherly, Congreve and Addison.



MISS MORRIS IN "L'ARTICLE 47."

That "the times change and we change with them" is a very old saw, and true as old; and it is no less true that change neither implies improvement nor deterioration. But that changes are generally for the better, or at least for what is better at the time, makes an admirable answer to those people who indulge in jeremiads over the modern "degeneracy of the drama."

There appears to be a law that fashions must continually change. We see this mysterious edict in operation in dress, in manners, in language, in architecture and its sister arts, painting and music—why not in play-writing and play-acting? And since there appears to be at all times a fitness of fashion to the period, why may not the drama always be suitable to the epoch in which it is produced? The Greek plays are open to all of us in excellent translations, and they are a weariness to the flesh, but there is no question of their perfect adaptation to the wants of the citizens of Athens. These citizens would not have appreciated the "School for Scandal" or "Diplomacy." Scholars tell us that in later times the people of Rome were well-satisfied with the echoes of Greek plays in the works of Plautus, Terence and Seneca—but none of these would keep a modern audience in their seats after the first act.

The rational conclusion is that each age constructs and enjoys its own stage literature; and that the drama of one age is just as good as that of another in respect of its own period. Euripides and Plautus did not write for the people of the twentieth century, and we cannot properly blame them because their work fails to greatly please us.

The actor and playwright are compelled not only by their own environments, but also by the conditions that prevail in the great dramas of real life, to treat the past as if—to use the words of a witty French writer—it were "a time

that never has been." If an occasional Shakesperean revival is attempted, the actor takes part in it as a revival—as people attend fancy balls dressed in the costumes of the age of Louis Quatorze, of Charles the Second. These are historical studies and they interest us as such. Whenever the better plays of Shakespeare are properly exhibited they can hardly fail to please; because, in addition to the scenic effects which accompany them, there is a rich and exhaustless development of human nature in these works which, being true, renders them immortal. There are in these plays epitomes of great passions, which civilization has long since accepted as representative—such as the exhibition of jealousy, in Othello; of political ambition, in Macbeth, leading the way to crime. Shakespeare's plays exhibit the entire range of human emotions with an emphasis and fidelity employed by no other writer, ancient or modern; and since these emotions are always the same—never eclipsed by barbarism, never refined away by civilization—these dramas will always interest the world in spite of their antiquated language, their anachronisms, their geographical blunders and their frequent lapses from good taste. The blank verse in which they are mainly composed, while it would be fatal to a modern play, does not stand in the way of their charms to us as the classics of the Passions. On the other hand, this blank verse, stilted and remote from modern methods, may be compared to the amber in which rare insects are found imbedded: true historical relics, dead long since and yet duplicated as to their essential mechanism in every wasp or bee that flies across our path.

Taking audiences as we find them to-day, the popularity once enjoyed by blank verse on the stage, or even by the rhymed verse of Dryden, appears inexplicable. But a versified drama was not manufactured for modern audiences, and its popularity in its own epoch is easily accounted for. Poetry flourished best in the earlier stages of civilization. In periods of high scientific culture and advanced enlightenment poetry occupies a secondary position. This is so, not only because society is believed to have no use for it, but because it is relegated like fairy tales and wonder-book stories to imperfectly educated or very young people.

Now in the days of the Grecian dramatists, who wrote wholly in metre, and in the time of Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher and others of their school, who wrote the serious and sentimental portions of their plays in blank verse, and put prose only into the mouths of their clowns and court-jesters, the great mass of any audience, even were it a selected audience possessing lineage and rent rolls, were as to their intellects imperfectly educated—and as to their emotions, children. To them poetry appealed with a force and an attraction totally unknown to us. We can never hope to appreciate such a fascination, but we get historical

glimpses of it in narrations of the crowds assembled at the Grecian games to listen to the rhapsodists reciting Homer, and of the turbulent assemblages among the Welsh mountains who were moved to battle by the songs of the Cymrian bards.

Such phenomena are impossible to-day. We have outgrown the conditions. We personally are not in sympathy with those who profess to desire the renaissance of this mouldering literary architecture. As literature the works of the great poets will always command our respect, but for an indefinitely long present we have done with the epic poem and

the versified tragedy or romantic drama. Sheridan Knowles permitted his scholarship to outrun his discretion in the construction of numerous blank verse plays. Only one of them is now acted; and he is considered a bold manager who gives his stage to the "Hunchback." "Pizarro" could not be exploited even in the Bowery, that last ditch of the poetical play, in which the audience approached nearer to the conditions of childlike enthusiasm than in any other locality known to the actor formerly. Sergeant Talfourd's elegant and classic "Ion" is shelved; Bulwer's "Lady of Lyons" holds on to the stage "by its eyelids," not by virtue of its versified passages, but in spite of them. And to recur to the early English dramas, the rhymed plays of Dryden are so completely shelved that it is safe to say that not one person in a thousand among our most highly educated classes has ever read them or any one of them.

Plays, then, being as a rule written in touch with the times, and most popular when best adapted to the form and body of their period, those of our own time are not an exception; and if our epoch is a creditable one, crowded with good works, well advanced in education and illustrated by morally good and intellectually noble men and women, then our modern drama must partake of all these excellencies. We are not only gratified to arrive at this conclusion, but we

are logically forced to it.

That, if this conclusion is commented upon at all, it will be denied by various people, is to be expected. There are persons who are chronic victims of the habit of praising past times to the disparagement of the present. These are mostly ancients, their "eyes purging amber and thick plum tree gum," but as fast as they retire from the planet, others take their places. Then comes another and a large class, who see a great deal of vice and wickedness in the present day because they read about it, and do not see so much in any given past time because the chronicles of those days were not so sensational, and besides were not as accessible as each morning's newspaper. Therefore these moralists wish us to believe that men and women never were so wicked as they are to-day; and as an inference, that our stage is in the most fearful state of degeneration and decay that ever was.

These people take themselves seriously, but it is difficult for us to handle their ideas in a serious manner. The merest recurrence to history shatters their vagary, for we will not dignify it with the name of theory. When, according to Holy Writ, there were but four human beings on the planet, one of them assassinated his brother; thus one-quarter of the race was murdered. No such wholesale slaughter is enacted to-day.

If civilization and education are of any use in elevating mankind our social conditions ought to be superior to any that has ever existed. We believe that they are, and we have good reason for our belief. Our drama shares in this well-being—but, of course, it deals in aberrations. All interesting occurrences are aberrations, and many of these are aberrations from the straight rule of rectitude. Philologists tell us that "right" in nearly all languages means something in the nature of a straight line, which is the shortest connective between two points, therefore greatly to be desired. And then the mathematical philosophers tell us that no man ever yet constructed a perfectly straight line, nor ever will.

Now since everybody is perpetually trying to go from one point to another, and cannot go in absolutely straight lines, the variable courses of humanity are not only infinite, but infinitely interesting; and a well-built play is nothing but the following out of one or more of these curved lines of progression.

Of necessity, in noting down and rendering into dramatic form these



MISS TRIXIE FRIGANZA AS THE WIDOW IN "THE PRINCE OF PILSEN"



Photo by Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.

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MISS ROSE CLARK

Talented young actress, who attracted attention recently when a member of Amelia Bingham's stock company.

aberrations, there is always the risk of disturbing the adjustment of the sense of propriety of certain individuals. Just how far we can exercise the function of the fabled Asmodeus, and take the roofs off from houses in order to study the habits of the inmates, is a question impossible to answer. The Proper and the Improper, the Fit and the Unfit, are relative terms; and neither a transcendental nor a mathematical philosophy will give us the terms of the desired equation. But we plant ourselves on firm ground in saying that if the analysis of human action in any play shocks the moral sense of the community, the community

will communicate to the manager and actors and the author its opinion in terms not to be disregarded.

That our modern stage is degenerating into burlesque is a statement frequently made, and yet too silly to be seriously noticed. There is a time to dance as well as a time to refrain from dancing. In a fit place and at a fit time burlesque is desirable. If, as Shakespeare says, there are occasions when "Seneca cannot be too heavy," it is also true that on other occasions "Plautus cannot be too light."

Certainly, in regard of our modern stage, we need not go in sackcloth and ashes over fancied evils.

The Theatre's Play Competition

WE are gratified to be able to announce in this issue the result of THE THEATRE'S Play Competition, which was opened on March 1 and closed on August 1. The judges, F. Marion Crawford and William Seymour, have examined nearly 300 plays, and after careful deliberation have at last agreed upon the piece which, in their opinion, is the best among those submitted. The title of this play is

"THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE,"

and the anonymous author is herewith invited to communicate with the editor and make himself known.

The vote of the judges was unanimous, and reached on the first ballot. The plays submitted, as stated in our last issue, had been sifted down to seventeen by a careful process of elimination, and for some time the winning chances of each of these seventeen remaining plays was seriously considered. Each one is a fine acting piece, and the respective authors should have no difficulty in finding a manager. It was felt, however, by the judges that "The Triumph of Love" approached nearest to the standard set for the competition. It may be said, briefly, that it is a strong comedy-drama of modern American life, intensely human and national in its interest, concise and dramatic in action, epigrammatic and brilliant in dialogue, with true literary quality, and fine characterization. We believe this play worthy of production, and confidently predict a success for its author, its interpreters, and its sponsor, THE THEATRE MAGAZINE.

It had been our intention to give a brief critical review of each of the plays that were put in classes A, B and C, but several authors have written us, declaring themselves opposed to this, on the ground that any adverse comment might injure their chances of marketing their plays.

Taken altogether, the result of our experiment has been more than satisfactory. The competition has brought to light at least seventeen plays written by native authors which are worthy of production. We could award the prize to only one play, but there is no doubt that they will all be seen on the stage eventually, and who knows how long their authors, and even the author of the winning play, may have knocked at managers' doors in vain.

A critical discussion of each one of the 300 plays submitted in the competition would be impractical. The list includes several forms of the drama, from the early antiquity of the Bible to recent social problems. They naturally fall into groups when we treat of them in their proper classifications, and the authors will be able to discern applicable criticism.

The point of view of the larger number of writers is too remote from the actual conditions of the stage. Certain requirements are essential to a standard for competition. It may seem ungracious to say that what is commonly believed to be the ideal form of the drama, namely, the romantic in blank verse, rewards consideration the least. The reason for this is not far to seek. The summits in that form have been reached, and the best possibilities of the drama are to be found in modern subjects. But the most decisive of all is the fact that almost without exception these dramas in blank verse are imitations. They abound in declamation and words, if not to the exclusion of action, with too

slow a progress in events. They are archaic and covered with the lichens of age in spite of the undeniable personal merit often evinced by the writer. It is so easy to yield to the ambling pace of verse, that many of these plays are inordinately long. One or two of such manuscripts in the competition are very creditable and should encourage the authors to exercise themselves in the newer forms of the art. At present they are lagging behind in a hopeless competition with Shakespeare.

We find other writers measuring themselves with lofty subjects, and following some recent successes in biblical drama, choosing subjects of a sacred nature. Again, we find a number of plays on the Arthurian legend. These things have also been better done than in any play submitted. The dramatization of familiar classic novels is also a hopeless task to any but the most expert, inasmuch as they traverse ground which has been gone over. How far behind the point of view of the moment also are those who attempt Colonial plays with the Indian of Cooper's romances. No amount of skill could bring such writers into the competition. There is a considerable number of romantic plays which have been submitted. In nearly every instance they are too romantic, and they are rendered less acceptable by being of the pseudo-historical kind. The dramatization of novels, when not made by a skilled hand, invariably suffers from too much Story, and in most cases the novel has been followed too closely. The farces submitted must be condemned with perhaps one exception. The farce is one of the most difficult forms of dramatic art, and it is strange to note how almost invariably extravagance seems to be taken as a justification for vulgarity. The characters are usually overdrawn, but impossible of existence in any original type.

While we wish to speak encouragingly of the work submitted as a whole, we are forced to express utter condemnation of certain so-called plays written entirely in the commercial spirit, and without the slightest claim to honesty or independence of mind. One writer sends in eight or ten paraphrases of successful plays, for example, an almost literal adaptation with change of name and locality of "The Bells."

So far we have referred mainly to choice of subject. To discover technical defects would require us to touch upon every fault that can be committed, some of these we will mention. We find entire absence of a Proposition, nothing that can properly be called a Plot, with subsequent lack of Unity. A frequent fault is the introduction of too many characters, not that a large number of characters is not possible in a play, but that they are introduced without that skill which subordinates the lesser to the greater.

In conclusion, we wish to express our warmest gratitude to Messrs. F. Marion Crawford and William Seymour for their valuable co-operation in this contest. It would be impossible to perform their laborious task more thoroughly or more conscientiously. And we also extend thanks to William T. Price, author of "The Technique of the Drama," who assisted the judges in reading the plays, and to Charles Frohman, for his liberality in placing one of his theatres at our disposal for the production of the winning play.

"The Triumph of Love," the successful play, will be produced at a matinee early in the coming year.



The Play House

One Hundred and Fifty Years Ago



WHAT an evolution has been wrought in the theatre since Kemble, at Drury Lane, dressed Hamlet in a black velvet court suit of the latest cut and wore, with powdered hair, the star and riband of the Order of the Garter; since the hoax of the Bottle Imp at the Haymarket and Peg Woffington's furious assault upon the lovely Bellamy on the stage of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden!

In those days, it is said, "virgin ladies usually dispose themselves in front of the boxes, the young married women compose the second row, while the rear is generally made up of mothers of long standing, undesigning maids and contented widows. Whoever will cast his eye upon them under this view, during the representation of a play, will find me so far in the right, that a *double entendre* strikes the first row into an affected gravity or careless indolence, the second will venture at a smile, but the third take the conceit entirely and express their mirth in a downright laugh."

The time of beginning the performance crept up from one o'clock in the afternoon, in 1603, to three o'clock in 1663, to four o'clock in 1667 and then to the early hours of evening. In 1732, the prices of admission were: "pit and boxes, 5s.; gallery, 2s.; upper gallery, 1s, and to prevent the scenes being crowded, the stage half-a-guinea." The green room was a center of attraction for the gallants of the day and Dr. Johnson once said, with commendable prudence, to Garrick: "I'll come no more behind your scenes, David; for the silk stockings and white shoulders of your actresses distract my mind from serious business."

During the progress of the play, the fashionable gentlemen upon the stage exchanged criticisms with their friends in the pit and one beau, urged by wine, implanted a chaste kiss upon the neck of George Anne Bellamy as she was making an exit; pretty orange girls moved about the auditorium, offering their wares and being embraced and coddled by the gallants. If the audience disapproved of the play, they said so and bade the performance cease. Seldom was their judgment quarreled with, for to do so was to risk the very theatre itself. In 1749 the Haymarket was dismantled by a furious mob which had been hoaxed into believing that "on the 16th of January, a conjurer would jump into a quart bottle." In 1780 a "no-Popery" mob wrecked the interior of Drury Lane after a performance of "A

Chinese Festival" for which "papists and Frenchmen" had been engaged, and then to satisfy their wrath bombarded Garrick's residence with stones and iron missiles. In fact, whenever the policy of the theatres failed of public approval, the managements were coerced at the point of the sword.

Peg Woffington's temper is historical, and at Covent Garden occurred her encounter with the radiant Bellamy, who, according to Dr. Doran, "had procured from Paris two gorgeous dresses wherein to enact Statira in the 'Rival Queens.' Roxana was played by Woffington, and she was so overcome by malice when she saw herself eclipsed by the dazzling glories of the resplendent Bellamy that she rolled Statira and her spangled sack in the dust, pommelling her

the while with the handle of her stage dagger, as she declaimed, Alexander standing by:—

"Nor he, nor heaven shall shield thee from my justice!

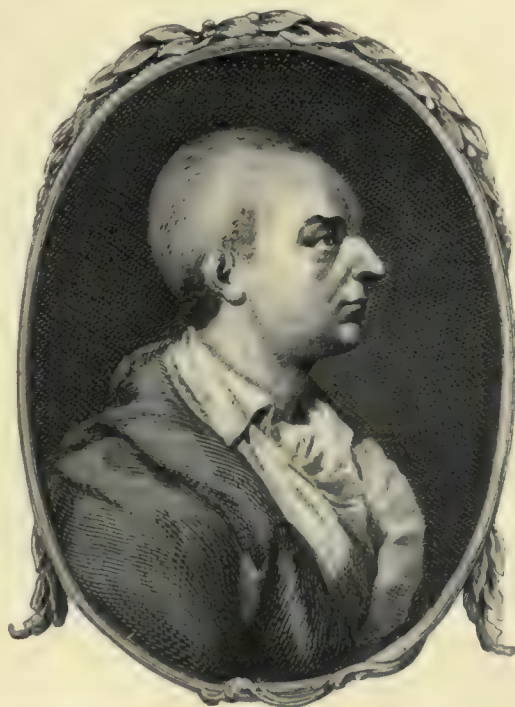
Die, sorceress, die! and all my wrongs die with thee!"

Mrs. Bellamy, on another occasion, infuriated because the King of Denmark sat in the royal box asleep, strode towards him hissing a play upon the line "Oh, most noble lord!" His Majesty awoke, commented upon the carrying power of the actress's voice, and slept again.

To take license and proceed to the early years of the nineteenth century, we have an amusing incident of Madame Malibran, then singing in "The Maid of Artois." In the last act, when suppositiously dying of thirst in the desert, her delicate organism was wont to give way and she promised an encore to the finale if some one would devise means to get

a pint of porter to her, during the desert scene. "So," says her manager, "I arranged that, behind the pile of drifted sand on which she sinks exhausted, a small aperture should be made and through that aperture a pewter-pint of porter was conveyed to the parched lips of this rare child of song, which so revived her, after the terrible exertion of the scene, that she electrified the audience, and had strength to repeat the finale."

At the Haymarket Theatre in the early days of the Regency, appeared the eccentric "Romeo" Coates. He was of good figured appearance," says Walford, "dressed well, and even showily, and always wore a quantity of fur. At evening parties, to which he gained an entrance, his buttons



From an old engraving

DAVID GARRICK

and knee buckles were studded with diamonds. There was a great mystery about his antecedents, and the public curiosity was heightened by the announcement that he proposed to appear at the Haymarket Theatre in the character of Romeo. By hook or crook he contrived to arrange for this appearance, and on the night the house was crowded to suffocation, the play-bill having given out that 'an amateur of fashion had consented to perform for one night only;' and it was generally whispered that the rehearsal gave unmistakable signs that the tragedy would be turned into a comedy.

"But his appearance outdid all expectations. Mr. Coates' dress was grotesque in the extreme. In a cloak of sky-blue silk, profusely spangled red pantaloons, a vest of white muslin, and a wig of the style of Charles II., capped by an opera hat, he brought down the whole house with laughter before he opened his lips, and the laughter was increased by the fact that his nether garments, being far too tight, burst in seams which could not be concealed. But when his guttural voice was heard, and he showed his total misappre-

hension of every part of the play, especially in the vulgarity of his address to Juliet, and in his equally absurd rendering of the balcony scene, the whole thing was so comic that gallery and pit were equally convulsed with laughter and the piece ended in an uproar."

Dramatic performances in the day of Garrick were preceded by a spoken or acted prologue, and concluded with a similarly delivered epilogue. Witty and epigrammatic dialogue, not action, was the first consideration, thus reversing the modern rule. The stage was just emerging from its chrysalis. Dramatic knowledge on the auditor's part was undeveloped. So little had gone before that the criterion was low. The men and women who supplied the stage and press, and the men and women who abetted them, very nearly supplied the brains of the nation. The majority of the rest were too tipsically receptive to be hypercritical. Shakespeare made Milan a seaport and no one has yet objected.

AUBREY LANSTON.



THEODORE ROBERTS

ALBERT PERRY

JAMES K. HACKETT

CHARLOTTE WALKER

JAMES SEELEY

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES SEEN IN "JOHN ERMINE OF THE YELLOWSTONE"

THE SONG OF THE SUPER

I am but a humble super for the night,
You're a flashing, dashing, comic opera star.
And I stand around, in garments much too tight,
And view your dazzling radiance from afar.
You're a woman with a way and with a will;
Every glance and every smile is aimed to kill.
On your cheeks I see the rose,
In your manners the repose,
That ever stamps the cast of vaudeville.

In the First Act I'm a robber, bold and bad;
In Act Two, a Roman soldier on the march.
In the Third Act I'm a high patrician lad
In tunic and in toga free from starch.
If I had the Tenor's wig and cloak and sword,
I would show you how it feels to be adored.
In the footlight's glare he sings,
I stand scowling in the wings,
I can't see why that idiot is encored.

Now, serenely in the center of the stage,
Blonde and buoyant, you are waiting for your cue.
Grouped around the scene are peasant, prince, and page,
I am paired off with a chorus girl in blue;
And the Leader's baton swings the time to each—
Then your voice soars up to notes I'll never reach.
Ere the house rings with applause,
There's a moment's awe-struck pause—
I whisper through the silence: "You're a peach."

Ah, to-morrow night you'll play another town
Where another crowd will laugh, and clap, and cheer,
And some other youth, ambitious for renown,
Will wear these clothes and tote this tin-topped spear.
There's melodrama billed to take your place,
With a real fire-engine and a chariot race.
Thrilling though the play may be,
The house will be dark to me;
For, oh! I'll long to see your winsome face.

CECIL CAVENDISH.





Photo Varischi, Artico & Co., Milan

SIGNORINA EURICA VARASI

Italian premiere danseuse specially engaged by Mr. Conried for the present season of grand opera at the Metropolitan Opera House.



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MARCELLA SEMBRICH

In the World of Music

By W. J. HENDERSON



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Mlle. LOUISE HOMER
As Venus in "Tannhauser"

THE opening of the regular season of music in this metropolis was accomplished with some effort at the end of October. The effort was especially conspicuous because the opening was in the gyrating hands of young Herman Hans Wetzler. This industrious director of orchestral music succeeded in keeping himself within the limits of his platform at the first concert of his series, but he achieved no disturbing results in the interpretation of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony.

It is not at all to the discredit of Mr. Wetzler that he is young. He will overcome that trouble in time. But the juvenility of his conceptions is matter for critical comment, and it cannot be denied that his reading of the A major symphony was not that of a matured intellect. Once upon a time an editorial writer in the

Tribune, commenting on the censorious disposition of certain political reformers in this town, quoted a line from a supposed poem of the editor of the *Century*:

"I sometimes think 'twere better had I let the Lord alone."

This line flashed into memory when Mr. Wetzler was observed in the act of tinkering the intentions of Beethoven. Surely the child of the Bonngasse never dreamed of hearing the finale of that splendid symphony, which Richard Wagner called the "apotheosis of the dance," played in such a funeral manner. But let all that pass—as it certainly will. Mr. Wetzler will go his own way, but Beethoven's Seventh Symphony will survive. The young conductor introduced at his first concert a very interesting violinist, Jacques Thibaud. This young gentleman disclosed a violin style upon which was printed in large letters "Made in France." Now they make a remarkably good article of violin playing in France, and Mr. Thibaud is welcome.

His tone is big, and round, and has a peculiar reedy quality by no means disagreeable and highly charged with character. His technique is brilliant and masterful. What he lacks is breadth and depth. In elegance, grace, vivacity, polish, scintillating brilliancy, he is not surpassed. In short he is the perfection of the salon school.

He came back to play at the first Philharmonic concert under the direction of his countryman, Edouard Colonne, and the public showed that it liked him.

With the great world of the unmusical the return of Adeline Patti was of course the item of chief interest. All sorts and conditions of men and women who would not in ordinary circumstances go to a concert, poured out to hear those aged vocal reeds shaken by the wind. It was not an inspiring exhibition. There is no use denying the fact that the once-adored Patti is an old woman. Her wrinkles speak louder than her rouge. Her figure is still wonderfully young and symmetrical. She still trips across the stage to receive the flowers handed up by the ushers. She still waves kisses to the gods in the high Olympus of the gallery.

But the voice! Who does not remember the amazing quality of that voice twenty years ago? Who forgets its mellow, flute-like tones, its rippling cascades of sparkling notes in *Rosina*, its blazing splendors in *Violetta*? Now, there actually were people who believed that Patti at sixty was going to sing as well as she did in her last season at the Academy of Music under Mapleson. Just why they should it is impossible to tell, because the soprano had been here in 1894 and had sung so badly that her best friends hoped she would never come back.

Of course, Patti is only a wreck of what she was once; but what a wreck! She has half a dozen tones in her voice that are simply marvellous for a woman of her age. They are full, rich, powerful and entirely youthful in quality. It was one of the chief charms of Patti's voice in its best days that it never sounded childish, but always like that of a woman in the first bloom of maturity. She has some notes now which retain that captivating quality. That of itself is wonderful, for the natural tendency of the female singing voice at her time of life would be to take on a keen acidity.

Patti is careful of the cadenzas nowadays. She has made many of the rough places smooth. She takes short cuts pretty often. When she does not she goes slowly. And why shouldn't she? The management of the breath is one of the principal secrets of good singing, and old folk will grow wheezy.

Her audiences are curious collections of persons who never or very rarely go to hear music of a high order. She occupies much the same position in the world of art as Sousa's band and the inimitable Duss. She is a sort of Dowie of song. All of which is a pity, for Patti was in her time the greatest singer that ever lived. She has deliberately pandered to low tastes and cultivated cheap sensationalism. Her singing of parlor ballads, which genuine artists avoid, is a piece of cheap clap-trap which puts her outside the pale of serious criticism. She sings them well, to be sure. Why should she not? But why should she sing them at all when all the riches of Schubert, and Schumann, and Franz, and Brahms, are lying at her feet? But can any one conceive of Adelina Patti singing "Wie Melodien"?

In the unique souvenir which was sold at the concerts at the low price of half a dollar, several pages were devoted to an account of Patti's performance of *Floria Tosca* in Puccini's opera. The writer had the effrontery to say that the lady's acting would have been well worthy the study of Ternina or Bernhardt. That is humor of a high order. Every one who remembers Patti's acting in tragic operas knows that it was pitifully inefficient. Her *Aida* was vocally beautiful but histrionically artificial and insignificant. Her *Carmen* was a flat fiasco. The rôles in which she was at her best were those of comic operas. She was an incomparable *Rosina* in the "Barber of Seville," and a delicious *Zerlina*. She succeeded also in such light works as "L'Elisir d'Amore" and "Crispino e la Comare." She was a born comedian, but her idea of tragic emotion was expressed in a convulsive heaving of the breast and pained contortion of the countenance.

Let it be added in conclusion of these remarks that the



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MME. GADSKI

One of the foremost dramatic sopranos who is singing *Brunnhilde* this season at the Metropolitan Opera House.

lady's demeanor on the concert platform was extremely undignified. To see a woman of sixty in a blonde wig trying to ogle an audience and play kittenish tricks is far from edifying. Yet there were people who seemed to find it amusing.

The return of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was accomplished amid general delight. The soloist at the first concert was E. Fernandez Arbos, the new concertmaster of the organization, who played the Mendelssohn Concerto. The gentleman was in such a sad state of nervousness that he was unable to do himself justice. He made a very unfortunate impression, but in all probability he will show to much better advantage in the future, for he is indisputably a well-schooled violinist and has an instrument with a big and rich tone.

Several new faces were seen in the orchestra, and several were missed. Not only are the members of the Kneisel Quartet gone, but Charles Martin Loeffler, the blonde composer of decadent fancies, has vacated his seat next to the concertmaster, and it is now occupied by the newly married

cent d'Indy's symphonic legend "The Enchanted Forest" and Alexander Glazounoff's fourth symphony in E flat. The

former proved to be one of those works which are easily constructed on obvious lines. The theme is a ballad of Uhland, called "Harald." The hero rides with his warriors through an enchanted forest, where he is detained by elves, while his companions ride away into the distance, and he sinks into a long slumber like Rip Van Winkle's. The musical construction depicts in familiar orchestral terms the ride of the warriors, the dance of the elves, the vanishing of the companions, and the deepening silence of the forest.

The Glazounoff symphony is one of the most agreeable works which have recently come to us from the Russian school. It is a study in rustic life, the first movement being a lovely pastoral, the second a scherzo of the character of a country dance, and the third a brilliant and vigorous exposition of a festival, as if a wedding had taken place in the village. There is no slow movement. The finale is a masterly piece of technical construction and is scored most bril-



Reutlinger, Paris

EDOUARD COLONNE

This distinguished French conductor, who recently visited America at the invitation of the Philharmonic Orchestra, was born in Bordeaux in 1838. He won the first prize for harmony at the Conservatoire in 1858, and the first prize for violin in 1861. For a time he played in the Opera House orchestra, but left it in 1871 to establish the Concert National, which later became very popular as the Colonne Orchestra. Colonne popularized in France the works of Berlioz, and introduced to his countrymen the works of Wagner and Tchaikowsky.

Adonis of the orchestra, Timothee Adamowski. There is a striking looking violinist at the second desk, a pupil of Ysaye, who according to Mr. Gericke is a great find. The new solo 'cellist, Mr. Krasselt, was not heard in any solo work at the first concert, but will have his opportunity later. The tone of the orchestra is just as solid and rich and clear as ever. It is a wonderful body of players and its superior is not to be found in Europe.

Two novelties were produced by Mr. Gericke at the Saturday concert. These were Vin-

liantly. As a whole the symphony was well worth hearing, though it will hardly be classed with recent master works.

The Kneisel Quartet at its concert of last month played Schubert's always welcome D minor quartet, Beethoven's F major sonata for piano and 'cello; and Kopylow's G major quartet. The pianist was that interesting and suave performer, Harold Bauer, who is invariably heard with pleasure in chamber music. He and the sterling 'cellist of the quartet, Alwin Schroeder, gave a most delightful interpretation of the melodious Beethoven work.

Of course the D minor quartet was performed beautifully. That goes without saying. But there seemed to be a deeper intimacy in the performance than ever before, and the close of the variations on "Death and the Maiden" was unusually impressive. Possibly the increased opportunities for rehearsal and the room for physical rest afforded by the release of the four players from their orchestral duties are already beginning to show their effects.

Kopylow, the composer of the new G major quartet, is a Russian of the younger school. His music, however, did not show any strong national inclinations. It might just as well have been written by a German. But it is a pleasing quartet. It is bright, fresh, melodious and full of spirit. There is a great deal of sound writing in it and the composer understands the use of the four instruments thoroughly. But it cannot be said that a single hearing of the work left a deep impression. It is one of those compositions which the listener enjoys at the time, but easily forgets.

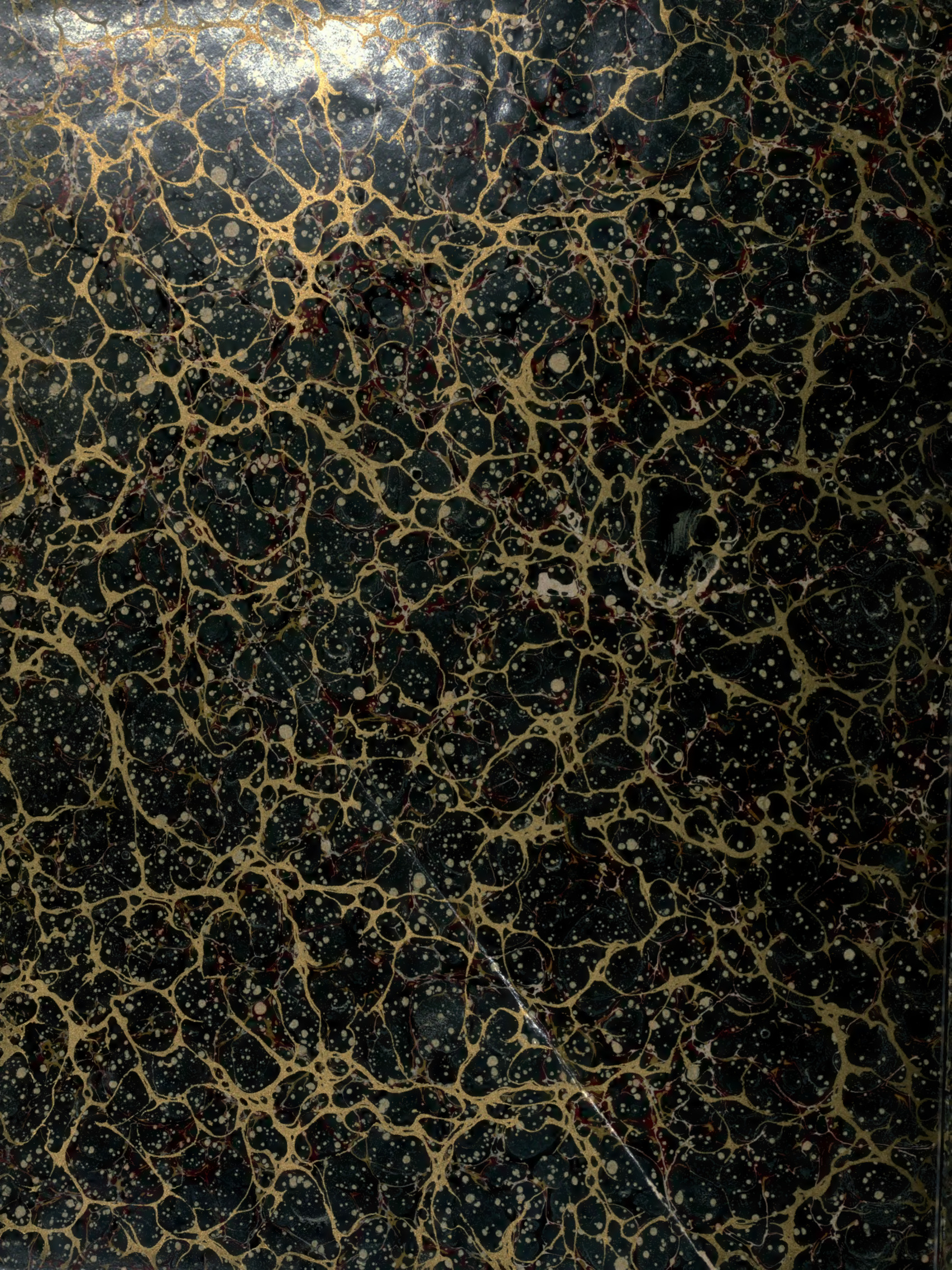
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MME. BIANCA FROEHLICH

Premiere danseuse who will be seen at the Metropolitan Opera House this season.



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